ELL

HOW JIMMY DEAN'S HOME TOWN SAID GOODBYE

modern screen

MAR. 20c

MAR -6 1956
B 580938

MAR 20 1956

DORIS DAY designs her own clothes

in this issue

Bill Campbell

Shirley Jones

Tab Hunter

Janet and Tony

AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**

THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**





JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never thick with a "filming" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film!



CREATED BY
PROCTER & GAMBLE

IT'S LIQUID **PRELL**

FOR *Radiantly Alive Hair*

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more *effective* lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

And you'll love PRELL CONCENTRATE—
leaves hair extra clean . . . extra radiant!
Not a cream—not a liquid—but a clear shampoo concentrate that won't run off wet hair like ordinary shampoos. Instead, all the special ingredients work *throughout* your *entire* shampoo. That's why Prell Concentrate leaves your hair *extra clean, extra radiant!*



B 380938

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MAR -6 1956



Often a bridesmaid . . .

never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

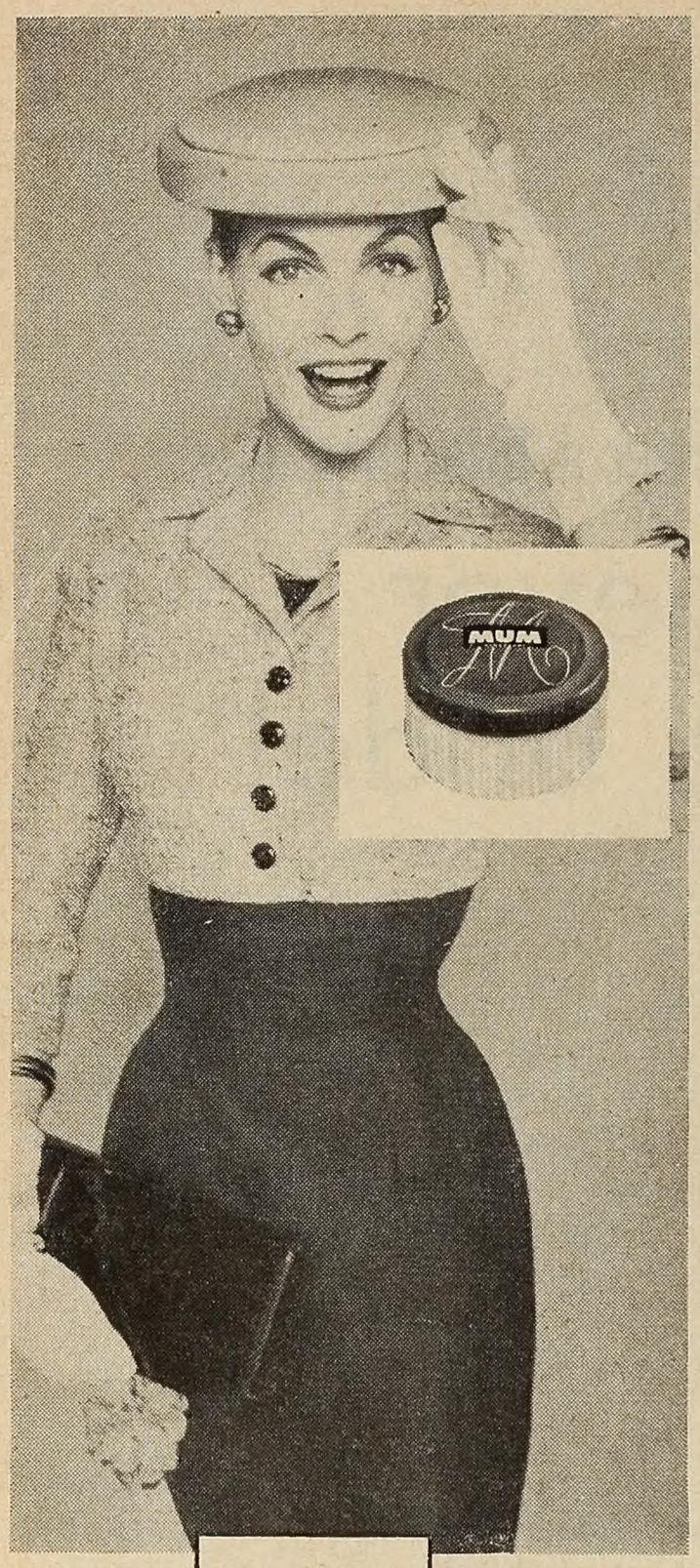
Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

...4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE



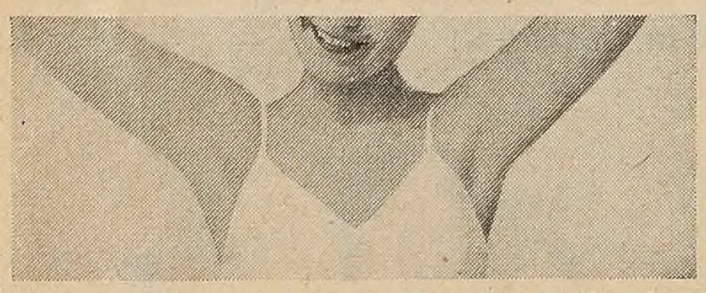


NEW MUM® CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

March, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Doris Day by John Engstead. Doris can soon be seen in MGM's *The Amazing Nellie Bly*. Other photographers' credits on page 99.

CHARLES D. SAXON, editor
MARY ANNE GUITAR, managing editor **CARL SCHROEDER,** western manager

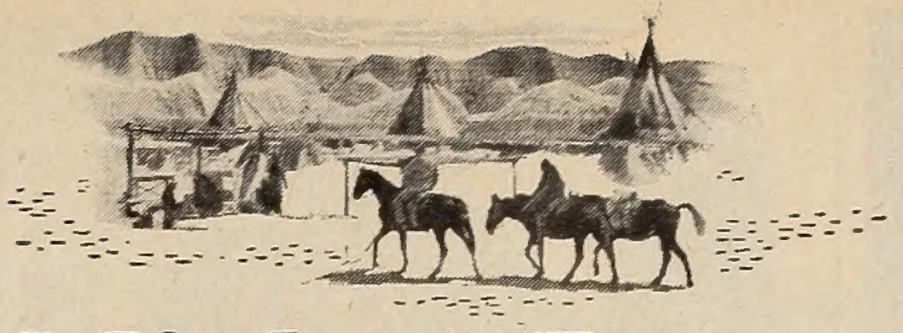
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M-G-M's Mighty Drama of the Last Great Buffalo Hunt!

All the power and splendor of the great prize-winning novel now surges across the screen!

Charley — handsome, moody, violent — drew the fastest gun in the Dakotas! He claimed the beautiful Indian girl as his own.

The Indian Woman — silent, primitive. Her smoldering loveliness sparked the strange and amazing showdown!

Sandy — the greatest buffalo hunter of them all. He hated Charley, hated his killer instinct, his cruelty to the Indian woman!



SEE THE STAMPEDE OF 1000 WILD BUFFALO!

Filmed in the Badlands of Dakota!

in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR!

THE LAST HUNT

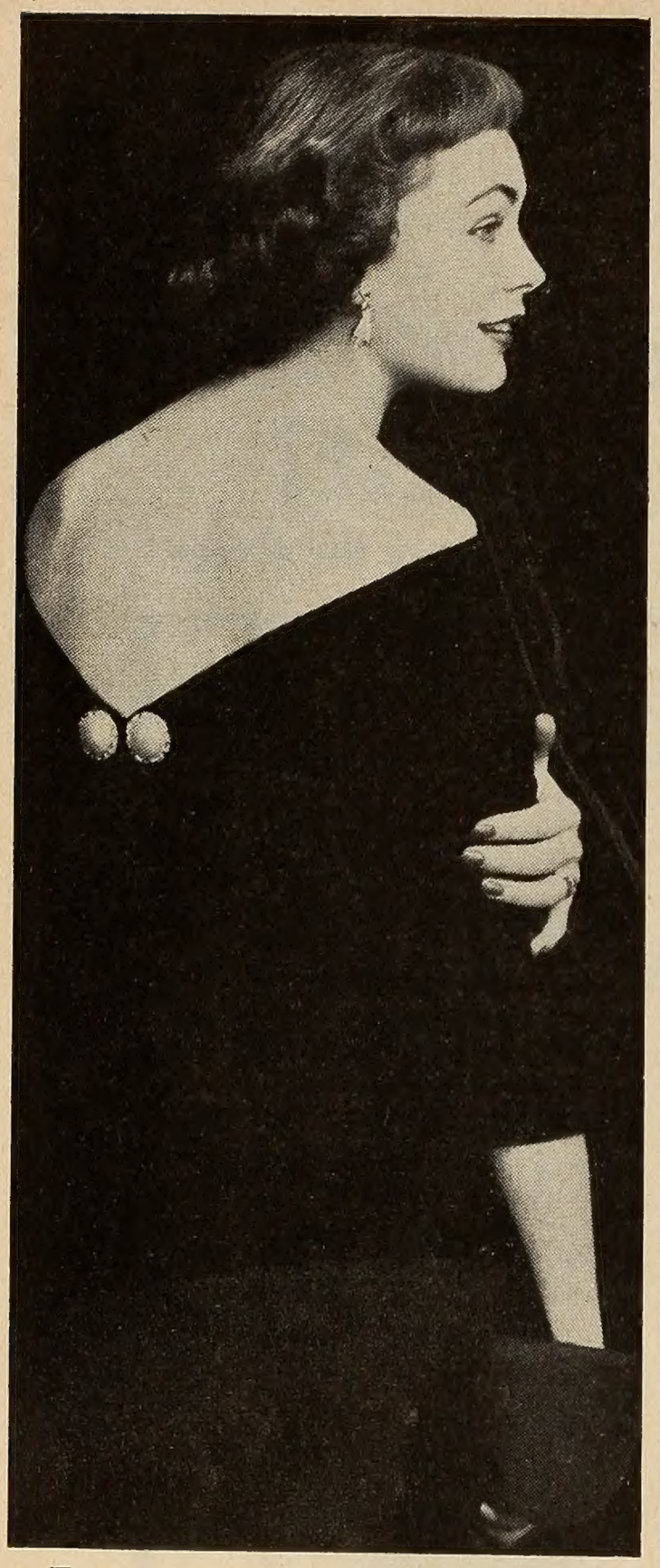
Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR · STEWART GRANGER

LLOYD NOLAN · DEBRA PAGET · RUSS TAMBLYN

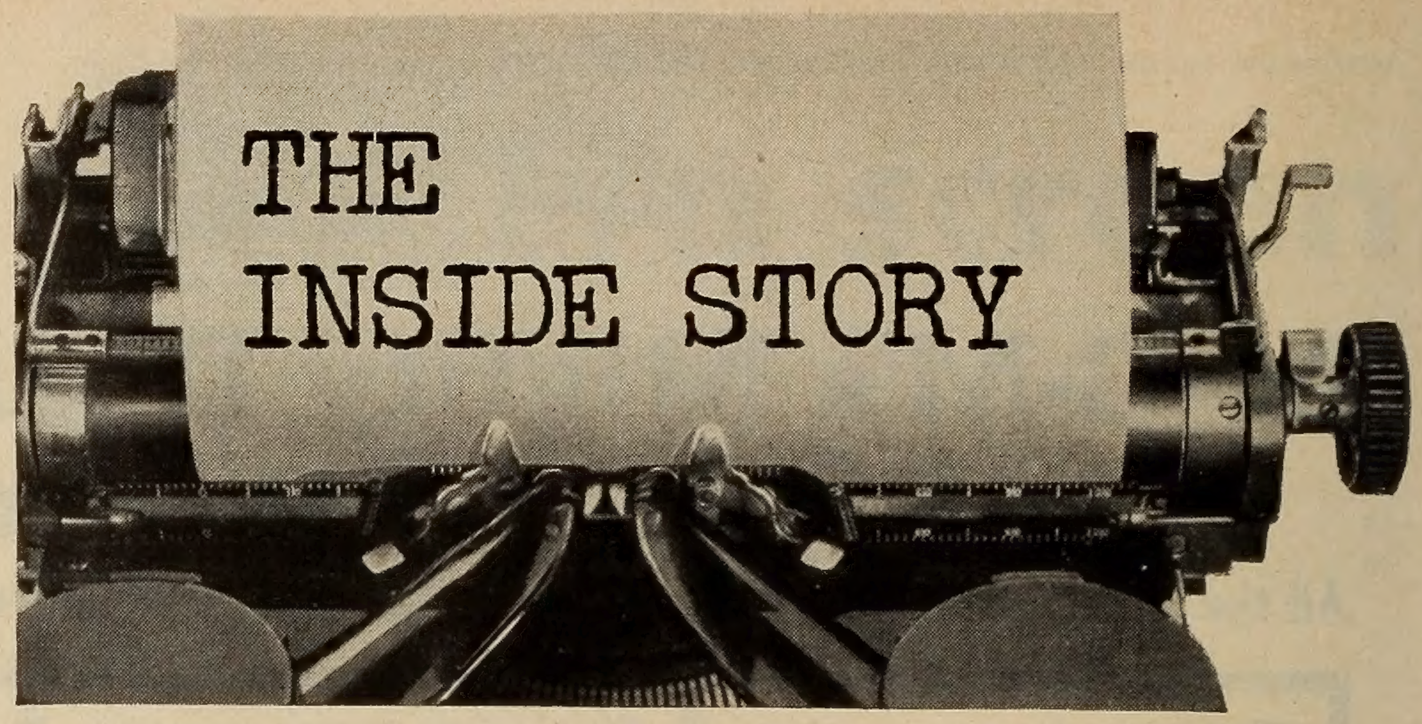
Screen Play by RICHARD BROOKS • Based On the Novel by Milton Lott • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS • Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture



the smartest girls use it!

Here's how to single out the Tampax user: First, she's intelligent. She realizes that internal sanitary protection is a far more sensible way of handling "problem days." It prevents odor. It eliminates chafing. It's easy to carry, insert, change and dispose of. It does all the things you wished sanitary protection would do! . . . Secondly, the Tampax user is poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She particularly likes Tampax because it's "invisible" when in place; she doesn't like belts, pins or pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the nicer way, the more modern way, the most desirable way. When millions of smart girls *do* use Tampax, why shouldn't you? It's sold at drug or notion counters in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it this very month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, and Clark Gable are all grandfathers?—D. E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *Tracy and Pidgeon are grandfathers; Gable is not.*

Q. We hear that Eva Marie Saint is finished with television and living in California. Has she really gone Hollywood? —V. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Miss Saint, along with husband and baby, intends to settle in Los Angeles, has no intention of giving up* TV.

Q. What is the status of the Anita Ekberg-Mario Bandini love affair?
—H. F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *One of yesterday's romances.*

Q. I read that Tyrone Power has requested Linda Christian as his leading lady in *Lorenzo The Magnificent*. I thought he hated her.
—A. O., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *There is no chance in the immediate future of Ty Power co-starring with Linda Christian.*

Q. How come Jack Benny and Jimmy Durante haven't made movies for years? —J. E., PROVO, UTAH

A. *Benny can't find suitable story material; Durante returns to star shortly in* Suddenly It's Spring.

Q. Will Dale Robertson ever marry Mary Murphy? —D. S., TULSA, OKLA.

A. *Probably in May.*

Q. How good are the chances of Frank Sinatra's re-marrying Nancy?
—E. J., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A. *Sinatra is unpredictable.*

Q. Who has more money, Jimmy Stewart or Bob Hope?
—S. O., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Both are millionaires.*

Q. How about the rumor that Jean Simmons fell in love with Marlon Brando during the filming of *Désirée* and *Guys And Dolls?*
—T. P., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *No truth to it.*

Q. Is it on the level that Pier Angeli never wore lipstick until she was twenty-one? —V. L., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A. *On the level.*

Q. Here in Chicago we read that marijuana spoiled Lila Leeds' Hollywood career. Was Lila ever a promising actress?
—G. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *One of the most in 1947-48.*

Q. Frank Sinatra and Micki Marlo, Frank Sinatra and Corky Hale, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak—which girl has the inside track?—S. D., DENVER, COLO.

A. *Sinatra is most fond of Novak.*

Q. Can you tell me if it's true that Doris Day was named after actress Doris Kenyon? Is it true that Doris is a Christian Scientist?—B. E., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *Doris was named after Doris Kenyon; she is not a Christian Scientist.*

Q. Has William Holden bought property in Japan? Does he plan to move there? Does he dye his hair?
—C. H., EUGENE, ORE.

A. *Holden has invested in a Japanese film; doesn't plan to live in Japan; has dyed his hair several different colors for several different pictures.*

Q. Liberace and Joanne Rio were once supposed to be madly in love. Whatever happened? —D. J., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *The romance died with the publicity.*

Q. Susan Strasberg and Julie Harris, two of the hottest actresses on Broadway, couldn't get jobs in Hollywood. How come? —S. N., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *They could and did get jobs in Hollywood.*

Q. I've been told that Alfred Hitchcock hates actors and actresses. Isn't his daughter an actress?
—G. K., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Hitchcock's daughter is an actress. Hitchcock likes the tribe.*

(Continued on page 6)

HEAR! HEAR!
It's

DANNY KAYE

in the king-sized comedy of this or any year!



You'll roar at Danny as Royal diaper changer to the pint-sized king!

THE COURT JESTER

co-starring

GLYNIS JOHNS
BASIL RATHBONE
ANGELA LANSBURY
CECIL PARKER

Color by TECHNICOLOR
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SONGS!

Loo, Loo, Loo, I'll Take You Dreaming

•

Life Could Not Better Be

•

The Maladjusted Jester

•

Out Fox The Fox

and others!

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURES HIGH FIDELITY

Words and Music by Sylvia Fine and Sammy Cahn · Written, Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK



Do salesgirls call you "miss" ...or "Madame"?

When a salesgirl calls you "Madame" for the first time, you can't believe she means *you*—it sounds so unfamiliar, *so old*. But, suddenly you realize that "looking older" doesn't just happen to other people—it can happen to *you* too!

Don't let Drying skin "middle-age" your face

It can happen even before 25—the dreaded "older" look of dry skin. Little crow's feet, flaky patches, dry lines—they tell you that your skin's natural oils are beginning to dry out. *By 40, the skin can lose up to 20% of its own softening oil.* So, to prevent the "middle-aging" effects of dry skin, you must *replace* these oils daily!

You can't expect a thin liquid to do the work of a rich cream

Parched, dry skin needs more than surface oiling with a thin liquid. It needs the *deep-softening* benefits of a quick-penetrating, *really rich* cream.

Quick-penetrating and very rich, Pond's Dry Skin Cream is *today's leading dry skin care.* These three special features make it an unusually effective dry skin treatment.

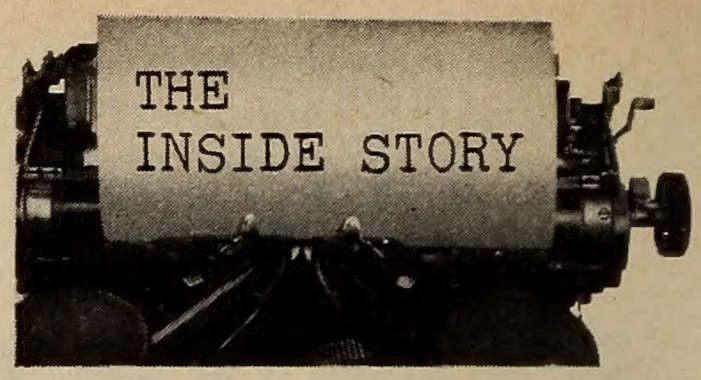
1. **It's extra rich in lanolin,** the oil most like your own natural skin softeners.
2. **Homogenized lanolin.** Not ordinary lanolin—but lanolin that's homogenized into microscopic particles that penetrate dry skin almost instantly.
3. **Its special emulsifier** restores "dewiness" to flaky, dried-out surface skin.

Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream *tonight.* See how quickly this rich cream smooths away dry lines, really deep-softens dry skin. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream in the large jar—a season's supply for less than one dollar!

Extra Rich in Lanolin



So effective—more women use it than any other dry skin care



(Continued from page 4)

Q. Is it true that Olivia De Havilland's bulldog bit Adolphe Menjou so viciously in Paris recently that Menjou had to be hospitalized?
—C. L., Boston, Mass.

A. *Menjou was bitten but not hospitalized.*

Q. Did Susan Hayward recently drop $20,000 playing roulette in Las Vegas?
—O. R., Reno, Nev.

A. *The story is that she lost $15,000 at the dice table.*

Q. Is Esther Williams really making a non-swimming picture?
—B. O., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Yes,* The Gentle Web *at Universal.*

Q. Is the Tab Hunter-Lori Nelson thing serious? —V. K., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Could be serious if Hunter gets a career break.*

Q. Katy Jurado and Trevor Howard—didn't they have a big thing in Mexico? Isn't that why Katy refused to leave Mexico for a TV show in Hollywood?
—B. O., Fort Worth, Texas

A. *Jurado and Howard are old friends; once met in Uruguay; nothing serious between them.*

Q. Is it true that when they worked in *Trapeze,* Gina Lollobrigida refused to talk to Katy Jurado?
—G. H., Paris, France

A. *The relationship between these two was frigid.*

Q. I've heard that Dean Martin's wife walked out on him because Dean refused to talk to her except at night. True or false?
—D. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *Martin loves to watch* TV *in the evenings, dislikes small talk. Jean felt neglected.*

Q. Is the Bing Crosby-Kathryn Grant romance a publicity stunt?
—S. H., Tucson, Cal.

A. *The crooner really cares.*

Q. Does Sterling Hayden take care of his children because his ex-wife was legally ruled unsuitable for the job?
—T. T., Olympia, Wash.

A. *The agreement was part of their divorce suit.*

Q. Was Audrey Hepburn ever a victim of tuberculosis? —T.K., Ardmore, Pa.

A. *As a teen-ager in Holland she was a victim of malnutrition.*

Q. Who has the better figure, Anita Ekberg or Marilyn Monroe?
—C.L., Clovis, N.M.

A. *Ekberg, according to reliable experts.*

HERS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS
HERS THE KISS THAT BURNT THE TOPLESS TOWERS OF TROY...

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

Helen of Troy

FROM THE FAMED "ILIAD" OF HOMER



3 YEARS IN THE MAKING—
6 MILLION DOLLARS TO PRODUCE!

CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

starring

ROSSANA PODESTA *as Helen*

JACK SERNAS *as Paris*

also starring SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · STANLEY BAKER · NIALL MacGINNIS · ROBERT DOUGLAS · TORIN THATCHER

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST AND HUGH GRAY · DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

...And for Paris of Troy Helen flees the couch of her king..



Achilles — invincible — till the fated arrow finds his heel!





Paris rescues Helen from the victory-crazed pillagers of Troy!



The handsome prince bests giant Ajax in fantastic test!

The awestruck populace sees how their mighty Hector has fallen!

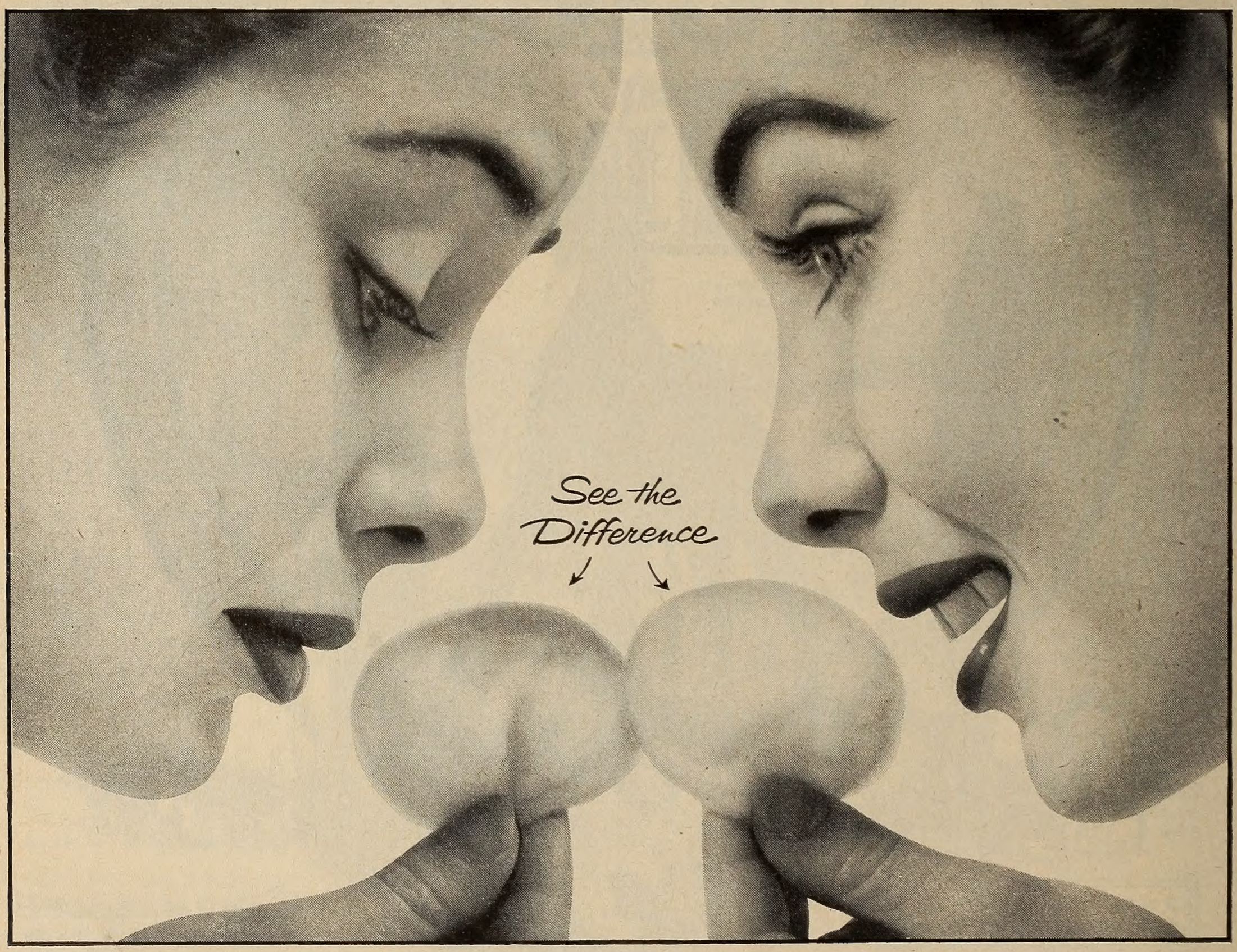


Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

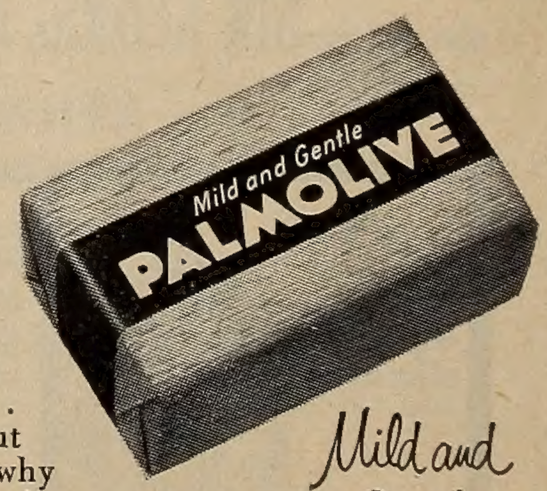
2. *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Modern Screen's Award party was Hollywood's biggest, starriest event of the year



Lana, John Wayne: Top Cover Girl and Star of Stars
Editor Saxon with Kim Novak: Top New Star of 1955



Russ Tamblyn (with fiancée Venetia Stevens): voted Most Promising Male Newcomer of 1955



Publisher Delacorte with Eddie Fisher: voted the top TV Star by Modern Screen readers



Most Popular Stars Rock and Debbie with the hostess—me





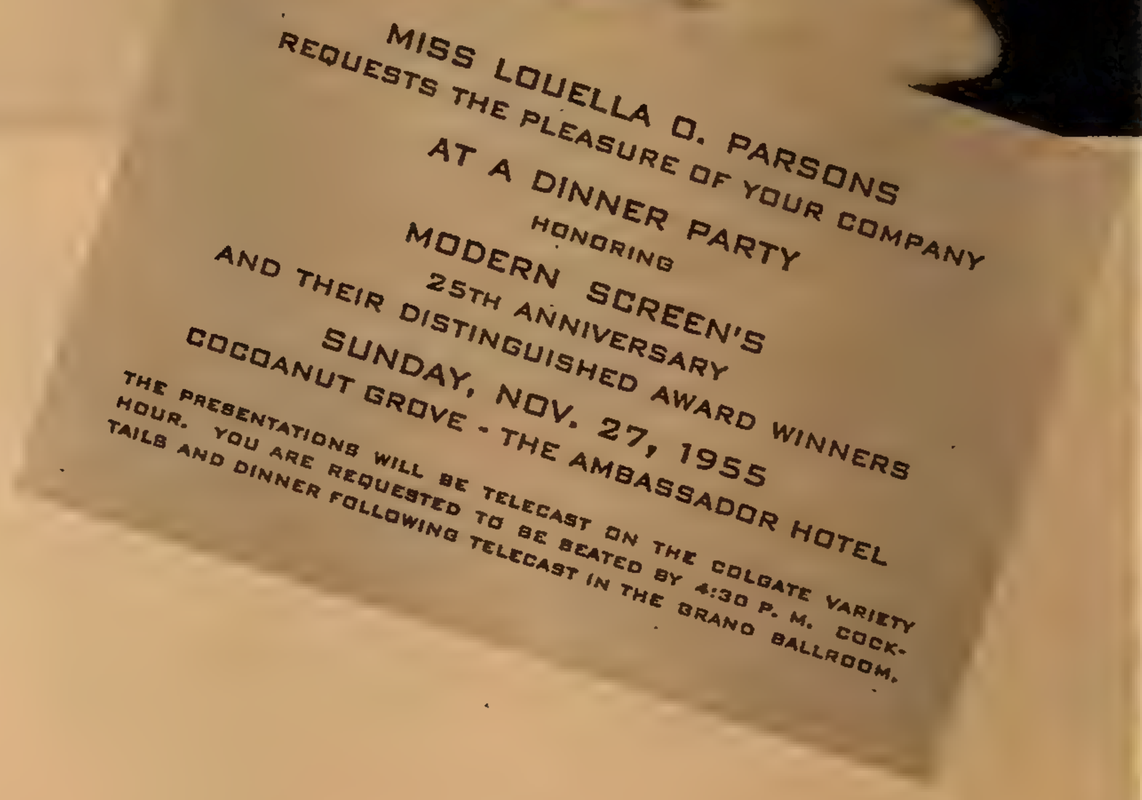
Bob Hope (and Mrs. H.): Outstanding Comic

Everyone—really everyone—came, all dressed up, to celebrate Modern Screen's 25th Anniversary on the Colgate Variety Hour. Turn page for more pictures



Here's a shot the TV audience didn't see. That's Kim Novak up front, getting her award from mc Kirk Douglas, and right behind the cameramen on the left is Lori Nelson's profile. And these below are the beautiful awards, the four big cups for Rock and Debbie and Kim and Russ, and statuettes for special achievements.





louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

We had Awards, Anniversary and Television Show all rolled into one at the beautiful Cocoanut Grove

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: —Or several months, for that matter, was the annual MODERN SCREEN Awards presentations, held in the Cocoanut Grove, televised over the *Colgate Variety Hour*, and honoring such happy "winnahs" as:

Rock Hudson, "Most popular actor."

Debbie Reynolds, "Most popular actress."

John Wayne and Claudette Colbert, "The star of stars."

Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn, "The most promising young stars."

Lana Turner, "The star who has appeared on the most M.S. covers."

I was very pleased that publisher-and-popular George Delacorte, editor Chuck Saxon and Western editor Carl Schroeder, invited me to again be the hostess of their wonderful party. Everybody, but everybody, was there either to win or to applaud the winners.

Kim Novak's violet-colored dress was the same color as her eyes. Too bad the beautiful effect didn't show up on your TV screens.

Those who criticized Eddie Fisher for hopping up and leaving Debbie Reynolds' side every time the camera turned their way didn't know the truth. Eddie wasn't being rude. He'd promised the sponsor of the spectacular he was doing that he wouldn't be seen before the hour-and-a-half show.

Pretty cute the way George Delacorte got a televised kiss from Lana Turner, right out in front of all those millions of viewers, by reminding her that she had kissed his son, Al, when Al presented Lana with her *first* MODERN SCREEN Award. "Like son, like father," quipped George.

Rock Hudson, looking sooooo handsome, remarked that he had interrupted his honeymoon with pretty bride Phyllis to hurry home for his "most popular actor" cup.

Later, master of ceremonies Kirk Douglas asked Debbie Reynolds Fisher, "And did you interrupt your honeymoon, too?" That cute Debbie replied, "Nope, mine's still going on!"



Vic Damone and Eddie Fisher congratulated Jimmy McHugh before show-time. Jim got an award for 25 years of writing song hits!



Rock and Phyllis made their first appearance as Mr. and Mrs. They cut their honeymoon short to be there—and Rock still had his head in the clouds.



Claudette Colbert (Star of Stars) and Tab met Natalie Wood, who took Jim Dean's Special Achievement Award for him.



Bill Campbell brought his lovely wife Judy. Bill, like Tab, was one of the Top Ten New Stars voted by MODERN SCREEN *readers.*



Kirk Douglas (the beard is for playing Van Gogh in Lust For Life*) congratulated Joan Collins. She was voted the fastest rising young star in Hollywood.*



This was the first time we saw Jeff Richards with Vicki Flaxman—whom he married 3 weeks later! *(Story on page 37.)*

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



This is a month for youngsters in Hollywood—all looking so happy

It was the opinion of all that heard them sing that some smart producer should star Gordon MacRae and Anna Maria Alberghetti on the screen. After listening to these two duet some of composer Jimmy McHugh's loveliest songs (Mr. McHugh was honored for his contribution to music) someone remarked, "Anna Maria and Gordon could be our new Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy."

Julie Adams is so much prettier than she photographs. She looked so chic and striking in smart black. Too bad that the TV time ran out before the camera could pick up glimpses of Julie, Piper Laurie (in an orchid satin cocktail suit—orchid seems to be quite *the* color with the movie gals this season), Marla English—she of the lovely figure—pert, vivacious Shirley MacLaine and Marisa Pavan. Dorothy Malone and Cleo Moore were other eyefuls.

I didn't at first, recognize Esther Williams, who was done up in a long, flowing, white chiffon gown topped with a long gold-and-white robe, looking for all the world like a Greek goddess in classic, yet modern dress.

Natalie Wood was so sweet and girlish as she accepted the award in memory of the late, great James Dean.

Not to neglect the gentlemen, my friend John Wayne *always* looks like a million dollars. As for George Nader, he reminds me of a young Robert Taylor. (Not that Bob's old.)

After the Cocoanut Grove festivities, we all went into the Grand Ballroom where a delicious dinner was served. Not to be corny, but very truthfully, a wonderful time was had by all!

DORIS DAY DOESN'T get much credit for it, but she really has a cute sense of humor. I got a laugh when she told me at a recent party, "I'd never make a good gossip columnist. I never recognize people unless they're with their own husband and wife." (*Oh*, Doris!)

At the Audience Awards, Doris was seated at the same table with her good friend, June Allyson. Both girls were "up" for the most



Lovely Leigh Snowden appeared on the MODERN SCREEN *show; Bob Paige was there to split the mc's chores with Kirk Douglas.*



Perry Lopez, one of the nicest guys in town, was among the Top Ten Newcomers. He's been dating pretty Denise Alexander lately.



Dani Crayne and George Nader congratulated Rock, who returned the good wishes to George—one of the brightest of the Top Ten.



And Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher had Lex Barker roaring at their antics before the show! It was hard to keep a straight face during it, too, when Eddie kept ducking under the table to avoid being photographed (he missed once!) but he was just following orders and we understood.

winning awards and falling in love

popular actress award which went to Jennifer Jones.

When Jennifer's name was called for *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing,* Doris said to June, "Well, this is a many-splintered thing. We can stop mentally biting our nails now."

And, speaking of her happy marriage to Marty Melcher she said, "We get along fine except when I'm asleep and hurl a leg over him. My bones are so heavy Marty says it's like being trapped under a railroad tie."

They say this girl isn't good copy?

AFTERTHOUGHTS, on the Audience Awards (in which the public did the voting), which was a really brilliant affair held in the white-and-gold Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton:

Tab Hunter was the only winner who thanked the star who introduced him and presented him with his "most promising newcomer" plaque. Bowing to Rosalind Russell, who looked sensational in an all-red outfit and fabulous jewelry, Tab said, "Winning is



Sheilah MacRae and Vic Damone saw Gordon do a medley of Jimmy McHugh's tunes with Anna Maria Alberghetti—they were sensational!



And when Kim Novak put down her cup to pick a Dell book I saw she had it filled with dessert—to take to the girls at the Studio Club!



An open letter to JUDY GARLAND

Judy, dear—I think next to yourself and Sid Luft, no one is more thrilled over your wonderful new contract with CBS calling for $100,000 an appearance 'way up to 1959, than I.

There is only one thing I hope you'll do. That is, let the world see the new happy, laughing Judy you are today, a happy woman, a wonderful wife and mother, and not concentrate on the sad little girl you were two or three years ago when you made your "comeback."

"Over The Rainbow," the song you have made your own, had great sob appeal when you sang it at your appearance at the Palace. It was plaintive and sad with its wistful "wish" thought for future happiness.

And your sad-faced "little tramp" number was a showstopper, as it had been for you in the movies.

But you have come a long way toward reaching a rainbow in your personal life now, Judy, and I think your devoted fans and I would like to see you reflect some of this happiness you've found.

The great Emerson once said, in words to this effect, "The true conqueror (and you are a conqueror) does not remind us of the troubles he has overcome. His experiences become part of his new found serenity."

We all know what a little champion you have been. We want to see now the happy person you have become.

Love and kisses,

Louella



I nominate for stardom:
SHIRLEY MACLAINE

■ Not only is the pert, pixie-like singing, dancing comedienne from Broadway musicals the freshest (and I mean that as a compliment) talent to hit our town in ages, she's also wonderful "copy" for reporters.

"I'm stingy," she says with a perfectly straight face. "I haven't any decent clothes because I won't spend the money.

"I can't cook, either. But my husband can." (She means Steve Parker, who in addition to being her spouse, is also an actor-manager.) "But I wash the dishes, and I can also iron very well. How many actresses do you know who can do a decent job of ironing?"

I laughingly admitted I didn't know very many, if any.

The gal refuses to put on any "dog." "Two years ago no one knew me from Adam, or Miss Adams," she insists. "I could still be unknown except for an accident: Carol Haney took ill in *Pajama Game* and I was put on in her place. It just happened that Hal Wallis was in the audience that night. He saw me and liked my work and brought me to Hollywood. I should be conceited about a break like this?"

Shirley was born Shirley MacLaine Beaty in Richmond, Virginia, April 24th, 1934. Her show people parents started her with ballet lessons on her third birthday. Her first New York job was in the chorus of *Oklahoma!* and later *Kiss Me Kate* also in the chorus. Doing TV and modeling work on the side, she also undertook the understudy role to Miss Haney in *Pajama Game*. You know the rest—but just wait until you see Shirley on the screen in *Around The World In 80 Days*. She's really going places.

a great thrill for me, equalled only by the thrill of receiving the honor from this gracious lady whom I so deeply admire." Nice going, Tab. Nice manners.

Peggy Lee was so surprised, delighted and excited over winning for her performance in *Pete Kelly's Blues* that she had to excuse herself to the waiting photographers and make a bee line for the ladies room!

Cutest sight at the party was ten-year-old Tim Hovey who scored so strongly in *The Private War Of Major Benson*. He was all done up in a juvenile dinner jacket with a white carnation in his lapel. He left his own table and bowing from the waist to Mara Corday, asked the glamour girl for a dance. And she accepted, much to the delight of the onlookers.

Donna Reed looked like a doll, or a Queen, with a diamond tiara on her head. She wore a low-cut red satin gown, also on the Royal lines.

Many people ask me if I think the Audience Awards will ever replace Hollywood's own Academy Awards. I don't. I believe there is a definite place for both polls.

It is a big honor to win the approval of the public, the ticket buyers. But the Academy means winning the approval of your own show people. It means being a "prophet" *with honor* in your home town, Hollywood.

IN SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S determination to remain completely out of the spotlight, one fact is rather sadly apparent: Shirley must have unhappy memories of her fabulous career as perhaps the greatest child star of all time.

If you remember it was just two years ago that Shirley took her young daughter out of school because the youngster was being billed as "Shirley Temple's daughter" in a school play. "I won't have my little girl commercialized by my former career," Shirley, now Mrs. Charles Black, said indignantly.

Just before Christmas, Shirley was invited to take part in a benefit program staged in San Francisco where she and her husband and the three children live. She was sweet but firm in declining. "My days as an actress are over," she said.

But, one thing Shirley *is* willing to share with the public is her fabulous collection of dolls, 300 of them, which are currently on exhibition at the State Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles and which will be taken on a national tour in the spring.

"My wonderful dolls brought me so much joy I want children everywhere to see them," said Shirley.

Among the collection are Shirley's first rag doll; there's a beautiful likeness of Queen Elizabeth II when she was a Princess of twelve years of age, and there are the fabulous Lenci dolls from Turin, Italy. Then there are the famous choir dolls atop a musical box that winds up and plays sweet religious music.

What a thrill for children everywhere—with love and kisses from the loveliest little "doll" of them all, the unforgettable Shirley Temple.

SOMEONE SAID TO ME, "Did you ever know anyone who got exactly what she wants the way Ann Blyth does?" The reference, of course, was to the baby daughter, Maureen Ann McNulty, born to Ann and her handsome Irish husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, a few weeks before Christmas.



Richard Egan, who still shows no sign of settling down, is seeing Barbara Nichols, the TV *star.*



Cliff Robertson (he's now in Picnic*) and Felicia Farr are a new couple out night-clubbing these evenings.*



Roger Smith and Victoria Shaw (who looks like Livvy De Havilland to me!) are new at Columbia.



Jarma Lewis (she's in Tender Trap*) visited the Harwyn Club with Ben Bensinger on their honeymoon.*



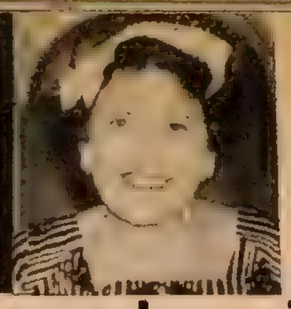
Yvonne De Carlo and Bob Morgan eloped to Reno and surprised everyone—except Lita Baron Calhoun (left) and Pat Schweiger who were bridesmaids.

Joan Crawford and Al Steele took Joan's adopted kids, Christina, twins Cathy and Cynthia, and Christopher to Switzerland for a vacation.



Now who says Stewart Granger is stuffy? He stole the Guys And Dolls *benefit preem (for Cedars Hospital) from Frank Sinatra and Jean Simmons!*





the letter box

VIVIAN BLUMFORE, LIMA, OHIO, *writes (and hold on for this!)* "I saw a new actor, Farley Granger, in *Girl In The Red Velvet Swing*, and was most impressed with his talents. Has he played any other important parts?" *This is what you get for being off the screen so long, Farl!*

A very nice suggestion comes from BARBARA FALDISH, FAIRCHILD, WASHINGTON. "Could you use your influence with the editor of MODERN SCREEN to run good size pictures of Robert Francis, James Dean, John Hodiak and Suzan Ball, so we fans who treasure the memory of these brilliant stars can cut them out for our scrapbooks?" *How about this, Mr. Chuck Saxon?*
Editor's note: See page 66 for a Jim Dean picture, Barbara.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, DIXON, CALIFORNIA, *has a crush.* "That Jack Lemmon! I sure do like him. He's the best of the new heroes." *I'm intrigued by your name, Mrs. Pat. Do you know there was a very famous stage star of the same name?*

"Joan Crawford is the most popular star ever to visit New Orleans—at least to me," *writes* LILLIAN TOSCANO *of* LOUISIANA. "I stood outside the places where she appeared so often that she began to recognize me and always called a cheery 'hello' just to me. How about that!" *Joan really appreciates her fans, Lil.*

"You don't write enough about Dan O'Herlihy," *complains* GEORGIA STRICKLEY, ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA. "Don't you like the Irish?" *Shurre—and I'm part Irish myself. In this department next month, I'll give you a close-up of Dan, Georgia.*

MARCIA KATZ, LONG ISLAND, *wants the world to know,* "I am the President of the first fan club organized for *both* Eddie and Debbie called the Fishers' Fans. Who says we fans of Eddie's didn't want him to marry the adorable Debbie?" *Not I, Marcia.*

They wanted a son first. And they had one. Then they hoped for a daughter and she arrived as requested.

I've said before and I'll say it again, I do not feel that all the happiness that comes to Ann is pure "luck." She is such a fine little person, so thoughtful and out-going, always giving so much of herself to other people, that I believe the good things of life just naturally gravitate her way.

PORTLAND MASON, child wonder of the James Masons, who is playing the seven-year-old daughter of Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck in *Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, is missing her two front teeth. Except when she is actually in front of the cameras, Porty has developed a little habit of holding her mouth tightly closed.

Greg asked her the other day why she did it.

"It's *draughty* in my mouth," replied the always fascinating Miss Mason.

FEW VISITORS to our town, particularly actors, have ever received the wholehearted respect and admiration tendered Alec Guinness—that distinguished actor and charming gentleman from England.

I think even Guinness was impressed by the long and sincere outburst of applause that greeted his appearance on the dais at the Audience Awards. He seemed really touched.

And, believe me, it's not every co-star who is met at the plane by Grace Kelly, herself, in person. Alec you know is here for Grace's *The Swan.*

He was also sincerely touched when poor, young James Dean, just twenty-four hours before his untimely death, introduced himself at a cafe where both were dining and asked, "May I have a talk with you some time? You are a hero to me."

Guinness deserves all these accolades. The adjective which best describes him, I believe, is "seasoned." He has a witty but not cynical outlook on life and his fellow man. He can carry on a conversation for hours without once resorting to "My last picture" or "My next one."

He is a family man, proud of his wife and children, and when he found he could not finish *The Swan* before the holidays, sent for them to join him in Hollywood.

Guinness speaks nicely of Hollywood. "It is an honor to an English actor to be invited to come to Hollywood and make a film," he says. "I shall most certainly return, if I am invited."

He will be.

THE SHORTEST-LIVED marriage of '55 was between Joanne Gilbert and Danny Arnold. Just six short months, from June 24th, 1955 to December 20th, same year.

This is very surprising because these two seemed to do a lot of thinking before they became Mr. and Mrs. They broke off their engagement once because "we aren't suited." Then, they found they couldn't live without each other, made up—but still didn't rush out into matrimony. They took another six months to "make sure."

When I talked with the dark-haired, svelte Joanne, just before Christmas, she seemed very depressed over their rift. "We both hope it's just temporary," she told me. "It is so sad to be parted at this time of year—our first Christmas.

"But for the time being, it seems the wisest thing to do. Believe me, there's no other man in my life nor any other girl in Danny's. It's just—us."

Danny, who is a writer at Warners', feels just as blue as Joanne over their separation. He said to a friend, "She's such a wonderful girl the fault has to be with me."

If you ask me, it sounds very much like these two are still in love. So stand by for a reconciliation.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH

Talk about unposed photos—just look at Debbie and Grace!



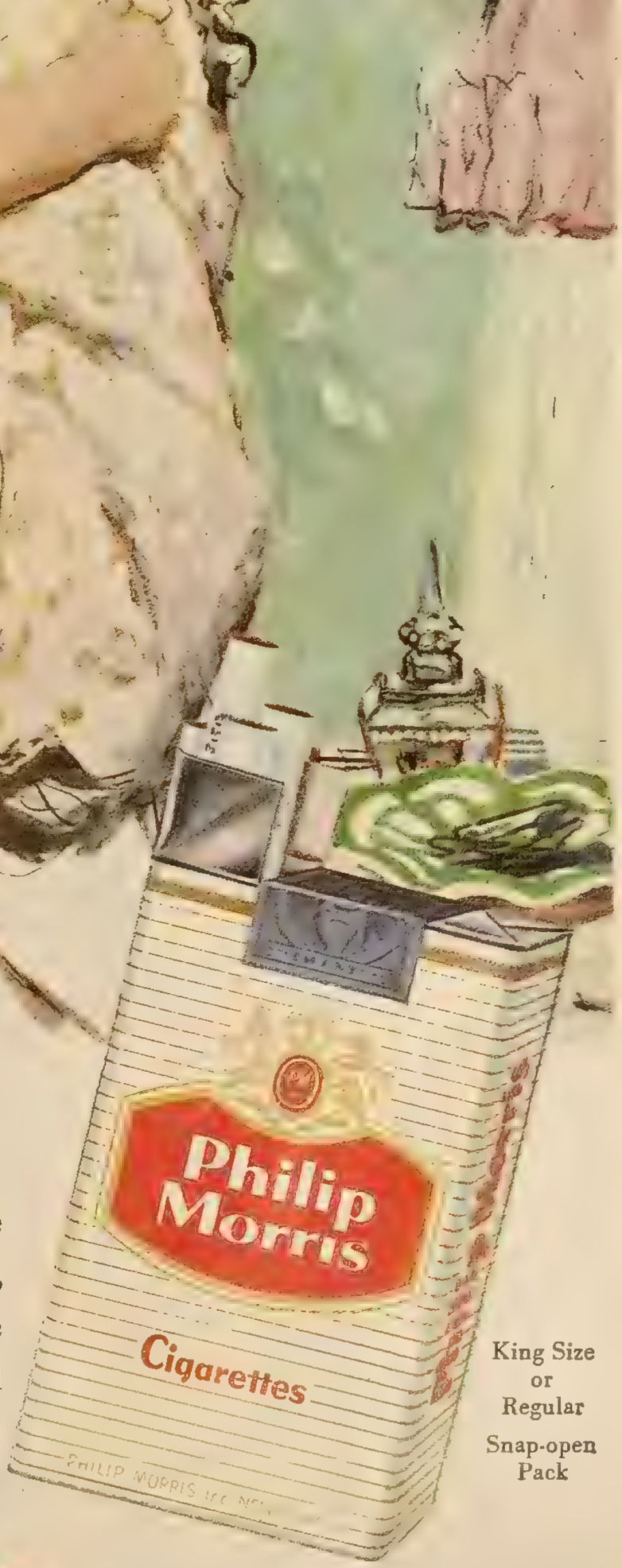
Debbie Reynolds danced with Mike Todd at the Audience Awards party—and they could have won a prize in a face-making contest!



Grace Kelly danced sweetly with Rupert Allen that night, gave no inkling of her engagement announcement three weeks later!

Born gentle

PROUD mothers, please forgive us if we too feel something of the pride of a new parent. For new Philip Morris, today's Philip Morris, is delighting smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the *fresh unfiltered flavor*, of this new cigarette, born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making. Ask for new Philip Morris in the smart new package.



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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Mitzi Gaynor co-starring in "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.

Shelley thought she knew about men—but gentlemen were something else!

SHELLEY LEARNED, WHEN IN ROME . . .

■ Shelley Winters, who is currently starring on Broadway in *A Hatful Of Rain*, is by nature a very warm person, and like many women had dreamed of going to Europe some day. Shelley recently fulfilled this ambition.

Having been a novice concerning European customs, Shelley learned her lesson the hard way. Now, experienced, she offers advice on what to do when in Rome. Namely:

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do!"

There was a young Italian actor, whom she won't name, who gave her a lesson in European manners. i.e.: Under no circumstances should a woman shop when with a male escort, unless she is prepared to have him pay for her purchases.

They were walking one afternoon in Rome when her eye was caught by a pair of gloves in a shop window and she announced she was going to buy them. He seemed to turn white for a moment. "Oh, I don't mean for *you* to pay for them!" she said. "I'll pay, of course."

She got the gloves but he was strangely silent for the rest of the time he was with her. Three days later there was a knock on her hotel door and when she opened it a bellboy stood there with a bouquet in his hand bearing the actor's card. It was a bouquet of gloves arranged exactly as if they were flowers to make up a floral display.

And never did he call her again!



TV TALK

The mysterious Jerry Lewis . . . Judy Tyler acting up . . . Franchot and Eva are still "good friends"

Phil Silvers is one celebrity who doesn't forget his old pals. When he plays Sgt. Ernie Bilko, lots of those guys in his platoon are men he worked with years ago in burlesque. Now that he's having it good, he fixes it so that they, too, get a nice stipend from TV. And when a one-shot part comes up that a burlesque buddy can play, Phil gets in touch with him and offers him the part. Some comedians in the strip shows, you know, just have one or two routines and can't do much else; but Phil tries to slip in as many as he can. Phil, incidentally, was very doubtful that his TV show would be a success. When CBS told him they were putting writer-creator **Nat Hiken** to work figuring out a format for him, he didn't even have any confidence in Hiken—although he knew that Nat's work on the **Martha Raye** shows had made her a top TV star. He rejected format after format, and then wasn't at all overwhelmed with the idea when he made a pilot playing Bilko! If it had been up to Phil, he probably wouldn't have gone on. But **Bill Paley,** the boss man at CBS, took one look, and *he* knew a hit when he saw one. Now everybody's happy—except Phil's mother. She wants her son to get married again. (Most people think Phil's always been a bachelor. Not so. He was married once, for a short stormy time a few years ago.) She even tries to find girls for him. One day she called him, all excited, and said she had found *the* girl for him—on television of all places! She'd been looking at pretty **Carol Reed,** the girl who does the weather reports for CBS in New York, and she'd been so taken with her that she demanded that Phil make Carol her daughter-in-law. Poor Phil almost had to apologize for the fact that Carol is not only happily married but also the mother of a baby! . . It's common practice for stars to have unlisted phone numbers so they won't be bothered by calls night and day, but two big names take extra precautions. For some reason no one can fathom, **Jerry Lewis** will talk to reporters only over one certain phone in Hollywood. If he gets a call from a newspaperman in Chicago or New York, say, and he's at rehearsal, he refuses to talk—or even to call back during the next break. Instead, he gets in his car and drives clear across town—and you know how spread out Hollywood is!—to his special phone. He's always amiable and helpful then. You figure it out! . . . **Arthur Godfrey** has another system. He's almost impossible to reach in New York, but a few reporters have managed to get his private number in Leesburg, Virginia. But when they get him on the phone, something very mysterious sometimes happens. They'll be talking back and forth, with perfect reception, until Godfrey is asked to give an answer to some delicate question. Then, suddenly, the phone is full of static. The static stops, and Godfrey says, "Did you get that?" "No," says the reporter, so Godfrey answers again—and again the static starts. After just so many go-rounds of this, the reporter gives up and switches to an innocuous subject. The air is suddenly clear again. It could, of course, be coincidence, but it's always a good way to act cooperative without being cooperative. . . . Godfrey admits, incidentally, that he owns part of the Kenilworth Hotel, the Florida spot where his shows sometimes originate. Those that know, however, say that he owns the whole place . . . **Dean Martin** and **Perry Como** are such good friends—and such avid golfers—that Dean often flies into New York from Hollywood just to play several rounds with Perry. Como has plenty of leisure time. He doesn't like to rehearse, and he does less work than any other man with an hour show. He does much less work now with his sixty-minute show than he used to when he had three fifteen-minute ones a week. He can, and does, take off three or four days a week to play golf. But he *is* willing to make a movie. So don't be surprised if you read he's signed to do one . . . **Liberace** not only takes great pains with his own white-and-gold wardrobe, he even shops with his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Liberace, and, unlike most men, will spend hours finding just the right dress . . . **Anthony Franciosa,** who plays **Ben Gazzara's** brother in Broadway's *A Hatful of Rain*—and who almost steals the show from Gazzara and **Shelley Winters**—does not use his real name, although "Franciosa" hardly sounds like a stage name. It's not really. It's his mother's maiden name. Tony hates his father so much that he refuses to use his name . . . **Judy Tyler,** the young love interest in Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *Pipe*

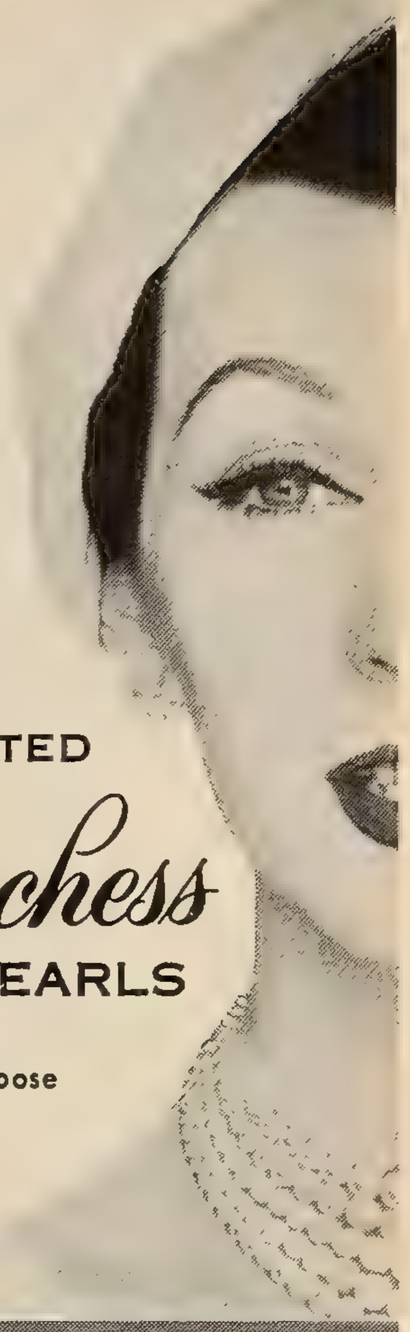


Was guest star Kirk Douglas worried when Perry Como shaved off the beard Kirk had grown for Lust For Life*? You bet he was!*



With filming finished for the season on The Honeymooners, *Audrey Meadows and escort Spencer Martin relax at The Harwyn.*

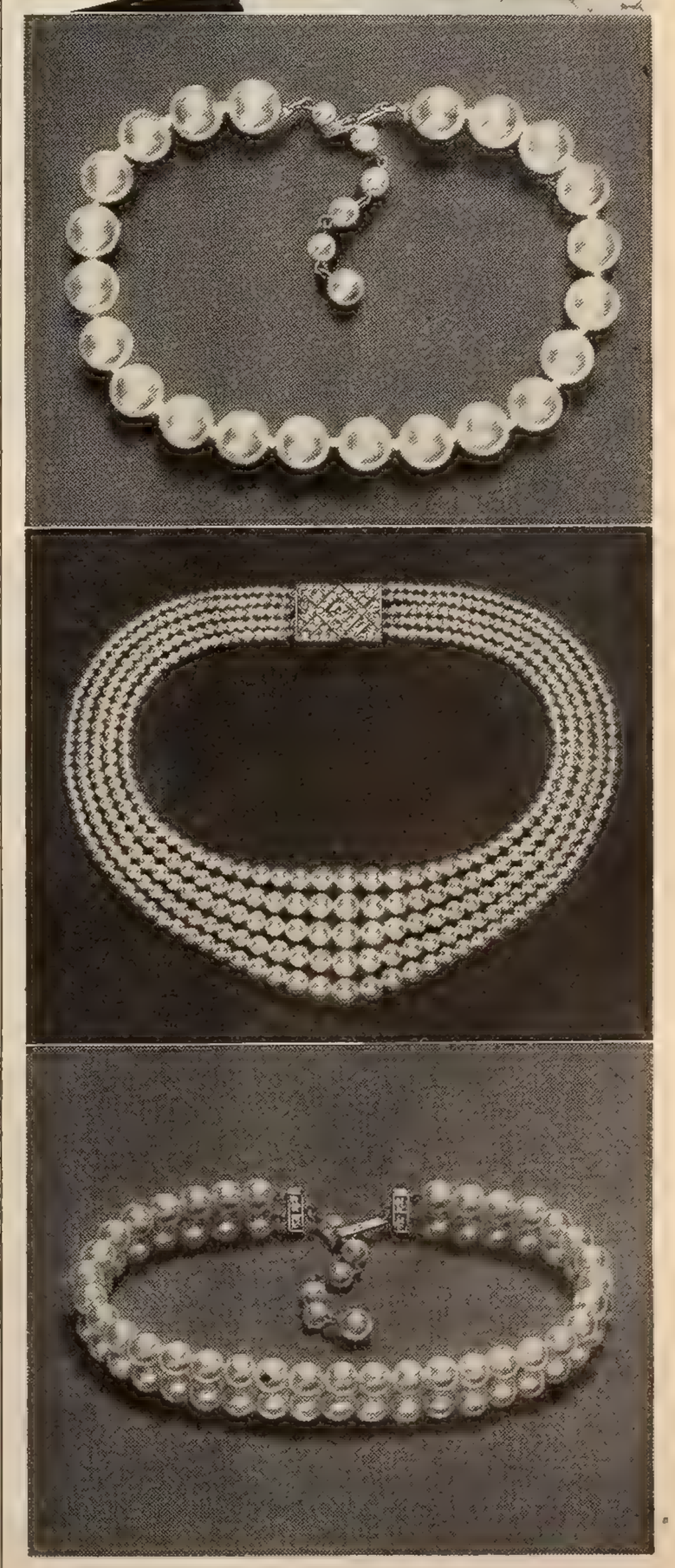
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tv talk

(Continued from page 19)

Dream, is already acting off stage as though she were a star . . . **Kim Stanley** left the hit *Bus Stop* for several reasons. One was that her domestic life needed some quiet time spent on it. Another was that she wanted to do Horton Foote's new play, *Traveling Lady.* The third was that she never really liked her part in *Bus Stop.* Yet this was the play that really cinched her standing as a top-flight Broadway star! . . . **Helen Gallagher's** career is finally looking up. For season after season, she had done very well on Broadway playing second leads, usually comic parts. Then she made what many people consider her big mistake: She signed for the starring role in *Hazel Flagg. Hazel Flagg* was a flop. She was good; but, after it folded, nobody offered Helen any more secondary parts. They figured she was a star, and once a star, always a star. She almost got hungry before **Carol Haney** had to leave her role in *Pajama Game* and the producers offered it to Helen. Now she's eating well, cavorting around in a comic part again, and will undoubtedly get signed for more second-leads in new plays. She'll be right back where she started from, but will she be glad to be there! . . . When **Franchot Tone** and **Eva Gabor** are together, they really do act as though they are the "good friends" they say they are. That and no more . . . **Rod Serling,** the writer who made such a name for himself when his *Patterns* became one of TV's big dramatic hits and was sold to the movies, wrote reams of scripts before he hit the jackpot. They were rejected, one after another; and once he was advised to stop writing altogether. After the *Patterns* success, he dug into his commodious files of rejected scripts, pulled one out, sent it off, and sold it! . . . Some relatively minor TV actors are getting smart. They know the people who run the shows, and they've started sending scripts into them. They sometimes sell them, too—for, say, $1,000 for a thirty-minute plot. After all, they've hung around rehearsals enough times to know what the bosses want in the way of a script. The inside dope never hurts. Some of the real cagey ones also write in parts for themselves. Then, when casting time comes around, they get an extra $250 for a ready-made role. They even add a few more parts for friends of theirs, suggest that they be used, and end up feeling rich *and* philanthropic! . . . It's hard to believe, but **Hal March's** dearest ambition is to be—not the actor you read he wants to be, but a novelist! We say "hard to believe" because every week, on *The $64,000 Question,* all of the questions he reads are written out for him in phonetics. He just plain has trouble reading, so his ambition to write is really ambitious! . . . By the way, **Bergen Evans** gets a mere $100 a week—not even peanuts in TV—for thinking up the questions on *The $64,000 Question.* He's very happy with his little fee, however. It doesn't take long, and he's very fond of the *$64,000* creator **Lou Cowan,** who is the man who thought up Evans' *Down You Go.* . . . You can believe it when you read that **Anna Magnani** was very upset when **James Dean** died. She really thought that he was a great actor. *Every* actor thinks Magnani is great. None of them is surprised to read the raves for her performance in *The Rose Tattoo.* In fact, you can't name one performer who wants to appear with her. They know she steals scenes.

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.... Jane Froman
.... Judy Garland
.... Betty Grable
.... Dolores Gray
.... Betty Hutton
.... Peggy Lee
.... Jane Powell
.... Debbie Reynolds
.... Connie Russell
.... Jane Russell

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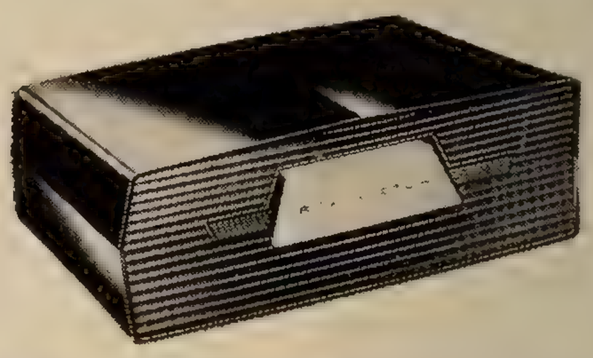
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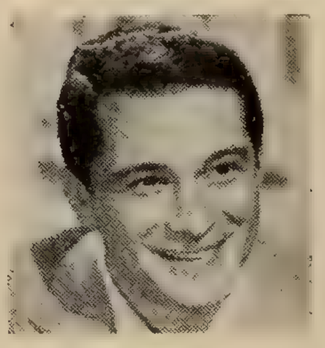
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD



"Hail To The Groaner," America's King of Sing, Bing Crosby! Bing, now in his fifties, has just completed his fiftieth motion picture. Starring with Donald O'Connor (who, incidentally, is reunited with Bing for the first time in the eighteen years since they co-starred in *Sing You Sinners*), Jeanmaire, and Mitzi Gaynor in Paramount's lavish VistaVision musical *Anything Goes.* Bing will be seen in the type of role that won him his first fame. In the picture Bing plays a big musical comedy star. He signs a contract with Donald O'Connor, a star in his own right, to appear with him in a Broadway musical after a vacation in Europe. Bing goes to England and Donald to France. Bing catches Mitzi Gaynor's sensational solo number at a London theatre and signs her for the leading lady role in his forthcoming musical with Donald. Donald, while in Paris, sees Jeanmaire doing a ballet number and signs her for the leading lady role. However, only *one* leading lady can be used. What happens? Well . . . Bing gets Jeanmaire; Donald gets Mitzi; and you get songs, romance, dancing and very funny sequences. During the filming of *Anything Goes*, Jeanmaire walked on the set tugging at her midriff. "Darn thees—thees—how do you say it?" "Girdle," supplied the wardrobe woman. "How do you say girdle in French?" "In France," answered Jeanmaire, "there's no such thing." During Jeanmaire's first run-through on the "Dream Ballet" number, she exits to the right. "I think," says Director Robert Lewis, "that it would be better if you exit to the left." "I would like to exit to the right," says Jeanmaire. "I believe that it would be better if you exit to the left," says Producer Robert Emmet Dolan. "I prefer," Jeanmaire insists politely, "that I exit to the right." "You exit to the left," says Roland Petit, who's doing the choreography. So Jeanmaire made her exit to the left. Roland Petit in addition to being her choreographer is her husband. In France a husband is still *the* husband. Mitzi Gaynor wears the briefest outfit of her career in a big solo number. Whipped up by Edith Head, it consists of a hand-full of sequins artfully placed on a strapless piece of red silk into which she is apparently sewn for the occasion. "It's so tight and revealing," says the leggy Mitzi, "that I can't lean, sit or bend over. It's a strait jacket in sequins, but it makes the boys whistle, which was Edith's idea when she designed the thing." The number "You Can Bounce Right Back," in which Donald O'Connor sings, dances, and clowns with fourteen moppets, is rated by him as the most difficult in his entire career. Set in a nursery of a large trans-Atlantic liner, the number calls for O'Connor to keep up a continued song-and-dance patter while bouncing and juggling ten tennis and beach-balls at the same time. Cole Porter's key tunes for the original stage version remain: "You're The Tops," "Anything Goes," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and "All Through The Night," which Bing sings to Jeanmaire in perfect French. Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen have whipped up a couple of new songs for the picture. One of them—"You've Got To Give The People Hoke," sung and danced by Bing and Donald, includes this sobering thought: "Every year at the Met they go deeper in debt. They don't want Pagliacci, give 'em Liberace. You have got to give the people hoke." Jeanmaire was inclined to be a little nervous during love scenes with Bing. To break her down to normal, Bing had a gag wire delivered to him just before a big clinch. It read: "Stop making love to my wife."—Signed: Roland Petit. The gag worked. Jeanmaire relaxed and the scene was perfect.









"You've Got To Be Good . . . To Be Bad." The young woman who has embarked on a life of crime since she arrived in the film capital a year ago is blonde, blue-eyed Tina Carver, a former Houston, Texas, socialite. In her very first film role she played a gun moll companion to Pat O'Brien in Columbia's *Inside Detroit.* Tina made such a good impression that she got a job immediately afterwards at Warner Brothers where she was given a lusty role in *Hell On Frisco Bay*, which stars Alan Ladd. Tina was a gun moll in this one, too. Currently, in her third picture to date, Tina plays the female lure in the Columbia picture *Uranium Boom*, starring Dennis Morgan and Patricia Medina. "I'm a conniving con girl in this one, too," says Tina, who is not worried one bit about being type-cast in pictures. She's certain that it will lead to *(Continued on page 26)*

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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 24*) bigger and better roles. The really mad part about Tina doing these roles is the fact that her real life is a complete contrast to her film portrayals. Until a few years ago she was a concert pianist, giving performances throughout the United States and Europe. After a concert in London in 1949, Tina decided to become an actress and enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Later she toured the provinces. Returning to the States, she became a TV actress, which led to her Hollywood discovery.

Leigh Snowden, Miss Whistle-Bait of Universal-International, whose most recent film is *All That Heaven Allows* with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman, starts the day with a breakfast of a dozen raw oysters. Many of Hollywood's beauties are satisfied only with off-beat victuals. According to a recent breakfast survey, it was found that Lana Turner eats smoked salmon on her toast, Donna Reed eats baked beans with a generous helping of ketchup, Piper Laurie takes caviar on a scone, and Colleen Miller starts the day at least three times a week with kippers. Leigh is amazed at how her life was completely reversed overnight. When she was selected for this picture, the number of phone calls from Hollywood's wolf pack were so numerous that she had to change her phone number and subscribe to a phone answering service. Before her selection for the film, Leigh would have eagerly grabbed the phone which rang very seldom. However, now she has no room for romance. It's the chance of her life to be under contract at Universal, and she is making the most of it. She is enrolled in every course the studio has to offer, including drama, speech and dancing. Leigh sums up her hopes with, "I want to be a comedienne someday, and that's not so funny. I mean comedy takes more study than any other form of the entertainment field." For many years now Leigh has been interested in a musical career. She started as a child prodigy in her home town of Covington, Tennessee, and graduated to roles, singing the leads in *Brigadoon*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Rose Marie*, etc., in the Open Air Theatre in Memphis. Today Leigh is striving toward a popular recording style.

Never Say Goodbye, Universal's production starring Rock Hudson, George Sanders and the new foreign import Miss Cornell Borchers, looks to be excellent fare. Cornell, a blonde with limpid eyes of turquoise blue, will make her American film debut in this production. Gifted with a sultry voice of unusual quality, the actress will play the role of Liza Gostling, a Viennese chanteuse. We asked Cornell whether she has thought about American Men since she is unattached. "Naturally, I've had my eye on them. I think they are wonderful —very attentive, very solicitous, and how do you say, very wolfish." In answer to the question "What would you really like to do?" she replied, "Play Mary, Queen of Scots." When studio officials heard Cornell sing "A Time Remembered," a song written for the film, they were so impressed that they had another one, "I Promise," written for her. Did you know that George Sanders used to sing in the theatre both in England and the United States long before his Hollywood debut? George has a rich baritone voice. The only time he used it in a Hollywood film was in *Call Me Madam*. George was offered $30,000 per week to sing in one of the Las Vegas clubs. He says, "I've long considered a night-club routine, and I'm now completing special material including the composing of special tunes. But first I want to try it out in front of a few friends—so I don't lay an egg." When George was asked whether he had any romantic attachments, he replied, "You might say that I am in hiding." When the question arose about hobbies or did he collect anything, George said with a straight face, "I collect unfortunate memories." Rock Hudson knows how to play the piano, but he has a passion for music rolls for his player piano. Cornell found out about this, and she wired home to a music shop in Munich and had an air freight shipment sent direct to Rock's new home on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood.

One of Hollywood's most solid and respected marriages of the last ten years is that of Barbara Hale and Bill Williams, TV's Kit Carson, so the telephone calls Bill has been receiving at home lately from his most intimate friends, have amused the pair no end. Generally, the conversations have gone something like this: "Bill, look, I don't want to start anything nor butt into your private life. But after all, I'm older than you, and we've been friends for a long, long time and our wives know each other. What's going on at your place? Don't you know that you were seen with that platinum blonde dish at Mazzarini's the other night?" According to Williams, when he tells his well-meaning friends that it was his wife who was the "platinum blonde dish," they are even more surprised than when they suspected a new feminine interest in his life. Barbara's hair was dyed silver blonde and given the new, short haircut, by Helen Hunt, Columbia's chief hairdresser for her first wicked woman role in *The Houston Story*, starring Gene Barry and Edward Arnold and, of course, Barbara Hale. In this film Barbara will for the first time: Play a sultry siren, take a screen beating from thugs, wear a split skirt to show her shapely legs, have her first screen death, sing and dance. I asked Barbara how she felt about doing this new type of role. Here's her answer: "I play my first bad girl role in *The Houston Story*, and there's no halfway measures. Brother, I'm really bad. I'm a night-club singer and a racketeer's moll. I double-cross one mobster, Edward Arnold, to become involved with another, Gene Barry. My love scenes with Barry really sizzle. I'm beaten up by thugs, whacked across the face by Barry, thrown into the river by hoods, and finally taken for a one-way ride by paid killers. This type of role is really blasting my former type casting to bits, but I feel that in the final analysis this type of role will be good for my future screen career. Ever since I played Al Jolson's wife in *The Jolson Story*, I played the perfect wife in all my picture roles. I spent my time in the nursery with a brood of children, testing bottles, etc. Just one *formula* picture after another. It was getting so that I was becoming allergic to gingham aprons and kitchens. But now—*wow!*" Barbara does an excellent torrid version of "Put The Blame On Mame, Boys" in this production.

Joanne Dru, who used to be married to singer Dick Haymes, will sing for the first time in her role of a night-club chanteuse in *Hell On Frisco Bay*, starring with Edward G. Robinson and Alan Ladd. Joanne will sing "It Had To Be You" and "The Very Thought Of You". Alan Ladd is happiest when he's listening to music. His first move upon rising in the morning is to turn on the record player. He continues it on his (*Continued on page 28*)

A town
...a stranger
...and the things
he does to its
people, especially
its women!





COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

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IN

picnic

WITH

KIM NOVAK

BETTY FIELD • SUSAN STRASBERG • CLIFF ROBERTSON

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CO-STARRING

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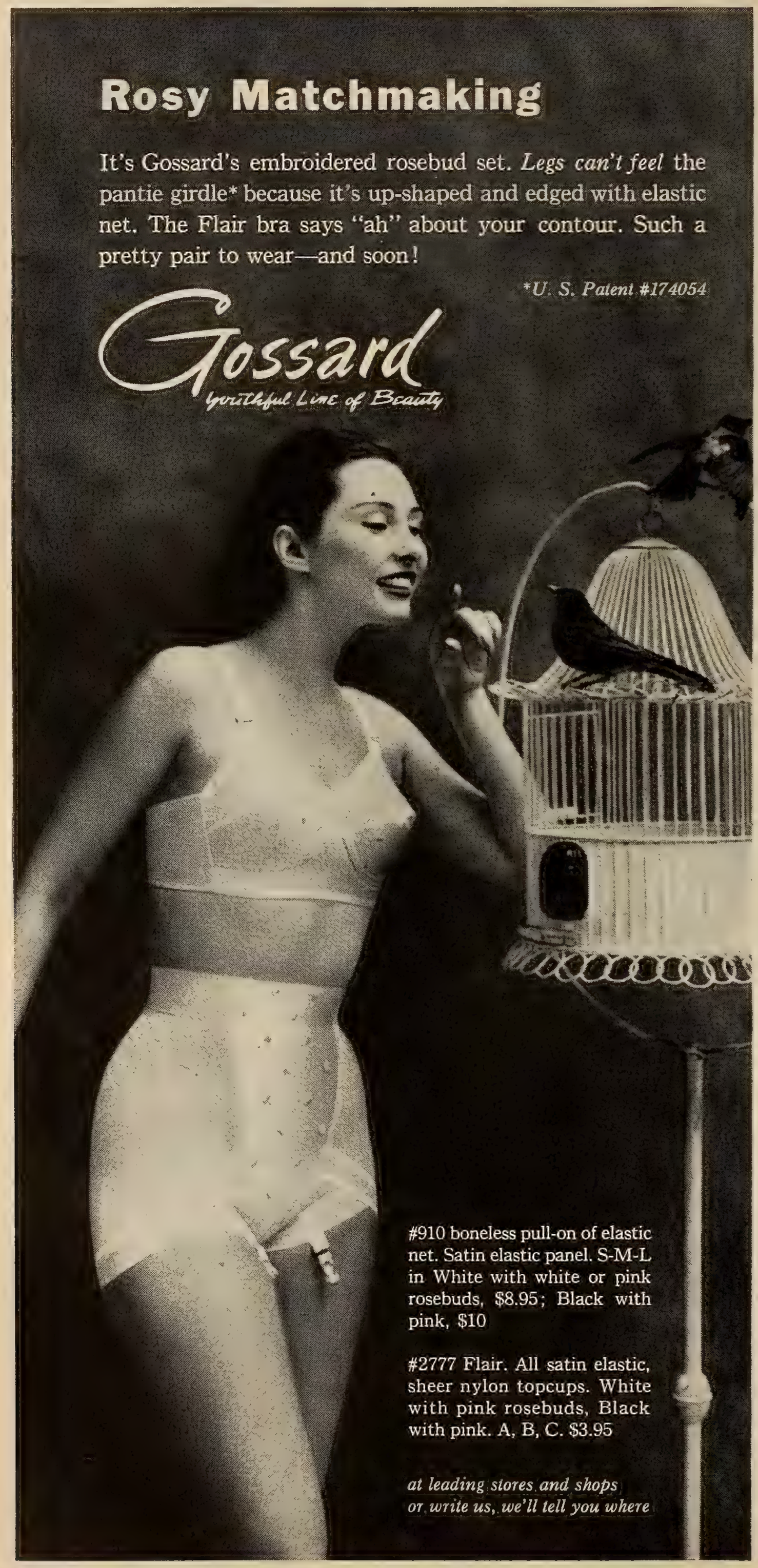
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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 26*) car radio en route to the studio. Between takes there's always music in his dressing room. Joanne divulged her secret for sound sleeping to Alan Ladd. Just before retiring in the evening she has a fried egg with a large onion on top. I hope she doesn't cry herself to sleep . . . Edward G. Robinson plays as ruthless and menacing an underworld character in this film as ever has been on the screen. Since his portrayal of "Little Caesar" many years ago, he has played parts as doctors, lawyers, artists, scientists, and clergymen, and yet if anybody were to mimic or imitate him, it would be as "Little Caesar."

The popularity of *The Vagabond King* continues undiminished as Paramount films this marvelous musical for the third time. This time we'll see the film debut of Oreste, famed operatic tenor, co-starring with Kathryn Grayson, as well as top featured players like Walter Hampden, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rita Moreno. On the set Director Michael Curtiz is directing a huge cast, and Oreste as Francois Villon is leading his vagabonds and rabble in a pitched battle with the forces of the Duke of Burgundy. The troops are in a main street of Paris, and Oreste on his proud charger waves his sword and yells, "Come on! Forward to Victory!" The ragged troops start marching—all except one poor fellow who seems lost. The director stops the cameras and yells through the PA loudspeaker system: "What's wrong with you?" The extra answers: "Sorry, but I didn't know which was the way to Victory!" Twenty dancers were going through their waltz number equipped with tiny batteryless radios which relayed the music to their ears noiselessly while Kathryn Grayson and Oreste danced nearby and recorded dialogue for the scene. This is known as a closed-circuit transmission, the receiving sets smaller than match boxes hidden in the players' costumes or hairdos. Suddenly consternation took over and virtually everyone fell out of step to the waltz. By some electronic quirk the wavelength had been invaded by broadcasts from a local radio station —and the music heard by the waltzers was "Sh-boom!" Mantovani and his orchestra have recorded an LP album, which will be released by Mercury Records, of the score from *The Vagabond King*.

These are the disc jockeys participating in the big Music From Hollywood contest (on page 22). Send your entry to the one closest to your home. He will announce your name over the air if you are a winner in the

DISC JOCKEY DERBY

Bill Anson, WAIT *Chicago, Illinois*
Hal Bakke, KGKO *Dallas, Texas*
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Don Bell, KRNT *Des Moines, Iowa*
Bob Bradley, WLOL *Minneapolis, Minn.*
Paul Brenner, WAAT *Newark, N. J.*
Lee Case, WAYE *Baltimore, Md.*
Pat Chambers, WFLA *Tampa, Florida*
Jack Denton, WISN *Milwaukee, Wisc.*



Jane Russell, who co-stars with Cornel Wilde in Columbia's *Hot Blood*, a film about gay, romantic, gypsy life in the United States today, appeared on the set bearing a home-baked chocolate cake as a gift for co-star Wilde. "Oh, buttering up your co-star," kidded Director Nick Ray. "Well," returned Jane, "I figured if we were filming the scene today where Cornel cuts off the roses I wear behind my ears with the flick of a fifteen-foot bull-whip, I'd better make sure he's on my side." Jane's brother Wally, making his debut in this film, received the following directions from Nick Ray: "When you dash into the gypsy wedding scene carrying four gallon jugs of wine, act as though you were carrying five gallons—one inside of you." Cornel Wilde says, "Anybody that contends screen kisses are just acting must be kidding." Cornel says: "The current wide screen processes pick up and expose any phoniness of technique. Besides, when I get to the stage where I don't get a charge out of doing a romantic scene with, say Jane Russell, and showing it, I'll retire." Joseph Calleia, who plays the gypsy king in *Hot Blood*, used to do a Scottish singing act in London's music halls. Coming to the States, he made an auspicious debut at Town Hall and was warmly received by the critics. Joseph did composing on the side, teaming up with George Abbott, who has since become one of Broadway's most successful producers. The popular ballads of Abbott and Calleia afforded them recognition in Tin Pan Alley, which, had they remained together, might have heralded the birth of another Rodgers and Hart team. When Jane Russell, who plays a great boogie woogie piano, had an upright moved onto the set of *Hot Blood*, Joseph Calleia gave an impromptu impersonation of Harry Lauder singing "The Wiggle Waggle Of The Kilt," which brought cheers from everyone.

Johnny Fairchild, WORZ *Orlando, Fla.*
Jon Farmer, WAGA *Atlanta, Georgia*
Larry Gentile, WXYZ *Detroit, Michigan*
Norman Hall, WBNL *Boonville, Indiana*
Irwin A. Johnson, WBNS *Col., Ohio*
Pete Johnson, WKBR *Manchester, N. H.*
Bob Jones, KFAB *Omaha, Nebraska*
Arty Kay, WVLK *Lexington, Kentucky*
Jack McCoy, WHLN *Harlan, Kentucky*
Ed Meath, WHEC *Rochester, New York*
Jerry Nesler, KCBQ *San Diego, California*
Harry Nigocia, WJBW *New Orleans, La.*
Ed Penney, WTAO *Cambridge, Mass.*
Ray Perkins, KIMN *Denver, Colorado*
Bill Previtti, KDEF *Albuquerque, N. Mex.*
Bill Randle, WERE *Cleveland, Ohio*
Ray Schreiner, WRNL *Richmond, Va.*
Chuck Thompson, WALA *Mobile, Ala.*
Frank Ward, WWOL *Buffalo, N. Y.*
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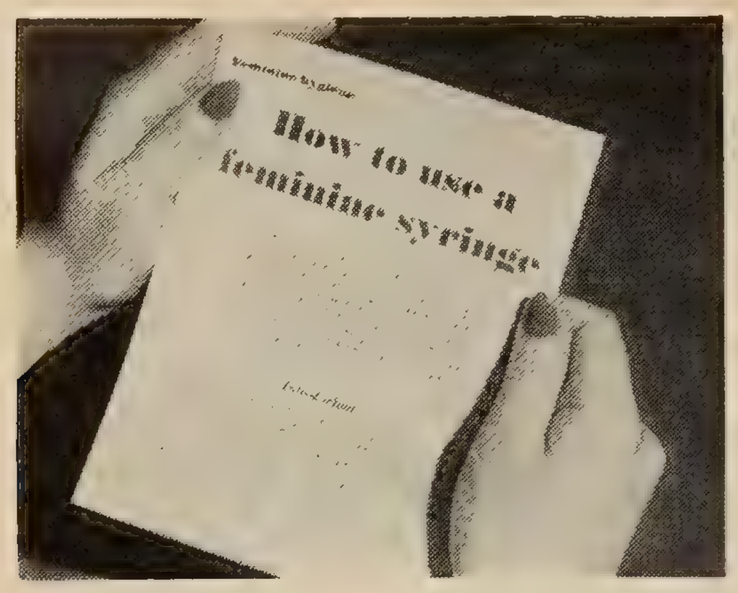
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Never Say Goodbye
The Benny Goodman Story

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Diane
The Rains Of Ranchipur

FOR DRAMA
Court-Martial Of Billy Mitchell
Hell On Frisco Bay

FOR SHIVERS
The Man With The Golden Arm
The Killer Is Loose
Joe Macbeth

FOR TEARS
Glory
Miracle In The Rain



* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** The Benny Goodman Story *gives TV favorite Steve Allen the opportunity to prove he can really act. Lovely Donna Reed, his co-star, gives a fine performance.*

* THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY
Steve Allen as The King of Swing

■ The music of Benny Goodman, Harry James, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, the drums of Gene Krupa (and the men themselves, except Goodman) are here. You won't hear anyone complaining about the music. Pleasant is a strange word to apply to the life story of the King of Swing, but pleasant's the feeling it gave me. It begins in Chicago when Benny was nine (they say there were eleven kids in the family—all I saw were three) and comes by his first clarinet. In no time he's fourteen and playing with a band on one of those pleasure boats that sail up and down a river. And then he's old enough to be Steve Allen. From that point on it's a question: Can a poor but talented boy from Chicago marry a wealthy socialite (played by Donna Reed)? No, says Benny Goodman's Mom (Berta Gersten). "You can't mix bagels with caviar." Says who? Allen (that is, Goodman) being a quiet chap doesn't put up a fight. He just looks at Donna and she looks at him and that question rings in their minds. While they're looking he's making a name for himself all over the country and in several exciting scenes you see how Goodman became that King. The music, as I said, is always wonderful. Steve Allen's nonchalant charm is refreshing and lends subdued excitement to a great era in American music.—Technicolor—U.I.

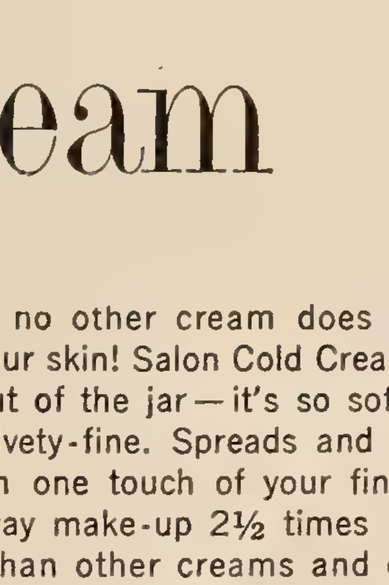
THREE BAD SISTERS
. . . and Daddy's money

■ They're not *all* bad. One (Marla English) is just a little too crazy about married men, and Kathleen Hughes is just a little too crazy. The third sister (Sara Shane) is always wanting to jump off a cliff—not to commit suicide, just to prove she can do it. Well, they're all very rich because their rich father died. And real crazy sister tells John Bromfield she'll cut him in on the fortune. All he has to do is worm his way into the confidence of sister number three (cliff jumper) since she holds the purse strings. Okay, says crazy John Bromfield, but he really falls for this sister (not cliff-wise, love-wise) and she ditches Jess Barker to marry him. Meanwhile real crazy slashes just-a-little-too (that's Marla) across the face with a riding crop in an effort to ruin her looks. Marla runs off in her car and crashes to her death. Then real crazy tries to kill her other sister with a horse—she's riding the horse and tries to stamp on her. This doesn't work. So she tries to steal John's affection. This doesn't work, but wifey thinks it does and drives off in her car. It goes on like that. "I can't stand this nuthouse!" John shouts once. *He* can't stand it!—U.A.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL
True-life drama

■ Here's a stirring film based on the court-martial of a former General in the Army Air Service. It's the story of a man who knowingly threw away his career because loyalty to his country came first. Among the remarkable qualities of Billy Mitchell (Gary Cooper) was his ability to see into the future with the kind of clear-sightedness that others scorn as visionary, idealistic or downright mad. It was in 1925 that his court-martial occurred. Before that, Mitchell had struggled to build up our air force but all he ever got were obsolete planes. Most Navy and Army men considered planes no more dangerous than toys—and no more useful. When Mitchell promised that the next war would be fought in the air, they laughed. When he mentioned the incredible speed and distance planes would set, they shook their heads with pity. Another man would have gone on being a General, enjoying the prestige and respect it brought, but Mitchell was too honest and too troubled by the truths he knew. (He predicted back then that some day the Japanese would attack Pearl Harbor and that we would be unprepared.) He called a press conference and publicly criticized the Army and Navy, knowing what would happen but hoping it





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movie previews (*Continued from page 30*)

would give him a chance to plead his cause. It's an exciting story with a fine cast lending it polish, and the drama of our times gives it depth. With Ralph Bellamy, Elizabeth Montgomery, Charles Bickford, Rod Steiger—CinemaScope, Warners.



DIANE

Love in a palace

■ Diane (Lana Turner) a remarkable woman, otherwise known as the Countess de Breze, was a powerful personage at court in 16th Century France. This movie is fiction based on historical fact and it is a grand and colorful spectacle. (Lana's clothes, by the way, are magnificent.) She first arrives in court to plead for her husband's (Torin Thatcher's) life—he's been accused of treason. King Francis I (Pedro Armendariz) is so moved by her beauty, charm and intelligence that he frees Thatcher, who'd rather be dead when he suspects it was at the price of Lana's honor. She becomes a permanent palace fixture (by order of the King) and is assigned to turn his son Prince Henri (Roger Moore) into a gentleman. Henri is betrothed to Catherine de Medici (Marisa Pavan). Naturally, Henri and Lana fall in love between fencing lessons, but she's nobler than he and doesn't want to hurt Catherine. But after Catherine and her guardians are ensconced in the palace, nobility goes by the boards. Catherine's astrologist (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) keeps predicting dire events which her uncle (Henry Daniell) strives—often successfully—to accomplish. But he gets his, since Catherine compensates for her unrequited love by becoming a Queen in the true blue tradition. You'll be moved by the love story, entertained by court life and captivated by the lavish settings. CinemaScope—MGM.



THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM

A Study in drug addiction

■ You'll be gripped with horror for any number of powerful reasons when you see this movie. It's about Frankie Machine (Frank Sinatra) who returns to his home in Chicago after six months at Lexington where he kicked the dope habit. Now he's got plans about being a drummer but the squalid life he left is still intact and he isn't strong enough to resist it. There's his petulant wife Zosh (Eleanor Parker), confined to a wheelchair, who assures him he won't get anywhere as a drummer and ought to go back to dealing cards for Schwiefka (Robert Strauss). And there's Louie (Darren McGavin), the suave and evil dope peddler who keeps inviting Frankie over to his place for a "fix." An air of hopelessness and decay settles down around Frankie like heavy fog. Only Molly (Kim Novak), who works in a crummy club—and is the chief moral support for alcoholic John Conte—seems to have any faith in a better life. With her help Frankie goes through the gruelling experience of a "cold turkey" cure. Others—Sparrow (Arnold Stang) and Police Captain (Emile Meyer)—round out a cast of characters who are pathetically and tragically real.—U.A.

GLORY

Maggie O'Brien comes back!

■ Margaret O'Brien's a thoroughbred who loves thoroughbreds, but Grandma Charlotte Greenwood can't let sentiment interfere with the horse business. Glory (the colt in question) never wins a race so why keep her? Why? Because Margaret worships her, is why. She also feels a slight attraction toward John Lupton, young owner and operator of the biggest stable in Kentucky. A society belle (Lisa Davis) would go to any lengths to get him, which is further than Margaret will go. And for a while it looks like John is lost to her. Meanwhile, old-time trainer Walter Brennan figures if Glory wears goggles she may run faster. It figures. Margaret has the wild idea to enter her in the Kentucky Derby. "She ain't that good," says Grandma who by this time is disgusted with the whole seedy business and moves to Brooklyn, ever nearer to the Dodgers. Margaret is now earning cash as a singer with Byron Palmer's band. (He found her outside a stable one day.) But she still doesn't have enough to meet the Derby fees—which she'd better do something about quick because I got a feeling Glory will win. And then there's John—who do you think will win him? Technicolor—RKO.

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN

A tender romance

■ It's 1942 in New York City. The year hasn't been so hot for Jane Wyman, a stenographer in a drab office who supports her mother (Josephine Hutchinson) in a drab apartment. Her father (William Gargan) walked out ten years ago and Mom is still suffering from the shock. One rainy day at quitting time a goodlooking soldier (Van Johnson) picks up Jane and in a burst of aggressive fellowship invites himself home to dinner. His vitality and optimism are contagious and Jane comes alive for the first time. Only Mama worries. Their tender romance is cut short when Van is sent overseas but he has a lucky coin she gave him and she has his ring. Even the Excelsior Shoe Manufacturing Company seems glamorous now to Jane. Tragedy follows, but so does a miracle. With Eileen Heckart, Fred Clark.—Warners.

THE KILLER IS LOOSE

Psychopath and the lady

■ When a housing finance company is robbed the last person you'd suspect is Wendell Corey. Diligent Wendell who loves his wife. Too bad detective Joseph Cotten has to kill her when he closes in on Wendell. At the trial Wendell notices Joseph's wife (Rhonda Fleming) and there's an evil look in his eye. Wendell's such a good prisoner they send him to an honor farm. He gets out of there by killing a cop and everybody knows his next victim is Rhonda. (There are one or two before Rhonda, but she's the main target.) Only Rhonda doesn't know it and Joseph won't tell her and she won't cooperate when he tries to lure her out of the house for safety's sake. All she wants is for him to quit the business. At a time like that—she pouts! With the killer loose and closing in.—U.A.

JOE MACBETH

Fall of a Kingpin

■ Good thing Shakespeare's dead. This movie—"a modern paraphrase"—would sure have killed him. Paul Douglas (that's Macbeth) is number two boy in a gang. He don't mind, but his wife (Ruth Roman) does. And everywhere he looks there's this freelance fortune teller (Minerva Pious) reading his heroic fate in the cards. Enough to drive a man mad—which it does. But first he becomes number one boy by wiping out his boss. Then his conscience rattles him and before you know it there's more blood on his hands and ghosts in his house and vengeance (Bonar Colleano) knocking at the door with a machine gun—loaded, I'm happy to say.—Col.

HELL ON FRISCO BAY

Little Caesar vs. Alan Ladd

■ Alan Ladd's back from the pen—but I swear to you he never killed Joe Ventra. And, believe me, he's going to get the man that framed him if it takes a million years. That man is Edward G. Robinson who rules the fishermen on the Frisco waterfront. Tough? Lordy! (He's got a screw loose, too.) But Ladd doesn't scare easy and he doesn't forgive (not

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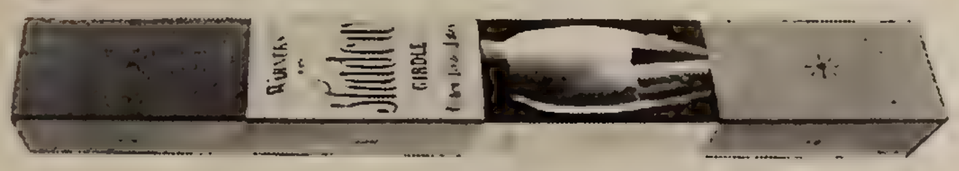
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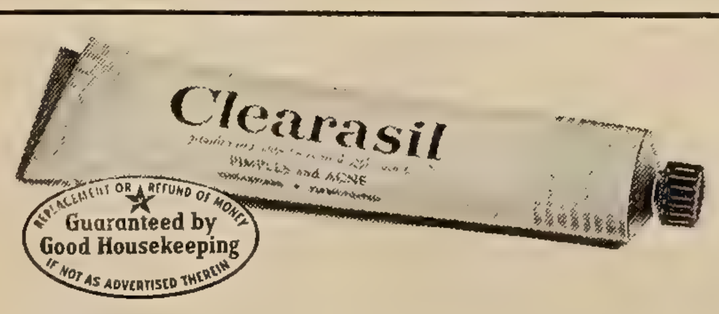
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movie previews (*Continued from page 32*)

even his loving wife Joanne Dru who got restless waiting and dated another) and he doesn't forget and he doesn't fool around. Takes one sniff at the free air and is up to his ears in trouble. With characters like Perry Lopez (Edward G.'s sulky nephew) and Stanley Adams (Edward G.'s fat killer) and Paul Stewart (Edward G.'s reluctant right-hand man). The faster they come at him the grimmer Ladd gets. Relentless is the word and who am I to fight it?—CinemaScope, Warners.

THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR
Highlife in India

■ There's an episode in this film—an earthquake and torrential floods—that, for sheer photographic magnificence, is more than worth the price of admission. However, the rest of the movie makes up for it. Lana Turner's a Lady and her languid husband (Michael Rennie) is a Lord—which is why she married him. And here they are in India, probably the only country left where Lana hasn't loved and left someone—oh, anyone. Well, the Maharani (Eugenie Leontovich) takes one look at her and fears for the future of noble but naive Dr. Safti. And well she might, since he is Richard Burton and only a moron would overlook *him*. Meanwhile, looking over Fred MacMurray (who is in the throes of a perpetual hangover, and in India because he lost his idealism) is Joan Caulfield. Joan's brimming with idealism and yearning to go to Iowa State Teachers' College, of all places. Aside from sweeping away several hundred Untouchables, that flood is the wash that everything comes out in. I mean, it precipitates decisions all over—uniting Lana and her Lord, MacMurray and his lady and Dr. Safti and his soul. CinemaScope—20th Fox.

NEVER SAY GOODBYE
Lavish soap opera

■ Vienna after the war: Rock Hudson marries Cornell Borchers and they live happily ever after for two years. Then Rock stalks out of the house. Jealousy is why. And the villain is George Sanders—an artist of sorts (but not the sort who steals men's wives!). Well, when Rock comes back Cornell is out. Out for good, since she has run to Papa in the Soviet zone and the Soviets seize her. Rock returns to the U.S.A. with his baby daughter and lives happily ever after for seven years. Then Cornell turns up in Chicago where Rock, a successful M.D., turns up for a medical conference. Come on home, your daughter needs you, he says pleadingly. But daughter (Shelley Fabares), who is going on nine needs a psychiatrist more. She thinks Mom is dead and that suits her. Cornell Borchers is lovely. Technicolor—U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

GUYS AND DOLLS (MGM): Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine in the Technicolor version of the famous Broadway musical based on Damon Runyon stories. Just about the perfect musical from laughs to love. Includes "I'll Know When My Love Comes Along," "Adelaide's Lament."

PICNIC (Col.): Another prize-winning Broadway play translated into a fine movie. Kim Novak as the pretty sister, Susan Strasberg as the smart sister, Bill Holden as the untamed, lonely boy who loves Kim, are splendid, and as the unmarried schoolteacher making her last desperate attempt at love, Rosalind Russell is Oscar material. Betty Field, Cliff Robertson also contribute to a movie you mustn't miss.

THE COURT JESTER (Para.): This one has Danny Kaye in CinemaScope and if you want to know more, there's also a zany, riotous plot involving turning gentle Danny into a superman by means of a magic potion, in an effort to restore a baby prince to the throne. Also involved are Basil Rathbone, Angela Lansbury, Glynis Johns, Mildred Natwick.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Para.): A fast-moving, frightening film concerned with the horror that envelopes a family when their home is invaded and taken over by three escaped convicts. Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott are superb.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (U.I.): Love conquers all in this film starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. There are numerous difficulties, however, before the pic reaches its happy conclusion.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES (Warners): Jack Palance as Public Enemy Number One and Shelley Winters as a confused dance-hall hostess who adores him make this film one of the best of its kind. It's taut melodrama. With Lori Nelson and Perry Lopez.



THE DAY DORIS GOT A FAN LETTER

■ Maybe this will answer the question of whether a fan letter actually gets to the star. One morning, Dodo opened a letter from a girl (above).

"It was so sweet, so intelligent," says Doris, "that I couldn't put it down. I was so touched I decided to write her a letter." On second thought, she said, "No, better still—why don't I call her?"

So that's how it happened that Elaine Gershbein of Wade Street in Mar Vista, California, answered a phone call.

The voice on the other end said, "This is Doris Day."

This was an unexpected development, to say the least, for Elaine. There followed a silence.

After that, the conversation resumed; about seven minutes of it. Then Doris had an inspiration.

"I thought she was a real nice girl," she says, "and would like to see the studio. So I asked her, 'Would you like to go through Paramount?' There was a little pause, and then she said, 'Do you think I could?' I asked her, then, if she'd like to bring a few of her friends, or family. She said she would, but she'd have to get them together on it. So I told her well, I'd be working and just to call Marty at his office."

Elaine rounded up her mother, sisters and aunts for the studio visit.

Afterwards, Elaine wrote another letter. This time not to Doris, but to a newspaper columnist. In part, she summed it up, "I figured we'd see the studio, but never dreamed we'd talk to Doris. But we did, for almost two hours between scenes. She's nicer and sweeter than I'd expected."

Doris, when asked about the incident, said, "These little things are better left unsaid by publicity men."

When Dodo learned it was Elaine herself who had "planted" the item, it was her turn to be flabbergasted. "You mean *she* wrote a letter about it?" asked Doris. "Well, what do you know!" **—by Helen Gould**

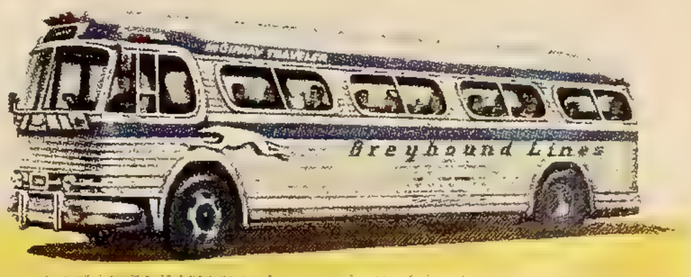


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MEET MUSCLES!

They all stared when Jeff Richards brought a new doll to the MS Anniversary Party. "Meet Muscles," he beamed and you could hear bells ring. But little did we guess they'd be eloping to Vegas a scant three weeks later!

by STEVE CRONIN

■Humphrey Bogart almost dumped his martini when he got the call from Vegas. He and Baby had just been hashing over Jeff Richards, among other assorted guests from the night before. Bogey couldn't stop grumbling about the girl Jeff brought along as his date, "She's got him drydocked. On a reform kick, too. No drinking, smoking, swearing or playing tiddley-winks." Baby just smiled knowingly but before she had time to explain the laws of attraction to her husband the phone rang.

It was for Bogey, a call from one Jeff Richards who was about to get hitched in Las Vegas. The connection wasn't very clear but the message was, "Father, we want to get married but we won't go through with this without your blessing."

Bogey snorted, "I always hated weddings—except my own. When you are officially domesticated come on home and Baby and I will show you how to fight like newlyweds." This, translated from Bogart into English meant, "We are delighted for you two wonderful guys."

If Bogey had his doubts about Vicki Lenore Flaxman, alias "Muscles," he was the only person in Hollywood who did. (And Bogey was prompted by his very reasonable desire to keep the best mate he'd ever had just for himself.)

Mine hadn't been the only head that swivelled when Jeff ushered his girl friend into MODERN SCREEN's Anniversary Award party at the Cocoanut Grove. (*Continued on page 80*)



They shouldn't have fallen in love in the first place — but they did. And kept their marriage together when only their hearts believed it possible

by SUSAN WENDER





the HEART has REASONS

■ The heart has reasons that the reason knows not of. That's an old saying, and a true one. It's the story of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, whose reason told them that they were wrong for each other, before they were married and after—and whose hearts said only that they needed each other too much to care, that somehow a love like theirs could be made to find a way. They're going to have a baby now, and because they listened to their hearts, they're ready for it. They can offer their child love and a home and the security that comes from a mother and father who love each other enough to have battled their fears and won. This is the story of that love and that battle —and that wonderful victory. It has never really been told before.

There was the beginning. They met by chance. No one dragged them together and said, "You two *must* get together—I just know you'll *love* each other!" No one would have thought so. But it was a big Hollywood party, and since they were both actors, they had mutual friends. Someone said, "Janet, this is Tony Curtis. Tony, Janet Leigh," and dashed off after a waiter, leaving (*Continued on next page*)





Trying to save time so they can spend some of it together, they study scripts, take care of business during meals, generally manage to have their evenings free for each other —only to find they are too exhausted to stay awake past 9 p.m. Vacations are even harder to manage; last year they got their first—a week end at Palm Springs, where they swam, sunned, relaxed— but found when they got back it hadn't been long enough to completely calm their nerves.

the HEART has REASONS

continued

Love they had aplenty. But problems from inside and outside threatened to tear them apart

(*Continued from page 39*) them stuck with each other. They looked each other over quickly. Tony was brand new to Hollywood. His fan mail was pouring in, all from kids who loved his black hair and his big eyes and his broad, sweet grin. He wasn't much of an actor, and he was more boy than man, but he was so *terribly* cute. They didn't see him off-screen, so they didn't know his clothes were —well, wrong. Neither did Tony, yet. His suits were striped, his shirts were dark and his ties were light. They were the most expensive outfits he had ever owned, and he figured he was really living it up. Janet knew, though. She had been through that phase when she arrived, when all her salary, which wasn't much, had gone for the heaviest make-up, the frilliest dresses, the most be-feathered hats in town. Nice people had hurt her feelings horribly by wiping her face and cutting off the sequins and telling her that she didn't know a Mainbocher from an Ohrbach's special and had better learn before she saw her picture in the papers. She had gone home and cried off what was left of her mascara, but she learned. Now she dressed beautifully.

"How do you do?" Tony said. "I've seen you lots in the movies. You're wonderful. You know, talented. Sing, and dance and all that besides act." He grinned. "I can't do any of those, really." The grin faded. "But I will."

A cocky kid. What an accent—real New York. And with that they were putting him into turbans and making him play Asian princes! Now there was casting for you! But Janet, having made ten movies and having learned to cover her shyness with poise and charm, was not the one to blurt out whatever came into her mind. So she smiled sweetly and made conversation, nice, friendly conversation, until someone dragged her off to meet a producer. And that was the last she thought about that cute youngster. She was escorted home by Arthur Loew, Jr.

But within a remarkably short time the cute youngster had (*Continued on page 84*)







Proud of his wife's efficiency, impulsive Tony nonetheless finds it disturbing to have Janet's new dress-designing business cause separations, calls her four to ten times a day when they're apart. Whenever possible they join each other away from home; Janet by plane, Tony by train—because he hates to fly.



Oh, Eddie how you've changed!





Eddie escorted Debbie to the MS Awards Party, but it was Mrs. Fisher's big night so Eddie kept well out of the spotlight.

Marriage has a way of making a man want to grow up faster, set his goals higher, try a lot harder to be worthy of the woman he loves

by LANCE ELLIOT

■ When Eddie returned with Debbie to the U.S. after their London Palladium appearance, one of his "pals" took him aside for a frank talk. "You're doing the wrong thing, man. You want to be singing duets all your life?" Eddie gave him a long, hard look and replied, "Maybe I do." Then he walked back and joined his fiancée.

"Eddie Fisher," they said then, "is surrounded by too many people."

Eddie's still surrounded. But today he is ringed by the love, the understanding and the personal concern of one woman—his wife, Debbie Reynolds. And it's made a big difference in him.

Recently, while walking to his TV studio, Eddie stopped at the doorway to a room from which came the sound of children's happy laughter.

The kids, television's child actors, were putting on their coats and jackets, their young, clean faces eager with the thoughts of playtime ahead.

Two of the youngsters, both boys, dashed out the door and collided with Eddie's knees.

He stooped to retrieve the tumblers, put his arms around them and said, "Get hurt?"

They gave him bashful smiles and shook their heads.

Eddie gazed into their clear, small eyes for a moment.

"I'm going to have two little boys just like you," he said.

As he watched them run off, his eyes sparkled with hope. He walked to the studio elevator with a new spring in his step. He was whistling "Love And Marriage." (*Continued on page 102*)





A play in One act by Jane Wilkie

Rock and the House Mouse

TIME: Lunch break one blustry, wintry California afternoon.

PLACE: The U-I lot. The action takes place under a large sailfish (he thinks it's "pretty") in Rock Hudson's studio bungalow. The stage is littered with a variety of peculiar objects; some scrapbooks, a war novel, a book on reincarnation, a framed photograph of an Irish setter, records ranging from Cole Porter to Ludwig Von Beethoven.

CAST: Jane Wilkie, reporter (hereafter known as Me)
Rock Hudson, actor (hereafter known as Rock)

The curtain rises.

ME: *Congratulations!*

ROCK: (with the air of one who has heard this before) *Thanks.*

ME: (smugly) *Oh, I don't mean on your marriage. I mean on your anniversary.*

ROCK: (blank): *Anniversary?*

ME: *Today is the ninth. You were married November ninth. Happy anniversary.*

ROCK: (he makes no answer. His eyebrows go up like scared rabbits, come down again with an air of wild relief. Fervently) *Thank you.* Thank *you.*

ME: *Think nothing of it. I'm mad about your wife. Out of that whole roomful of gorgeous women at the* MODERN SCREEN *party, she was the only one in long sleeves and a collar. White lace and peau de soie—and such a* real *person. And so composed. I'd have thought she'd be nervous as a hen, making her first formal appearance as Mrs. Hudson.*

ROCK: (grinning) *She was. But she had to spend most of her energy curing me of the shakes.*

ME: *You?* (there's dialogue for you!)

ROCK: (shuddering horribly) *Television!*

ME: *Well, I can't answer for how you felt, but in that one shot of Phyllis at the table, she looked wonderful.*

ROCK: *Don't know how she* (Continued on page 101)

I congratulated Grace Kelly and Phyllis giggled.



What better decoration for the wall than a sailfish?



But my wife insists on perfection! Tch!



So I please the little woman when I can.



I'm a neat type—for a new groom!



HOME WITH THE MACMURRAYS

Unlike many star houses, the MacMurray home is a two-story, clapboard, picket-fenced Colonial, boasting ten rooms and a lived-in feeling. The den (above) is the most popular room, arranged "so you can put your feet on the furniture."



We're Old-fashioned

They didn't want picture windows and push-button doors. For June and Fred had a special need for a big, comfortable house to be a family in

by MARVA PETERSON





■ "Well, of all the funny things!" June Haver said. She stared at the magazine again and dropped the rest of the morning mail onto the hall table. "Fred," she called. There was no answer. "Honey?"

A postcard slithered to the floor but she didn't notice. Junie headed for the basement stairs, leading down to Fred MacMurray's workshop. "Darling, you down there?" No. She stopped for a moment, a small, pretty blonde in a simple cotton dress, and then muttered, "Oh—of course," dashed upstairs and stuck her head in at the door of Fred's small studio at the foot of the attic stairs. Her husband was bent over a drafting table, so absorbed in his water-color sketching that he hadn't heard her shouts.

"Look, darling," June gasped, half breathless from excitement, half from the stairs, which she had taken two at a time. She thrust the open magazine under his nose. "It's our house. They've run a picture of our house in *Holiday* without our knowing a thing about it!"

Fred, who is the calm, deliberate member of the family, rescued his paints and accepted the magazine. He studied it, read the caption and then turned back to the beginning of the article.

"Well, isn't it?" asked June, waiting for his reaction.

Fred laughed. "No, honey, not exactly," he said. "This is a picture of the St. George Tucker house in Williamsburg, Virginia."

"The who?" June said.

"Do you remember the real estate agent telling us once that Nelson Eddy had sent his architect back east to study American Colonial homes before he built this house?" asked Fred. June shook her head. "Well, he mentioned it," Fred continued. "Then later on after we bought this place I happened to be talking to Nelson and he told me that his man went to Williamsburg and took pictures and made sketches of all the different kinds of (*Continued on next page*)





"A home needs a disorganized attic," June says, stores extra dishes and clothes neatly, but lets the rest of the family odds-and-ends run riot there to remind her of her midwestern childhood. Fred's favorite spot is his garage-room workshop, where he constructs a variety of do-it-yourself inventions, some of which are even useful. Son Rob has a smaller workshop in the basement.









"June took up the piano just so someone would use the living room," Fred laughs, joins her in that formal, paneled room for clarinet practice. Much of their furniture, such as the breakfast table (above) comes from Fred's former home, includes valuable antiques. Though they hope to travel, so far June and Fred have left home only for brief fishing trips.

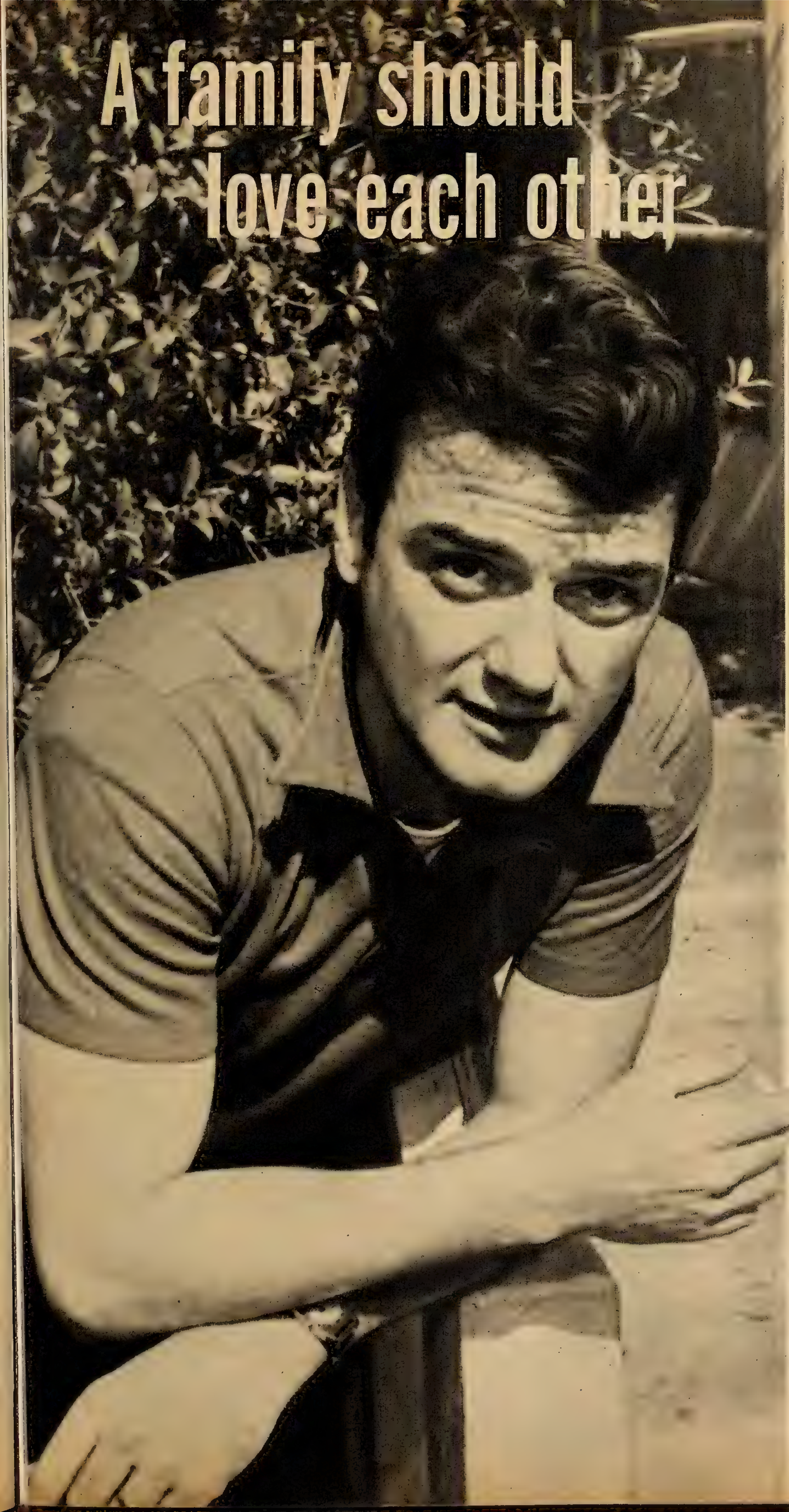
The FRED MACMURRAYS *bought their home before June got her engagement ring, furnished it before they were married*

houses there. Then the Eddys selected this plan as the one that best suited their size family. They had it copied with a few minor changes."

"You mean we're living in a genuine Williamsburg reproduction?" asked June delightedly.

"Yes, for what it's worth, I guess we are," said Fred. "Only, since Williamsburg is all re-constructed we're really living in an imitation of a reconstruction of an original!"

June ignored him. "Why, for all we know," she rhapsodized, "it may be the only Williamsburg in California! I think this is wonderful. And it explains why there are so many hidden cupboards and attics and basements and things like that. How many does it say there are in the article? I'm going to check every one!" (*Continued on page 91*)



A family should love each other

That's the motto of Bill Campbell's folks. In scrapes and troubles, in laughter and love, they stuck together

by IDA ZEITLIN

■ Bill Campbell was singularly blessed with parents who understood what children need to keep them secure. They drew this understanding, not from psychology books, but from their own sturdy characters, their warm hearts and their balanced good sense. They had no silver teething rings to offer their sons, who teethed just as happily without. Dad worked for the City Water Department of Newark, N. J. Mom took a part-time job at Bamberger's, but not till Bill and his brother Bob, eighteen months younger, were reaching their teens and could raid the icebox for themselves. If money was tight, the boys didn't know it. Going to church, they were always well dressed. The small apartment was always immaculate. No Christmas passed without a tree that touched the ceiling and one big gift apiece. They never heard money mentioned except on the upbeat when Mom laughed, "Your father can make one dollar look like three." Luxury items didn't count with their folks. Moral fibre did. This viewpoint reflected itself in the boys. What Dad couldn't afford, it never entered their heads to ask for. The one object Bill craved and couldn't promote was a bike, though not because of the financial outlay. "If you're killed in the city streets, it will be my fault." Bill promised earnestly not to be killed. But when Dad (*Continued on page 97*)

The biggest stars in Hollywood go to Susie's father, Lee Strasberg, for coaching. But he's never given Susie a lesson—and at 17 she's a movie star—and completely on her own!

by MARCIA BENTON





Her mother (with Susie backstage at her Broadway hit, Diary Of Anne Frank*) sees that she gets enough sleep and food, but she lets Susie handle her own schedule, doesn't even stay in the room when Susie gives an interview.*



photos by Roy Schatt

SUSAN STRASBERG
she did it all by herself





This is Susie and me, the author, at Schrafft's. I asked her once when she knew she'd be an actress and she said, "The first time I opened my mouth!" but she was afraid she mightn't be any good.

■ Susie Strasberg and I had a date at Schrafft's for lunch (my lunch; her breakfast) and practically the first thing I said was, "Does your father like you in *Anne Frank?*" Susie put down her menu and looked puzzled. "I hope so," she said. "I haven't asked him."

So I knew the Strasbergs hadn't changed a bit. Let me explain.

I met Susie for the first time just a few years ago, but I'd been hearing stories about her for as long as I can remember. My family was always interested in theatre, and they knew some people who knew the Strasbergs. I recall when I was five my father came home and told about what Susie had done the other day. She was two then, and her folks had taken her backstage to meet Tallulah Bankhead. It seems Tallulah came sweeping to the door in all her glory and said grandly, "I am Tallulah Bankhead!" And Susie looked straight at her and said, "Why?"

It was a pretty funny story, and my father said to me, "Why don't you say things like that?" I was only five, but I wasn't so dumb. I said, "Why don't you introduce me to Tallulah Bankhead?" and that was that. But I remember even then I wanted to meet her. But what with one thing and another—like our living in Brooklyn and the Strasbergs living in Manhattan—I didn't. We even went to the same high school— Performing Arts— for a while, but I was there three years before (*Continued on next page*)

These two pictures were taken at Fire Island last summer, where photographer Roy Schatt was teaching Susie to use the new camera her father gave her. Marilyn Monroe stayed with them there.





This is Susie and her father in their living room (not the public library!) and below are Susie and I in their foyer, which is jammed with photos of friends (famous and not famous), presents—and more books!



Photo from Actor's Studio



she was, so we missed each other. The same thing with Europe—we went to most of the same places eventually, but I got there in '49 and Susie in '51.

So when I finally met her at a party two years ago, it was quite an event for me. At the time I was in college, and Susie was taking commercial art at the High School of Music and Art. She was even tinier then than she is now, (she's just short of five foot one) and she was explaining patiently to someone that she was not her brother Johnny's little sister; *he* was *her* little brother. She sounded as if she'd done that pretty often. "It's rather humiliating," she was saying. "He's three years younger than I."

From the height of my position in college, I thought she was a very poised little girl. I asked her if she was going to be an actress like her mother, and if she'd ever been on the stage. "I'm studying to be a commercial artist," she said, somewhat evasively. "Yes, I have been on stage. My mother carried me on in a play called *Many Mansions* when I was not yet born. She was seven months pregnant at the time."

"Oh," I said, stopped dead. We talked for a while about Europe. She was mad about Venice; it was so romantic and they had ridden in gondolas —and Salzburg was wonderful—they went to the festival—and Israel was marvelous. She had gotten her pictures on a magazine cover in Israel —her first magazine cover, and she couldn't read what it said under the picture! In Europe she had picked up a few words in every country, but not many. "In France I learned to say, 'Which way, please?' and 'Don't (*Continued on page 89*)



For the most
unique feature MS
has ever run
we asked America's
top handwriting expert
to analyze Tab's
personally scrawled answers
to our very
personal questions.
On the following pages
we reproduce
the results exactly
so you can see
what happens when...

TAB LEVELS WITH US →



Things we never knew till now about

With whom do you live? have small apt ——— alone.

What wakes you up? nature, or the students enroute to class

Wake up instantly? yes

First thing you do? Yawn, stretch, rake faces? open the blinds & let the sun in

Are you bright and cheery or a morning grouch? usually wake up in a good mood.

Who makes your breakfast? What do you eat? Either go to the drive-in, order juice & black coffee.

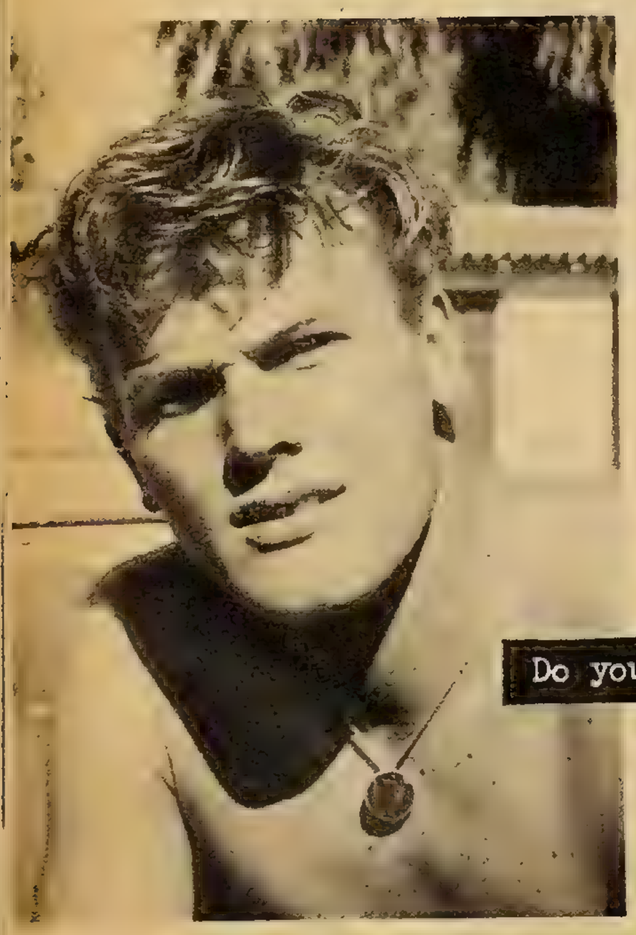
Any animals you don't like? ———

Favorites? horses & dogs **Do you own a pet?** no

Do you prefer sports jackets and slacks, suits, jeans, what? chinos - sweaters -

Do you own a tuxedo? no

A double-breasted suit? no



Are you neat? yes (fairly)

Do you hang up your clothes? yes (if I have the time.)

Do you fill out questionnaires in magazines? sometimes

Do you send birthday cards, write notes, phone congrats? sometimes

Do you answer your personal mail promptly? I try

Are you a good message-taker? no

What's your worst fault? ~~to~~ have so many I can't say

Your best virtue? loyalty

Ever tell lies? Fibs? I'm the greatest, but try to avoid it.

What virtue would you like that you don't have? Think before you speak.



Tab! He hates baseball . . . he's afraid of the dark . . . and he can't cha-cha



What would you like to be if you weren't an actor? but I want to be an actor.

What's the best thing about being a star? hate that word "STAR."

The worst? "the garbage heaped upon us!"

What's the best movie you ever saw? That will take time to answer. there are so few good pictures.

Your favorite actress? Julie Harris & Kim Stanley.

Do you like interviews? that all depends

What do your friends call you? Any thing they want.

Ever had any nicknames? Debbie Reynolds & Lori Nelson call me "Tabaras".

Did you like school? yes!

What was your best subject in school? history

Your worst? spelling

Anything you'd like to study now? wanted to take a course in psychology at U.C.L.A

Ever travel? yes.

Where would you like to go? back to Switzerland

How old were you when you first kissed a girl? around eleven.

Whose idea was it? mine - naturally.

Ever have an "our song" with a girl? yes

What and who? now ain't you getting a little personal?

Who's your best friend? Dick Clayton

Who's your favorite pops singer? Rita Connors, Jeri Southern, Peggy Lee, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, Billie Holliday & Judy Garland.

What's your IQ? I have no idea.

Are you the kind of boy you'd like your sister to marry? are you kidding?



MORE→

Continued from page 61



Do you think you're neurotic? ain't we all?

Do you think most people are neurotic? just answered that

Did you ever want to be analyzed? God knows I could probably use it, but never have given an analist any thought.

Are you scared of heights, closed rooms? What? hate to admit this—the dark!

What touches you instantly? Crying woman, small babies, dire poverty? handicaped people —poverty.

What's your worst memory? ———

Your happiest? getting a good review in the N.Y. Times..

Your most embarrassing? Can't print that!

Who told you the facts of life? You might say, I was born knowing them.

Can you keep a secret? yes. **Even other people's secrets?** yes



Prefer long hair or short for girls? don't care

Fluffy or tailored or sophisticated clothes? depends on the girl

Like girls to wear perfume? yes

What kind? "Femme".

We asked an expert to study Tab's scrawl

This analysis of Tab's handwriting was prepared especially for MODERN SCREEN *by Dorothy Sara, president of the American Graphological Society.*

■ The outstanding thing about this handwriting is the apparent speed of the pen as it goes across the paper. The connections between letters show he has a good sense of rhythm and coordination. I don't know whether it is expressed in music or sports or artistic work of some kind; but he is well-coordinated. Anything that he tackles is done with grace.

The style of writing does not change much, letter formations maintain the same pattern throughout, which indicates that he likes to have a sense of security in all that he attempts.

His handwriting has vitality, and he's probably a young and enthusiastic personality. These two traits (vitality and enthusiasm) sometimes give others the impression that he is very aggressive. But his handwriting shows that he does not rush ahead of himself. He waits to be sure.

He has a bit of stubbornness. This is shown by some "hooks" at the beginning of some of his words—for instance, a hook at the start of "l" in the word "little" and there is also a hook at the end of "s" in the word "yes."

I am delighted to notice the circle with which he dots the small letter "i" and he even puts it under the question mark. This use of the little circle instead of the conventional dot clearly shows that he has an artistic flair. He loves beautiful things and is attracted to anything that has fine quality and craftsmanship.

He has a practical streak; this is seen in the way some of the small "t" bars come up to the letter "t" but the stroke doesn't cross through. This is the sign of procrastination, graphologically speaking; and in this case it is probably based on a practicality which keeps him from rushing ahead to anything unfamiliar. The way he connects the letters in each word also shows his practical sense.

Do you like to dance? yes

Can you cha-cha? WOULD you cha-cha? what is a cha-cha?

Where would you like to live, given your choice?
in the country or the mountains.

Do you like children? yes. **How many do you want?** three

What was your favorite role?
part of Jim Russell on "Climax".

Did you vote in '52? yes.

What pictures do you carry in your wallet? pictures of people I like.



Do you eat a big lunch or a bite?
usually eat breakfast around noon.

A between-meal nosher? What do you nosh? no

How do you take your coffee? black.

Favorite sports? riding, skating & water-skiing.

Un-favorite sport? baseball.

Are you a big tipper? Does it embarrass you to tip?
I remember when I waited tables at a restaurant I liked the good tips & never liked the good tips — While tipping, I always get confused on what I should leave

What household chore would you never, never do?
I try to steer clear of it all.

but we kept his name a secret and didn't even tell her the subject was a star

I find that the endings to many of his words are lower, or smaller, than the letters used at the beginning of the word. What does this mean? Well, it shows that this young man can be secretive. He begins each word with rather large writing (showing his fluency) but the word ends with smaller writing (disclosing his ability to keep a secret). He expresses himself frankly and quickly; this is most disarming, because it makes his listener think that he is telling all. Actually, he can't tell anything if he feels it should be kept in confidence.

I can see this man has a sense of humor because of the way his "i" dots assume all sorts of sizes and shapes (aside from the small circle already mentioned), and many of the dots are not placed directly over the letter "i."

A very important clue to his personality is the way he makes his capital "I." This capital letter represents the ego, naturally. Notice how simple and how small the letter is. There are no fancy curlicues on the "I" and the vertical loop is made low and fairly narrow. This seems to contradict the friendly, outgoing personality which is seen in the last writing and the forward slant of the script.

From my viewpoint, he is not as self sufficient nor as proud as some people might think he is. The man is shy, is hesitant about taking a plunge into anything which may seem impractical, and he may not always express his sentimentality and his feelings freely on the surface.

He is not the type of man who welcomes competition with others. He is much better off when he is working *with* others, and especially under the direction of someone who is firm and decisive and whom he loves.

His personal feelings may enter into his social and professional associations, and may act as a deterrent or as a spur to going ahead—as the case might be. He is much more sensitive in his reactions to people and places than even he realizes.

He is a constructive worker, and when others create he has the intelligence, the coordination, the vitality, to follow through.

Miss Jones' best friend works with her, lives with her, shares clothes and beaux—and now tells all!



MY "SISTER" SHIRLEY

BY BARBARA RUICK



Shirley depends on Barbara for advice, expects frankness and . . .



the kind of mood-sharing that two close friends always count on.



■ Because Shirley Jones was crying I knew I was going to like her. She was bawling big, beautiful, queen-sized tears that skidded down her cheeks and disappeared in the corners of her mouth.

The harder Shirley cried, the more pleased I became with myself. For every one of those drops rolling down her face was, I felt, a tribute to me, Barbara Ruick, singer, actress, Shirley's future roommate, mother confessor and zipper-unsticker extraordinary.

Shirley was crying over a song. A song I was singing from the 20th Century-Fox picture *Carousel.* It is not a tragic number. Nor a comical one. Just a tender little tune called "When I Marry Mr. Snow."

A few days before the studio had called suggesting that I audition for the part of "Carrie" in the movie.

I "me-me-meed" and "ah-ah-ahed" and sprayed my throat for two days. It was a part that was attracting the attention of many young singers and I just died at the thought of the chance.

Shirley, I knew from the papers, had already been set for the starring role of "Julie." And 20th wanted a singing actress. One who would look believable on the screen as Julie's best friend.

On my big day I arrived at the audition room a few minutes before Shirley.

The stage was bare, except for a small bench on a carpeted floor, a desk to one side and a tiny window in the wall. It was a makeshift set, arranged only for the test. There the studio would decide if Shirley and I went well together.

I knew my music by heart and when Shirley arrived the cameramen and director and crew took their places. We went right into the scene. I hadn't said a word to Shirley.

A boom microphone slid out over our heads, somebody called "Action!" and all of a sudden I was singing.

When you audition with another performer you can expect a variety of reactions. There are those who are willing to respond, some who are indifferent; some who are with you, some against you.

But only in rare cases will your partner complement your effort so (*Continued on page 93*)



Shirley and Barbara wear the same size, have a hard time keeping clothes and shoes sorted into the right closets in their bachelor-girl apartment in Hollywood.



photo by Roy Schatt

The editors were so moved by the many, many letters written to us about Jimmy that we wanted to share them with the rest of you. We only regret not being able to print all of them, they were so wonderful

Dear Editor:

I was the president of a James Dean fan club and I and my members would like a *special favor* from you. You can imagine how we felt when Jimmy met his painful death recently. You see we felt very close to Jimmy because we used to see him a lot when he was in N. Y. before *East Of Eden*. I would like to tell you he was sweet, kind and good and that is the honest truth.

In the December issue of MODERN SCREEN you printed such beautiful photos of him, some of the best ever taken of him. Could you *please* send us a copy of one—we haven't any pictures of him because he never let us take any. If you only knew how we felt about him you would understand us wanting these pictures. We haven't any pictures at all to remember him by and we never, never want (*Continued on page 68*)

The page, opposite, was Fairmount's farewell to the boy whose tragic death was mourned by the whole country. But to one small Indiana town Jimmy Dean was a teammate, a classmate, a son. Others may write of artistic talent lost, of awards unearned. To Fairmount, this was a beloved friend, who is gone.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES DEAN

THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS

Volume LXXX | Fairmount, Grant County, Indiana | SPECIAL EDITION

Special

Because of the overwhelming demand for this week's issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS, which contains exclusive material concerning the brief, brilliant career of James Dean, we have sold all of our regular copies, even though we printed several hundred extras.

Consequently, we decided to publish this Special Edition to try and meet the public's demand.

We, as members of the staff, would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy to the bereaved family of Jim Dean. Words can not begin to express emotions during periods of time such as this but Jim Dean and his influence on Fairmount will never be forgotten.

JAMES DEAN'S "EDEN" PROVES HIGH TALENT OF FAIRMOUNT ACTOR

Even if Jimmy Dean weren't a hometown boy, "East of Eden" would be one of the most powerful productions ever released by Warner Brothers and it would well be worth the effort and money of anyone.

"Eden" opens Easter Sunday at Marion's Indiana Theatre and will continue through Thursday, according to John DeBoo, Manager.

However, homefolks will be going to see Dean. And, they won't be disappointed if they are looking to find a splendid performance and magnificient interpretation by Jimmy.

Fairmount's star has been compared to Marlon Brando and this written can see some faint similarity between the two. But, Dean's is a warmer personality . . one that projects itself with a freedom of action that keeps movie-goers on the edge of their seats.

In "Eden" Jimmy plays the role of an unpredictable, love-starved youth who was reared with a brother by their father (Raymond Massey).

Plagued with an inferiority complex brought about chiefly because he thought his father prefered his brother to himself, Dean, as Cal, does everything in his power to "win" his father's love.

Three climatic scenes, each topping the former, are seen in the latter stages of the show and in each of them Dean seems to bare his very soul with his portrayal.

Written by John Steinbeck, "East of Eden" takes place in the Monterey-Salinas section of California, as is usual with Steinbeck. Elia Kazen, who produced and directed the picture, did an exceptional job; but, this is expected of Kazan, who is one of the nation's foremost producer-directors.

It has been said that there is a possibility Jimmy will be a candidate for an Academy Award in 1956 for his work in "Eden". This early in the year, though, it would be hard to forecast.

Packed houses have seen "East of Eden" every place it has played and in our opinion this will be true from Fairmount to Timbuctu.

Tuesday morning the Indiana Theatre gave a special performance of "Eden" for Mrs. Adeline Nall, Fairmount High School speech instructor, who started Dean on his way.

She, together with the senior class, school officials and several others, are enthusiastic with the picture as most people who see it will be.

(Reprinted from April 7, 1955 issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS.)

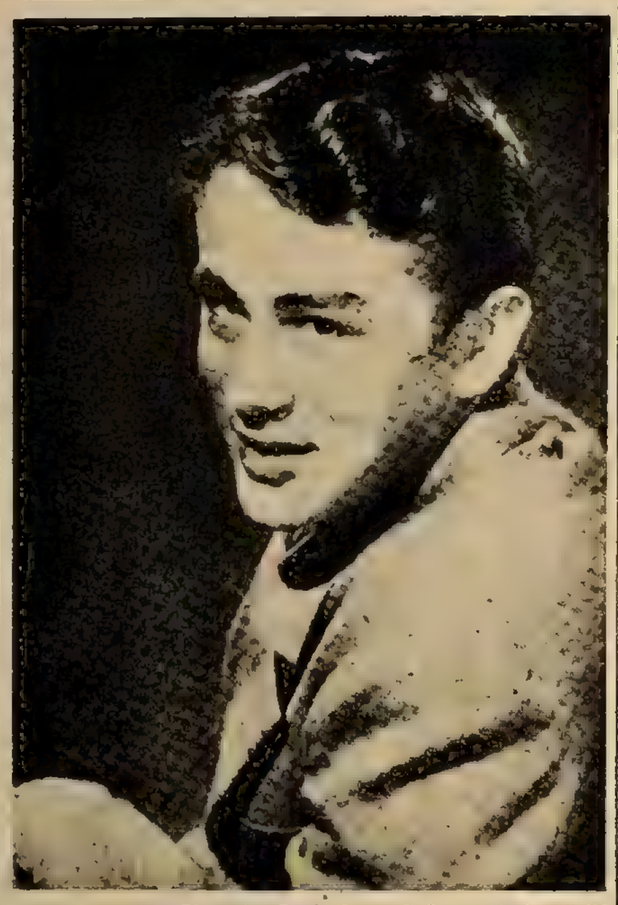


Photo by Curtis Bernard, Santa Monica, Calif.

. . . a Student at U.C.L.A.

James Dean

A native son who startled the nation with a brilliant flash of genius was brought back home this week for last rites. His brief career was as bright as a meteor which flows like a golden tear down the dark cheeks of night.

By the law of averages, it was most unusual for a lad 24-years of age to leave a rural environment from an agarian community and go so far and fast in so short a time on Broadway and Hollywood. It is in the grass roots of Grant County from which he made his start that the body of this restless youth has been returned to rest.

He made his living at acting—by his own definition — "behavior of and for other people". For a little period of time he made the lives of many more entertaining, more interesting, and in some cases more bearable. Such a life is not suddenly wiped out in the wreckage of a car in California. Some of us have learned to distrust our senses and to know that as long as we remember, there will live on in our hearts the influence of others.

To be an actor requires a trained memory, the ability to be a severe critic of oneself, and to create moods and atmosphere for the development of that art. James Dean's part, to those of us who knew him best, was steep and rugged and was covered with sandpaper instead of velvet. As he said in a letter to a friend, "we are impaled on a crook of conditioning. A fish that is in the water has no choice that he is. Genius would have it that he swam in sand. We are fish and we drown. We remain in one world and and wonder. The fortunate are taught to ask why. No one can answer."

Human life has been compared often to an automobile. Some get more mileage in 30 years than others do in 60. So even though we "weep for the dead, the doubly dead, in that he died so young", yet we feel that Jim who lived dangerously would have had the last act come as it did as last nights must come to all earthly things.

Perhaps he would recite for us, if he could, the lines of a lesser poet, John G. Neihardt who wrote,

"Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine!
Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.
And grant me, when I face the grisly Thing,
One haughty cry to pierce the gray Perhaps!
O let me be a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the Master Melody — and snaps."

JAD

$105,000 ESTATE LEFT BY ACTOR JIMMY DEAN

An estate valued at $105,000, according to court records, was left by James Dean, whose body will be buried in Park Cemetery Saturday afternoon.

Winton Dean, father of the young actor, is the only direct heir.

Attorney L. Dean Petty filed a petition for letters of administration to Dean's estate Wednesday in Hollywood. The attorney named Carl Coulter and William Gray as administrators requested by Dean's father.

James Dean Killed As Result Of California Car Accident

FAIRMOUNT IS STUNNED TO LEARN OF TRAGEDY WHICH CLAIMED NATIVE SON; HEADON COLLISION NEAR INTERSECTION CAUSES FATALITY FRIDAY

Fairmount was stunned.

Saturday morning, which was the time most people learned of the violent tragedy that claimed the life of James Dean, the people who knew and loved him best could hardly conceive of the fact.

Death is always a hard thing to understand and especially when it strikes a young person, who apparently has much to give to the world and who is just beginning what could be a brilliant career.

That's how most people look at the accident which killed Jimmy (as he was known to homefolks).

Death came as result of a headon collision last Friday night near Paso Robles, California when the sports car he was driving was struck by another vehicle.

He died en route to the Paso Robles hospital after suffering multiple fractures of both arms and internal injuries.

Ralph Wueterich, 27, Hollywood, Dean's auto mechanic, was seriously injured. Donald Turnupseed, 23, Tulare, Calif., driver of the other car, escaped with minor injuries.

According to the California State Patrol, Turnupseed's car turned left from a road onto the highway where Jimmy was driving and the smash-up occured.

Warner Brothers, who owned his contract, had told Jimmy not to drive his sports car, a Porsche Spyder, while working on a picture. However, he had just finished "Giant" at its Texas location a few days beforehand.

Reportedly, he was traveling to an amateur car race.

Jimmy was born in Fairmount, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, on February 8, 1931. They lived here five years from that time when they moved to Santa Monica, Calif.

His mother, the former Mildred Wilson, died in 1940 when Jimmy was nine-years-old.

He then came to live with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, and graduated from Fairmount High School in 1949.

Following his high school graduation, Jimmy enrolled at the University of City of Los Angeles. Then he left college and went to New York City where he was cast in minor TV rolls on, "Studio One", "You Are There" and "Television Playhouse".

As result of his television acting, Jimmy was cast in the Broadway play, "The Immoralist", and ultimately won the David Blum award for the most promising stage newcomer.

Elia Kazan, famed Hollywood director, caught Jimmy's performance on Broadway and signed him to play Caleb in "East of Eden", based on John Steinbeck's novel.

Jimmy shot to stardom with almost unbelievable rapidity as result of his work in "Eden". Homefolks who saw the movie were heard to comment that many of the mannerisms Jimmy used were just like he did "at home".

Mrs. Adeline Nall, former Fairmount High School teacher, first started Jimmy on his road to success as she recognized his ability and tutored and encouraged him to develop it.

"That spontaneous laugh", Mrs. Nall said after seeing "East of Eden", "was so very natural. It was one of his traits I'd noticed throughout school."

James Bacon, Hollywood correspondent for the Associated Press, said, "Dean could well become Hollywood's first posthumous Academy Award winner for his role in 'East of Eden'".

Many critics have credited Jimmy's debut in the movie as the male Oscar performance to beat.

"Dean was the hottest property we had," a Warner Brothers official said. "We had great plans for him".

George Stevens, who directed "Giant", said Jimmy's death was "a great tragedy. He had extraordinary talent."

Comments like this could go on and on for it was generally conceeded that James Dean was "something special" . . . and he was "something special" to his home town, too, forgetting his achievements in movieland.

During high school days, Jimmy was extremely active in extra curricular work. His portrayal of "the monster" in a high school version of "Frankenstein" will be recalled by many.

. . . Basketball Star



Hockett Studio

Then too, he was a member of the ever-popular basketball team representing the Quakers from Fairmount High. During his senior year in the sectional tourney he shot a last-second field goal to beat Gas City 39-37.

In addition he was a member of the track and baseball teams and was awarded the school's top athlete medal his last year in high school at which time he was also given the art department medal.

Perhaps among the first signs of his dramatic talent came while he was a youngster and won silver and gold medals in WCTU speaking contests.

In 1949, his senior year in high school, Jimmy won first place for acting during the National Forensic League's state contest at Peru.

Outside of his school activities, many people will remember Jimmy ice skating on the Winslow ponds just North of Fairmount. He was pretty good, too . . . could keep up with the older fellows.

Each time that he came home for a visit he would also visit the high school and talk to the student body. On one occasion he explained the art of bull fighting . . . which he had practiced somewhat.

On his last visit he arrived in time to attend a dance at the high school and during the evening he played the drums . . . mambo fashion.

Magazines galore have given valuable publicity space to the "Indiana farm boy" who had risen to a Hollywood star in such a short time. LIFE magazine even sent a photographer to Fairmount with Jimmy to get shots of him in his home surroundings.

(Copies of this magazine were sold before they arrived at the newsstands and are at a premium today.)

Just a few days before his death a Sunday supplement in one of the larger daily papers in this area carried an article dealing with the filming of "Giant" in Texas.

It went into detail explaining how the heat taxed the energy of all the actors. All of them, that is, except Jimmy Dean, who would go rabbit hunting in the evening.

Jimmy Dean contributed a lot in the 24 short years he lived. A great many people, who didn't understand him, called Jimmy eccentric. Perhaps he was. But then again, when a person becomes so wrapped up in something he forgets everything else but that one thing.

When he lets off steam it is apt to be outside the regular bounds of activity, according to the measure of society.

His homefolks understood him, though.

And they'll miss him.

Last Rites Will Be Held Here Saturday

Dr. James A. DeWeerd, Rev. Xen Harvey To Conduct

Funeral services for James Dean, 24, will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Friends Church in Fairmount by Dr. James A. DeWeerd and the Rev. Xen Harvey, pastor of the church.

Dr. DeWeerd, who has a telecast at Cincinnati shortly before services begin at 2 o'clock, will be flown in the private plane of Buford Cadle to Marion Airport and is scheduled to arrive there at 1:45.

He will be met by a State Police Patrol car and be driven to the Friends Church.

Following the church service, burial will take place at Park Cemetery in Fairmount.

The Rev. Xen Harvey said Thursday night that his church will accomodate approximately 600 people by adding extra chairs. In addition to the amplifying system at the church, a public address installation will enable those outside to hear the rites.

Wilbur Hunt, director of Hunt Funeral Home which is handling arrangements, said he had received requests from Hollywood that seats be reserved.

Hunt said the requests were denied in view of the fact that this is to be a public funeral.

A Hunt Funeral Home ambulance met the plane returning young Dean's body from California at 10:17 Tuesday night at the Indianapolis airport.

The body was taken to Hunt's Funeral Home, where friends may call.

Survivors include the father, Winton Dean, Los Angeles; maternal grandfather, John Wilson, Marion; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Dean, Fairmount; Charles Nolan Dean, uncle, Gas City; and, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, uncle and aunt, Fairmount.

DEATH OF JAMES DEAN, FAIRMOUNT HIGH ALUMNI CASTS A PALL OF SADNESS OVER STUDENT BODY

The shocking news of the death of James Dean has cast a spell of unbelievable saddness over Fairmount High School. The graduate of the class of '49 had soared to fame in his first picture "East of Eden" and had just completed two more pictures. The students, faculty, and townspeople have all been very proud of his great accomplishments in such a short time.

Jimmie's family had just spent a month with him in California and were on their way home when the fatal accident occured. The Winslows arrived home early Monday evening only then to learn of the tragic car accident which killed Jim just one week ago today.

The students feel they knew Jim well, because he spoke before them in convocations whenever he was home and visited many of the classrooms, especially speech classes. Because he was a Fairmount graduate, the students felt especially proud when he came back to the school, with his greatness never making them feel small or unimportant.

Jim did everything with an intense desire to do it well. If he liked a certain thing, it seemed to be with everything he had. Racing, bull-fighting, and drums were things he loved with this intensity. They set him apart from others, made him an interesting person, not afriad to be different, but with a personality all his own.

Commentators from Hollywood have stated that Jim had a brilliant career ahead of him. In one picture he gained a popularity that usually takes young actors a long time to achieve.

Cards of sympathy have poured into the postoffice for the family from all over the United States. It is apparent that he has many, many friends. Actors and actresses he has worked with are expected to attend the funeral.

The final funeral rites will be held tomorrow in the Fairmount Friends Church.

Fairmount's Chamber of Commence has made tentative plans for a James Dean plaque.

Complite details will be announced as soon as possible.

(*Continued from page 66*) to forget him.

Oh, Mr. Saxon, we are counting on you —*Please, Please* don't let us down!

Respectfully,
Patti & members.

I thank you wholeheartedly for doing proper justice to the great talent that was James Dean's by awarding him a posthumous award.

Let's hope that the MODERN SCREEN award is only the beginning of a long line to be climaxed by the presentation of the Academy Awards next March.

. . . Richard Deres

I saw the show Sunday night. Thanks for not forgetting James Dean. Even though he is gone, you make his wonderful spirit live in all of us. . . .

. . . Gracie Lawlor

. . . There is only one question in my mind though, what will become of the plaque given to Natalie Wood, for James Dean? Will she keep it or will it be given to his parents or what??

. . . Angie Micare

Grace gives Natalie Jimmy's Audience Award.



Dear Mr. Delacorte:

I believe one of the longest hours that I've ever sat through, was the night MODERN SCREEN was presenting their awards, at the Cocoanut Grove.

I knew the program could never have ended unless Jimmy was mentioned.

Mr. Dean and I would like to thank you and the people who made it possible, from the bottom of our hearts for our Jimmy's award.

I do not know how these things are handled, but nothing could make us happier than to be able to have his award to treasure forever. Do you think this would be possible? Do you know who has it now?

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Winton A. Dean

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean and all our readers who asked what will be done with* MODERN SCREEN'S *plaque: It is at present, with the Audience Award for best actor of 1955, in the Warner Brothers Trophy case, at the studio. We have requested that our plaque be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Dean.*

. . . I don't know how to explain this but I have to get it off my chest. Deep down in my heart I believe that I loved James Dean. I know that this letter sounds like some kid that has a crush on some movie star. But not me. James Dean, when I first saw him in *Rebel Without A Cause,* had no special effect on me. But after a while I got to thinking and when I heard that he was dead I couldn't believe it. Yet I had to accept the fact.

. . . He may be dead bodily, but please, please keep him alive spiritually. . . . Keep alive what this boy strived for. . . .

DEATH OF A REBEL

I do not know, just how to write, the words that are unseen;
Nor how to write the tragic tale, the death of Jimmy Dean.
But I'll just write what's in my heart, and what I know is true,
And hope where Jimmy is today, he'll understand it, too.

. . . Janie Hutcheson

Dear Jimmy,

This letter is meant to say, once and for all, how we feel about you.

We love you.

Yes, Jimmy, not in a possessive way, but in such a way that we only wanted you to be happy—to lose that inner torment which seemed to be a part of you. And besides this, we loved, and still love, each thing about you. The things we keep in a secret treasury and touch and count as if they were precious jewels—which they are.

We love that shock of tawny, uncombed hair.

We love your broad forehead and the tiny crease which showed itself between the brows when you were unhappy or perplexed (and we longed to comfort you).

We love those quizzical dark brows that expressed a hundred things.

We love your bewildered eyes—and the owlish dark-rimmed glasses.

We love that beautiful insouciant nose.

We love your expressive lips, kissing like no one else's; or half-open, searching for air as if the world smothered you; or twisted bitterly; or in the heartbreaking smile which should have come more often.

We love your voice, in husky, mumbled words which laid you open to the depths; in sobs which tore us, too, apart; in the marvelous yet frightening anger which could pour out of you; in the wonderful, explosive laugh that convulsed your whole body as if you were helpless before it.

We love the way you stood and sat and lay; the way you huddled into yourself, with arms crossed and head bent; the way you walked, as if you were throwing yourself carelessly at the world, asking nothing and receiving nothing from it.

We love—oh, Jimmy, most of all, we love—your meteor spirit, lighting a dark sky too briefly. That spirit, courageous, rebellious, proud, and yet lost and gentle and lovable; the essence of tormented youth—of a generation to which we too belong and which we therefore can understand.

Jimmy, there is only one more thing we want to tell you, and it is—that something that is loved can never die.

. . . Retha Hodge, Mary Malone, Blanche Mayeo, Helen Gentry, Betty Anne Terry, Harriet Hope, and Jill Schlesinger.

. . . I must say that I was very pleased when I saw that James Dean received an award. You just don't know how happy it's made me to know that our so-called rude monster has some fans after all. But on the other hand you don't know how much it hurt me that James Dean couldn't receive the award himself. . . .

I'm not going to deny that it knocked me for a loop, nor am I going to deny that I've cried every night since his death, seen his new pic *Rebel Without A Cause* twice and go to sleep on sixteen mags containing articles about him. I can't deny any of those things and under no circumstances will I ever. And now you know my feelings about Jimmy and you know now why I'm happy and sad.

. . . P. Kniess

I don't know how much good a letter like this makes, but here goes—why don't they give the Oscar to James Dean's father?

Jimmy deserved this award all the way and just because he was taken away doesn't mean a substitute should be made —there is no substitute for his talent.

. . . A. Ruzgevian

Dear George Stevens:

I read every story on Jim now I want to let out my feeling about him.

He went out with girls who didn't understand him yet those girls were very lucky to be with such a wonderful guy. If I could have only been with him for a moment I would learn to understand him. He was a very lonely boy who felt he wasn't wanted.

To me he isn't the late James Dean and never will be. I'll see him someday, where I don't know but I will.

And when we do meet I won't like him for being an actor but for being himself and making him feel he's wanted and someone cares for him.

I know this is asking too much of you but can you please ask Jimmy's father if I may have Jim's medal that he wore in some of the books.

Thank you very much for trying to understand my letter.

Let's just say that this is one of the last fan letters that he got.

. . . G. D.

. . . From us who feel so greatly this loss we say. Good night Jimmy, but not Good-bye. Peace!

. . . God called James to a happier world . . . the one he left behind had nothing to offer him. James is loved by his mother once more, and no power on earth can ever take her from him again.

. . . Anthony Giannone

Mr. George Stevens:

When someone with all your responsibilities takes time out to sit down and write a story such as "A Tenderness Lost"—he must be a pretty wonderful man. It's funny about James Dean—he had only appeared in a few movies, but in our high school group—he was the favorite—all the way around. We read in Miss Hedda Hopper's column that someone may start a "memorial" in Jimmy's honor. We think it would be wonderful and we'll get our groups together—to have dances, and record hops to help raise money for it.

. . . "Jimmy's fans"

A great many of my friends and I have seen James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause.* We have also been following as many articles on him as possible and as yet we cannot recall one good one.

We were and still are fans of Marlon Brando but we must admit that James Dean's acting in *Rebel* out did any performance Brando has ever given and we think he should receive some kind of worthy mention or award for it. You ask what we would like to read about in MODERN SCREEN and now we would like to tell you. A large, truthful article on Jimmy



At her feet, The Conqueror laid all the riches of Cathay...
and for a hundred years, their children ruled half the world!

HOWARD HUGHES presents

JOHN WAYNE · SUSAN HAYWARD

THE CONQUEROR

CINEMASCOPE

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

RKO RADIO PICTURES

2 YEARS IN THE MAKING . . . AT A COST OF $6,000,000

co-starring
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ • with AGNES MOOREHEAD • THOMAS GOMEZ • JOHN HOYT • WILLIAM CONRAD • TED de CORSIA

A DICK POWELL Production • Written by OSCAR MILLARD • Produced and Directed by DICK POWELL



CYD CHARISSE CONFIDES: if you can't lick 'em, join 'em

■ Slim-limbed Cyd Charisse, whose come-hither smile and flashing feet get her man in *It's Always Fair Weather*, has been living in a man's world since she was born. Her formula for survival and getting along with the critters is:

"Treat as any other pet. Three meals a day, plenty of affection, a loose leash—and do not disturb while eating."

Cyd was brought up with an older brother whose Amarillo, Texas "gang" included one girl—Cyd.

"They 'suffered' me only if I were willing to shag baseballs, ride bareback, and bait their fishing hooks. I had to be a 'good sport'." In her gracious, modern Hollywood home, Cyd's still the good sport in a man's world.

"Tony is gregarious. He loves people—all kinds," Cyd explains.

The two boys, Nicky and Tony, Jr., are just like their father. They share his interest in sports. A quiet Sunday with the Martins is spent either on a football field, baseball diamond, alongside a diving board or on the horsetrails in the nearby foothills. If it rains, there's the indoor ice rink.

That the Martin men could go without Cyd is as unthinkable to Cyd as it is to them.

"My idea of 'plenty of affection'," says Cyd, "is sharing and giving of one's self and time. And keeping a man happy is an every day job."

Miss Charisse, whose willow-like appearance catalogues her among Hollywood's most exciting personalities, belies her fragile and glamorous beauty by her knowledge and understanding of a man's world. Her most recent dancing partners are twelve ex-pugilists—with whom she does a hilarious dancing specialty titled "Baby, You Knock Me Out." They were amazed to find her completely at home in the world of fisticuffs.

"You see," Cyd says demurely, "my husband just loves boxing."

Dean and his picture on the cover of the magazine. Please do this if it is at all possible as we would appreciate it very much. We feel that Jimmy's death was not of his own doing but something he was almost driven to do. He was constantly criticized and ridiculed. Nothing he did was right. How could it be with hound-like reporters growling down his neck recording sarcastically every move he made?

. . . Miss Emerson

Thank you very much for the stories of Jimmy Dean. I truly enjoyed them. The pictures of him were wonderful. If you have any more pictures of him I wish you would publish them. No one will ever be able to act as Jimmy Dean did. I would enjoy another story of him.

. . . Madonna Mikosky

. . . I thought your article on James Dean was the best published since June. The main trouble is *no* one ever published a good picture suitable for framing. Why don't you *please* select the best pictures of James Dean and print them, or better still put out an entire mag on him. . . .

. . . Jo Angoth

I think the story you have in this month's MODERN SCREEN magazine titled "Jimmy Dean's appointment with death" and "This was my friend Jimmy Dean," is a great tribute, for a *great actor. I am deeply grieved by his death.*

. . . Mr. Roy R. Pine

THANKS TO MIKE CONNOLLY

I'd like to express my thanks and heartfelt gratitude to you and to Mike Connolly for the wonderful story he wrote about the late unforgettable James Dean. It made wonderful and memorable reading about a star who was one of the most colorful and intriguing stars ever to hit Hollywood. After all the nasty stories I've read about Jimmy, this one left a sweet taste in my heart and mind about him. Anyone who gave such magnificent performances on the screen such as he did couldn't have been as bad as they said he was. There may be carbon copies of Dean in the future but there will never be another Jimmy Dean.

. . . R. G.

. . . I feel that he would have been a friend to anyone whom he thought really wanted to be his friend. He was called wild by many people. How many young people his age, given the same opportunity, would have acted any differently? Most of our friends are about that age, and I don't believe they would have. . . .

. . . It has often been said that we should not wait too long to say good things about a person, I am only sorry that I, like so many others, have waited too late.

. . . Mrs. P. Kemp

. . . I only wish he could have known how much he was loved, in such a short time he had on earth. Could you please print another story about him, the people that worked with him, his friends and girls who dated him, I would appreciate this greatly. . . .

. . . Mrs. N. Parente

. . . Even though the great James Dean is dead, I still hope to see more pictures of him and read more stories about him. I believe he was a truly great actor and should get the Academy Award. . . .

. . . Nancy Cubel

I wish I didn't have to write this
But I know so well that I do
And Mr. Jimmy Dean
It's dedicated just for you. . . .

He has a place where people laugh
And won't call your antics crazy
A place where you can be yourself
And not be called odd, or lazy. . . .

So JIMMY DEAN good-bye
We'll miss you . . . honestly

. . . Marina Fasier

Dear Mr. Connolly:
I want to thank you for writing a true story about James Dean. . . . The one thing about James Dean that is unusual is that boys as well as girls respected him. That is very unusual as I said before. . . . Could you tell me of someone who would know the names of the records and artists in his record collection? I sure would appreciate it. . . .

. . . Darlene Peterson

May I please have a picture of Jimmy? Send me one please. . . .

. . . Delia Marlow

. . . I know I won't be seeing James Dean in magazines anymore. But couldn't you possibly have a feature on him now and then? And as a tribute to the greatest actor ever, couldn't you have him on the cover of your next issue, and a big long story on him? Believe me, I'm not the only one that feels this way about Jim Dean.

. . . Maryann Rigato

. . . Would MODERN SCREEN print the life story of James Dean for me and Jimmy's fans? A life story of Jimmy Dean with plenty of pictures? I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

. . . Miss Rita Costa

. . . I thought it would be a very good idea to put out a book, magazine, of the complete story of James Dean. Not only recent pictures and facts but a summary of his life in pictures and words. . . .

. . . Pinky Drosten

. . . Please put the one and only James Dean on one of your covers in the near future. It would be a wohderful gesture to a boy who in a few short months contributed greatly to a movie history and who has won a place in our hearts that no one but no one shall ever replace. At the same time it would also give us Dean fans a color photo we could frame and have for always. So please if it's at all possible give us a photo of our dear "Sweet Prince" of the blue, blue eyes and unforgettably sad face.

. . . Mrs. G. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We can't send individual photographs. We'd love to, but there are just too many requests so the next best thing we can offer is the portrait on page 66 for everyone to keep. We plan to publish other pictures and stories about Jimmy, his life, his scrapbooks—everything our reporters are able to collect for a memorial life story to be published later this year in* MODERN SCREEN. *Please watch for it.*



Right side washed with New Woodbury; left with another popular shampoo. (This photo of her hair is *unretouched.*) See the difference yourself!

Good Housekeeping Magazine's famous beauty clinic confirms this fact:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping's famous impartial beauty clinic. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer* — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than *half* as much as any other leading shampoo. Use Woodbury today. See the prettiest, liveliest curls — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do you've ever had. This result is guaranteed. Your money back otherwise.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN





Prigent

1. In the arch of the Elbow Beach Surf Club —Terry Moore poses in Northlander's gay pull-over, *Campus-Jac;* classic Bermuda shorts.*



Engstead

3. Cyd Charisse in Catalina's colorful, floral beach swim costume with skirt. Her famous dancing feet in Honeydebs white flats, *Muriel.**



Prigent

4. New York-bound from Bermuda via Colonial Airlines after the M.S. fashion junket, actress-model Dorian Leigh. Coat, Lilli Ann.



Engstead

2. Ready-to-go, Piper Laurie accents her costume with pretty Grace Walker patent sandals, *Epic.* Samsonite luggage. Underwood portable.*



Prigent

5. Smooth, easy silhouette by Maidenform—the very new *Concerto* for sweaters, blouses, suits, dresses.* More Secret Intrigue, page 76.

Prigent

Beerman



6. All aboard for Bermuda—Terry Moore leaves Hollywood aboard North American. Coat, Kay McDowell; Crown luggage.

Engstrad



7. Doris Day, designer for Little Miss English sportswear, poses in her very first costume. All her sweater designs of *Acrilan* by Chemstrand.*

Famous Elbow Beach Surf Club—destination of MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood to New York to Bermuda fashion trek.

Prigent



MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION STAR JUBILEE

TOWN • TRAVEL • VACATION

Simply mad—but so, so wonderful—the stuff that dreams are made of! MODERN SCREEN's dream—beautiful Bermuda, fabulous stars, exciting cities, glamorous clothes, swim wear and shoes. Make your dreams come true.

*Studio, picture credits and special fashion notes, page 84

*All gloves—Hansen

more ➤

FOOTNOTES



The Aquarium—Bermuda



Famous Front Street









Top to bottom:
Cut-out patent stripling
Classic spectator pump
Dressy two-tone pump
Glamorized town pump

Stunning Jeannie Crain is among Hollywood's best dressed stars. Shoes are a hobby with her and should be with all fashion-conscious gals! Jeannie's all-occasion resort and spring shoe wardrobe is by Grace Walker (priced from $9 to $11. For dress-up she wears a stripling sandal (left) and a cut-out sling pump (right). Frocks, Suzy Perette. Jeannie is next in Universal-International's *Second Greatest Sex.*





'N FUN CLOTHES

■ Doris Day is making fashion news as she turns sportswear designer for Little Miss English and we're proud to be the first to preview the Day creations. As this month's cover girl Doris models one of her personally-designed *Acrilan* sweaters which, like all of her separates, is stamped with the famous Day "American Girl" look. A career girl herself, Doris has concentrated on designing wardrobe combinations and separates at moderate prices ($6 and up per item). Each of her costumes will include an *Acrilan** sweater because Doris feels that sweaters are a year 'round fashion necessity. All of the clothes may be purchased separately or as complete costumes. Love Bug cover pins, Capri—$4 ea. (plus tax). Lord & Taylor, New York.

*Acrilan Acrylic *fiber by Chemstrand—this modern fiber washes and drys like magic, holds beauty, shape.*





Bermuda Lighthouse



A coral cove



Unique curio shop



Above right: Three-piece paisley print costume with *Acrilan* sweater (paisley print trim). Complete, about $20. Below right: Three-piece outfit—Chino pants, Bermuda shorts (not shown), *Acrilan* sweater. Complete, about $20.

Bermuda photographs—Prigent
Fashion photographs—Ernstead
Store listings—page 84

More fashions on page 76

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION STAR JUBILEE

SECRET INTRIGUE

Wherever you go
Whatever you wear
You're fashion right
in a Maidenform bra



1. Concerto Tri-line: New—with the same curvesome lines as in "Concerto," page 72, plus straps that ease the shoulder pull. $2.50.



2. Intermezzo: Another brand new bra with alluring natural roundness for the look of youthful beauty. Lavish nylon lace cups. $2.50.



4. Pre-Lude Six-Way (padded): Designed to wear with all your clothes—just adjust the straps to your necklines. $3.95; regular, $3.

3. Pre-Lude Once-Over: The ultimate in figure beauty and femininity for dress-up. Delicate nylon lace and elastic. $12.50.

Photographed in Bermuda by Roger Prigent

Store listing—page 84

More fashions on page 78

THEY'RE HERE! Your Doris Day Acrilan Sweaters are at these fine stores:

Albany, Georgia	Blanche's
Allen Park, Michigan	Hartman's
Allentown, Pennsylvania	Daniel's
Alliance, Ohio	Gail's
Ambridge, Pennsylvania	Lee Shop
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Mayfair Shops
Asbury Park, New Jersey	Steinbach Co.
Baldwin, New York	Jackie Shop
Baltimore, Maryland	Hecht Company
Barberton, Ohio	Weiss
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania	Worths
Birmingham, Alabama	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Birmingham, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Bluefield, West Virginia	Estees
Blue Island, Illinois	Betty Herman Dress Shop
Braddock, Pennsylvania	Belle Shoppe
Buffalo, New York	William Hengerer
Burlington, Vermont	Magrams Fashion Shop
Carlisle, Pennsylvania	The Hub
Central Point, Ohio	Stately's Town & Country
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania	Worths
Chicago, Illinois	George & Sally Brown
Chicago, Illinois	Star Cloak
Cleveland, Ohio	Flo-Ann Shops
Columbus, Ohio	Stately's Town & Country
Connellsville, Pennsylvania	Davidson's
Dayton, Ohio	Eder Johnston
Dearborn, Michigan	Albert's
Detroit, Michigan	Crowley Milner
Duluth, Minnesota	Gross
Dunkirk, New York	Jaynes
East Liverpool, Ohio	Hoffrichters
Elizabeth, New Jersey	Levy Brothers
Elizabeth, New Jersey	Libby Shop
Enid, Oklahoma	The Fashion Shop
Escanaba, Michigan	Colenso's
Etna, Pennsylvania	Caplan's
Ferndale, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Frederick, Maryland	Gilberts
Freeport, Illinois	Hechts
Gary, Indiana	Shneider's
Glens Falls, New York	Erlanger's
Hanover, Pennsylvania	The Hub
Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.	Franklin Shops
Homestead, Pennsylvania	Bonnie Frocks
Hot Springs, Arkansas	Cecile Shop
Hutchinson, Kansas	Frank's
Idaho Falls, Idaho	Cinderella Shop
Iron Mountain, Michigan	Colenso's
Jacksonville, Florida	Suro's
Jacksonville, Florida	Susan Gayle
Kansas City, Missouri	Audrey's
Kewanee, Illinois	Lee's Smart Wear
Kittanning, Pennsylvania	Reisberg's Leader
Latrobe, Pennsylvania	Rose Style Shop
Lincoln Park, Michigan	Albert's
Lumberton, North Carolina	The Fashion Bar
Luzerne, Pennsylvania	Reeve's
Malone, New York	Mam'selle Shop
Marshalltown, Iowa	Hermans
Massapequa, New York	Eton's
Massena, New York	Mam'selle Shop
Middlesboro, Kentucky	Tamars Dept. Store
Monessen, Pennsylvania	Central Store
Monroe, Michigan	Mayfair Shops
Mount Clemens, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Newark, New Jersey	Hahne Company
New Castle, Pennsylvania	Speizer Shop
New Haven, Connecticut	Little Parlor Shop
New Kensington, Pennsylvania	Thelma's
New Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Daniels
New York City, New York	Macy's
Niagara Falls, New York	Kay's
Northland Center, Michigan	Albert's
Olean, New York	Jaynes
Painesville, Ohio	Daniels
Paterson, New Jersey	Meyer Brothers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Frank & Seder
Pittston, Pennsylvania	Nathan's
Ponca City, Oklahoma	Bernard's
Pontiac, Michigan	Bloomfields Fashion Shop
Pontiac, Michigan	Peggy's
Port Huron, Michigan	Arden's
Poughkeepsie, New York	Wallace
Richmond, Virginia	Thalheimers
Rochester, New York	Sibley, Lindsey, Kerr
Royal Oak, Michigan	R. B. Shops
Rutland, Vermont	The Fashion Shop
Salem, Ohio	Hansell's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Whipple's
Schenectady, New York	Wallace
Seymour, Indiana	The Gold Mine
Sharon, Pennsylvania	Speizer Shop
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania	Worths
Spokane, Washington	Lubins
Sterling, Illinois	Sterling Fashion Shop
Topeka, Kansas	Nightingales
Trenton, New Jersey	Yards
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Company
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mous star steps into the role of stylist . . . and, to make the most of talents, uses a fiber with talents of its own. Acrilan's luscious touch perfect match for the lavish look of Doris Day's sweater. The beau- lines she's designed will stay beautiful . . . because Acrilan washes ctly, dries fast without shrinking or stretching (no blocking needed !), and turns up fresh and sparkling time after time. Before you another sweater, find out for yourself why Doris Day likes Acrilan lic fiber. Catch the first showing of 100% Acrilan sweaters by favorite star . . . at your favorite store now. *Doris Day will soon een in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"— a Paramount picture*

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View from Front Street

Flats are fun with casual clothes. Honeydebs makes "Flatties" that will delight your heart! Martha Hyer, dressed in White Stag's checked separates, poses in "Flattie" style "Billie"—see close-up below. These "Flatties"—note dainty wedge soles—are priced at $3.99 and $4.99 and are available in smooth leather in a rainbow of colors. Some styles come in patent leather.

Top across:
Hildy—T-strap sandal with single, broad curved band
Frisco—three tiny side buckles for smart detail
Muriel—criss-crossed bands (see Cyd page 72)
Irene—two large buckles add a gleaming footnote
Bottom across:
Reba—new barefoot look, T-strap strippling
Sally—two broad bands, adjustable buckles
Marie—featherlight, open back, wee pancake heel
Billie—sandal, three dainty strippling bands



















BE CASUAL 'N TAKE IT EASY



A little private beach



House of Parliament (in background)



Right: The "Bucket Coat" is the gay cover-up fashion news of the season! Here Cyd Charisse poses in this wonderful 11 oz. twill coat with Fullerset print lining. About $13. The Bermuda shorts are of poplin. About $5. Both by Northlander. Cyd is next in MGM's *Meet Me in Las Vegas.*

Above: Martha Hyer, one of the top ten new stars of 1956 chosen by MODERN SCREEN readers, in Northlander's poplin unlined "Toggle" jacket with nautical wood buttons and cord fastening trim. Stitched poplin Bermuda shorts. Jacket, about $6; shorts, about $4. Martha is next in Universal-International's *Red Sundown.*

uda photographs—Prigent
on photographs—Engstead

Store listings—page 84



meet muscles!

(*Continued from page 37*) Even stacked up against that beauty parade of stars Vicki stood out like a glowing vision with her smart black dress and suntanned shoulders. You could tell by the way Jeff's black eyes caressed her that night and the way he guarded her like a delicate doll (which she's certainly not) that the lady was something special to him.

I know him well enough to get personal. "Hey," I demanded, "is this serious?"

"You're darn tootin' it's serious!" said Jeff. "Meet Muscles!" So I met Vicki and I hoped it wasn't the last time. It wasn't. I saw them around a lot, looking very happy.

She wore his Sigma Chi pin—the first time it had been out since Jeff's SC days. Jeff didn't look at another girl—and he didn't miss a day with Vicki by his side or on his mind. And Bogey had cause to worry—Jeff did kick over drinking, swearing and his restless stag rambles around town. He cut down on his cigarettes and even shaved off his moustache. He jogged around the MGM lot in sweat clothes on a training kick, because Vicki's a physical education teacher. Her maw supervised his diet. Jeff's even sold his beloved boat and bought a new aquamarine Thunderbird to spin Vicki around. He took up her favorite sport, skiing—at the risk of life and limb. Nights they'd sit hand-in-hand like high school steadies in the movies or roam around Beverly Hills window-shopping the furniture stores. And each day when the lovesick lug got home from the studio he paced the floor of his Malibu house watching the clock for school to let out. Then Jeff would race the Thunderbird down to Louis Pasteur Junior High where his dream girl teaches. "Three o'clock," he used to sigh, "that's when I start to live!"

He told me then, "We're not rushing things—we want to be sure. But anything can happen—and I sure hope it does!"

It did all right. The night they had dinner at the Bogarts. As Jeff wheeled his Thunderbird out of Bogey's driveway and headed toward his girl's apartment in Santa Monica he turned to her and said, "I'm tired of always talking about getting married. Let's do it now."

By the time they had passed the corner of Sunset and Sepulveda they had decided to drive home to Vicki's folks to tell them they weren't going to wait any longer. Both Jeff and Vicki wanted her sister Helen Marsh to be matron of honor and she, conveniently enough, was in Las Vegas. It was no time of the night to wake up best man O. J. Rufullo, a Santa Monica businessman and Jeff's longtime friend, but the delighted Mr. Rufullo joined the party. By this time the Thunderbird was getting a little full for a 300-mile dash to the altar so they traded it for a new Pontiac convertible, piloted by Herman Hoffman who directed Jeff's last picture.

Jeff and Vicki and retinue left Santa Monica at three in the morning and seven hours later arrived at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. Dead tired, the four of them retired to separate rooms to catch up on some sleep. After a late lunch they gathered for the ceremony which was planned for five in the afternoon. Then Jeff remembered the ring! Slight delay while they combed the hotel gift shop for two plain gold bands. Jeff admitted to me that they planned to have them engraved when they returned to Hollywood but he wouldn't reveal the inscription. (Said it was nobody's business.) One more delay while they phoned Bogey and got his blessing. And then the knot was tied.

The Richards honeymooned at the Riviera for four days, caught the opening

20th Century-Fox Star, Terry Moore appearing in RKO'S "Postmark For Danger"

TERRY MOORE . . . vacationing in Bermuda, wears a handsome Northlander batwing jacket of washable poplin. The smooth-flowing lines of the jacket are complimented by Northlander's well tailored, washable poplin Bermuda walkers. Jackets in ice blue, pink, white, navy, moss green and bronze are available at leading stores at about $6. Walkers in black, white, navy, charcoal, ice blue, bronze, pink and multi-colored stripes are available at about $4. This and many more Northlander "have-fun" combinations may be seen, too. Write For name of store nearest you.

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of Peter Lawford's new act, and then flew back to Jeff's oceanside cottage near Malibu Beach to set up housekeeping.

That's how they eloped but it wasn't as impulsive as it sounds. You see Jeff and Muscles knew each other pretty well. Even more important, they knew how much they needed each other even if Hollywood didn't. Frankly, about the last Hollywood male candidate for romance—let alone the prospect of old shoes and rice—was the lanky, brooding, antisocial stag whose only real passion seemed to be for the restless waves of the Pacific Ocean or the barren expanses of his pal Wally Wallace's lonely Cuyama ranch.

Jeff had been disillusioned and unhappy about romance before he met Muscles.

At that point, Jeff was bunking in his cramped boat because he couldn't afford anything else. He was driving an old De Soto. He didn't have a tux or even a telephone, and although his career was getting into high gear with *The Marauders*, you gathered that's about how Jeff Richards added up his private existence. And truth was, he needed a woman in his life and knew it. But he was skittery and scared—because he'd been hurt. "I'd give my back molars," he said in one unguarded moment, "to meet the right kind of girl and marry her. But what chance have I got for that now? I'm sunk!"

Well, that was a low spot and Jeff snapped out of it after he got busy—somewhat. That is, he moved away from the foggy boat berth to a one-room apartment out Malibu way, and got back to his perspective sailing a few races on Bogie's *Santana* to Ensenada and Todos Santos Island. Personal appearance trips plugging his latest picture *A Dog's Life* changed the scenery, too—at Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma and around. In Portland, Oregon, teenagers voted him their dreamboat and he presided at a big department store festival that got so riotous they had to lock the doors. In Detroit, too, he actually officiated as "Prince Charming" to crown the princesses at a charity ball. But Jeff added all that fluttery flattery up wisely for what it was—show business.

It wasn't because Jeff Richards is a woman hater—or ever has been. Only thing, it takes a special sort of girl to get him—because Jeff Richards is a special man.

He's no good as a butterfly boy. At parties he's like a bull in a china shop and at gay badinage he's a flop. He's a hulking, handsome, man's man—and his women have to measure up. Well, he didn't find many around the Hollywood studios who did. Or if they did, they didn't convince him. After his divorce from Shirley Sibre last July, Jeff celebrated his freedom with some of Hollywood's most attractive beauties, including Dorothy Malone, Anne Francis, Jarma Lewis and once—hold everything — Anita Ekberg. But such popular gals like plenty of dates and that just isn't Jeff's dish. When one-by-one they got married, engaged or tied up with someone else Jeff actually felt relieved. Even when Anita stood him up one date for a bigger score he didn't get sore. He wasn't that interested. "Nuts," he said once, "this dating around's no good. You just get started and then you have to get started all over again!" What Jeff was griping about was a sure symptom of what he craved. At thirty-one he'd done enough aimless chasing. He wanted a girl but not just a girl—something more right and permanent. But I don't think even Jeff Richards ever dreamed he'd find that at a Tiajuana bullfight.

He'll never know why he went to Mexico that week end. The bulls seemed as dispirited as he was, and he left the arena with a frown on his puss, shuffling along with the crowds and feeling lonesome.



In France Grace made her devotions at the Chapel of the Dominicans (left) which was decorated by the great French artist Matisse; later she visited Picasso's studio nearby and dabbled with his paints.





GRACE AND THE GREAT MASTERS

■ According to men who have dated her, the secret of Grace Kelly's off-screen popularity is her versatility. Grace is a well-bred, well-rounded girl who can converse intelligently on a variety of subjects. She is interested in more than men and movies.

For example, when she was in France several months ago, the newspapers made much of her romance with Jean-Pierre Aumont. What they never caught was the serious, quiet, academic and even religious side of Grace Kelly.

When she was young Grace was sent to Ravenhill Academy, a convent in Philadelphia. She was taught by nuns and developed a strong sense of meditation and devotion.

Grace revealed her religious heritage in France when she slipped away to the Chapel of the Dominicans in Vallauris. Here she said her prayers, made her devotions.

The Chapel of the Dominicans was decorated by the great French artist, Matisse. It's a modern church set in the heart of ancient France and when Grace left it, she remarked, "It's very beautiful. We have nothing like this in the States." Whereupon one of the chapel attendants asked her if she would like to visit the nearby studio where the great Picasso first worked in ceramics.

Grace said she would be delighted.

She was taken on a tour, shown the kilns and wheels, permitted to dabble with Picasso's paints. She had the most wonderful time. And she wasn't bothered by fans and autograph seekers.

When she returned to her hotel in Cannes, the always-present reporters closed in on her.

"You have been out with Jean-Pierre Aumont?" they asked.

Grace shook her lovely head. "Not at all," she said. "I've been discovering two other artists, Picasso and Matisse."

A THOUSAND PRIZES FOR YOU!

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about you, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yours is among the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent one of the prizes listed below. Please check the gift you would like:

☐ The Dirty Shame (Dell novel) ☐ Hunger Mountain (Dell novel)
☐ Caravan To Xanadu (Dell novel)

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE JEFF RICHARDS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JOAN COLLINS:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE BURT LANCASTER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE EVA MARIE SAINT:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE FRED MACMURRAY:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE WILLIAM CAMPBELL:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE SUSAN STRASBERG:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. Which male and female stars do you most want to read about? Please indicate your preferences below by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

15. To which movie magazine do you subscribe? _____

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Then he saw her—striding along in a sweater and skirt with a pert ponytail bobbing back of her blonde head. "How did she look?" Jeff answers, "Just healthy, pretty and real and fresh—like the outdoors itself. What did I think? I thought, 'There's someone mighty, mighty pretty that sure ought to be married!'"

So that's the first impertinent question he asked her. "Are you married?" Of course, he had to spring some kind of a warmup line first and today Vicki tells Jeff she never encountered a cornier one. "Uh—haven't we seen each other before?"

"No," she let him have it—but that wasn't technically the truth. Vicki Flaxman knew who Jeff Richards was even if he couldn't return the compliment. When he was making *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers,* she took an extra job in *Brigadoon* at MGM that summer after college just for kicks. They passed on the lot more than once and how he missed that Jeff can't figure—except that he had his troubles then. Vicki—well, she knew a good looking guy when she saw one. But she didn't tell Jeff that. All she told him in the Caeser Hotel lobby was, "You're very fresh," when he asked her that marriage question. But Richards couldn't look like a real wolf if he tried and after some mutual friends had wandered into the hotel for dinner after the bullfight and asked them to join the group for dinner, Vicki had to smile—give him her name and later her telephone number. Jeff ripped off a match cover and scribbled it down.

"And when she said, 'But you'll only lose that'—then," he grins today, "I knew she was interested!"

Well, Jeff didn't lose the scrap of paper. Not much. In fact, all the way home he kept repeating the name just so he wouldn't ball things up the first try. That was Sunday. Monday night he called for her and they drove out toward the Point, a beach bistro, to get acquainted. Jeff likes to think he got the upper hand fast. But Jeff's gal can match him in all the things he likes best—and even outdo him in some. The first time he took her surfing at the beach she left him in a wake of foam. When he took her next for tennis, she blasted a hole in his racket. When he tried volley ball she set him up and then spiked him. She's a Santa Monica girl who's been swimming like a mermaid both in California and Hawaii and playing every sport like a lovely Amazon almost since she could crawl. It's no wonder she took her degree in Physical Ed at UCLA and teaches the kids body building today. Already she's taught Jeff plenty about the sturdier feminine type that he never suspected. Vicki met every test he could come up with so far.

He took her sailing for the first time last November on his pal, Don Watson's boat when the water was cold and steely gray at Balboa, just to see what kind of a crew she'd make. Well, Vicki handled the 14-International like she owned the thing. After the race she reached over to tie up the boat and fell into the bay, clothes and all.

"And do you know what?" marvels Jeff. "She just laughed! So I jumped in after her and there we were in that crazy, cold water, with all our clothes on. After the dunking Vicki had to wear something, so Don's wife dug out some of her husband's old pants, a foul-weather jacket and a canvas hat. Even in that she was beautiful," sighs Jeff.

On the same trip they went water skiing out in the open ocean behind a Chris Craft—and maybe it was of unhappy memories of water skiing at Cypress Gardens that handicapped Jeff. Anyway, he got left in the wash again and couldn't talk Vicki into coming back to harbor until after dark. When they got back to Santa

Monica next day Jeff rode Vicki double on his bike to a park in the canyon where she showed him some tricks on the parallel bars. In fact, the only test Vicki's yet to pass is life at Wally's Cuyama ranch where there isn't any light, heat, running water or inside plumbing. She says she's not keen for horses but it wouldn't surprise Richards if Vicki wound up bulldogging steers.

In fact everything matched so perfectly that Jeff began to have his doubts. It was too good to be true. So after he'd courted Vicki for awhile he put his heart to the test and buzzed up to Mammoth Lakes, ostensibly to try out his new ski outfit and take a few lessons. Was this whirlwind romance blowing too fast, as it did the last time he met a pretty girl athlete in Florida—married fast and disastrously?

So, Vicki agreed to wait three days and then join him with some friends. They even made a pact—no contacts. "I won't call you," decreed Jeff, "and don't you call me. We'll have three days to think things over. Then we'll see how we both feel."

The only trouble was that before the three days were up Jeff knew the answer to the test. He found himself haunting the Tavern clerk begging "Any calls?" And clinking coins into the pay phone, then swearing at his weakness and cancelling them out. The three days added up only to agony, but not as acute as the day Vicki's friends arrived—without Vicki.

Jeff grabbed them with shaking hands. "Where's Vicki?"

"Oh, she decided not to come," they told him. "She thought since you didn't call, well, maybe you didn't want her. How's the snow?"

"The hell with the snow!" cried Jeff. "I'm going back to town!"

He was halfway out to the Thunderbird when she stepped from behind a post and Jeff didn't care who was looking. "Baby!" he gasped. "Am I glad to see you!" And they both knew the answer right then.

Everything was perfect then. There was nothing wrong with his MGM contract, where everyone from Dore Shary on down is a Jeff Richards rooter. Besides, Vickie had just about clinched her life-teaching certificate if it's ever needed. She's going to keep right on teaching for awhile anyway. Not that they'll need the dough. But Mrs. Richards has strong opinions on that score. Says she, "A schoolteacher can marry a star but she owes it to the kids of America to stay on the job. After all, the future of America lies in the hearts and minds of all the kids who are sitting in our classrooms."

There was really no reason for Jeff to stall. Jeff was homefolks at the Flaxmans; they liked him fine and vice versa. Their religions matched, a physician would kick them both out of his office for wasting his time, and thirty-one years to Vicki's twenty-four is the ideal spread. What's more, the girl could even cook.

Maybe it was that dinner party at the Bogarts that decided Jeff; he saw what his buddy had—a home, a wife, kids and the warmth of belonging.

And now as the salt spray whips Jeff Richards' picture window these chilly evenings and a string of jewels sparkle along Santa Monica Bay, Jeff and his Vicki talk beside a roaring driftwood fire. About the ranch he'd like in Arizona, dotted with whitefaced cattle, the Hawaii Vicki wants to show him and the Europe he wants to show her. The parts he'd like, the rambling ranch house they'd both like to build.

"We talk and we talk," grins Jeff. "Never seem to stop. Hope we don't talk ourselves out." But I don't think he's too worried about that or anything else. It's the best sign that here's something real for Jeff Richards at last. Not just another girl—the right girl. **END**



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Special fashion notes, etc. (pages 72, 73):

1. Terry Moore: Northlander's poplin *Campus-Jac*, about $6; striped poplin shorts, about $5. See Terry in RKO's *Postmark For Danger.*

2. Piper Laurie: Grace Walker's all-occasion black patent sandal, *Epic.* Grace Walker shoes are priced from $9 to $11. Other styles, page 74. Piper was last in U-I's *Ain't Misbehavin'.*

3. Cyd Charisse: Cotton swim costume by Catalina. About $25. Honeydeb's "Flattie," *Muriel*—see this and other shoe styles, page 78.

5. Maidenform's *Concerto* worn by Dorian Leigh: A new bra designed for a curvesome, fuller look. Fine cotton broadcloth, about $2. Accessories, Gift Shop, Elbow Beach Surf Club.

7. Little Miss English designed by Doris Day: three-piece costume—flowered chintz blouse, about $5; matching skirt, about $9; *Acrilan* fiber sweater with chintz fabric trim, about $7.

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GRACE WALKER SHOES—Pp. 72, 74

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Carrollton, Ga.—Webster's Shoe Store
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Goldblatt Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Leonard Shoes
Cicero, Ill.—Jay Allen Shoes
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Simonson's
Decatur, Ga.—Smith's
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
El Centro, Calif.—Valley Bootery
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.—Ross Shoes
Ft. Morgan, Colo.—Fort Morgan Shoe Store
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Grober's Shoe Store
Fulton, Ky.—Fry's Shoe Store
Grand Junction, Colo.—Outwest Bootery
Greeley, Colo.—Munsell Nue Wae Shoe Store
Hampton, Iowa—Jennings Dept. Store
Indianapolis, Ind.—Happy Foot Bootery
Indianapolis, Ind.—Martin's Bootery
Key West, Fla.—Appelrouth's Shoe Center
Kokomo, Ind.—Earl Shoe Co.
Lakewood, Calif.—Durand Shoes
Los Angeles, Calif.—Durand Shoes
Loveland, Colo.—Gentry Shoe Store
Monroe, La.—Keenes Shoe Store
Murphusboro, Ill.—B. & B. Shoe Stores
Naples, Fla.—Family Shoe Store
Nashville, Tenn.—Family Bootery
Oakland, Calif.—Stan's Shoe Outlet
Overland, Mo.—The Bootery
Payette, Idaho—Norvell's Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Riverside, Calif.—Mission Bootery
Rochester, Minn.—Lincoln Shoes
Ruston, La.—Drew's Shoe Store
San Bernardino, Calif.—Cole Shoes
South Bend, Ind.—Baldwin Shoe Co.
Springfield, Mo.—Heuer-Williams
Sterling, Ill.—Bachman Fashion Store
Swainsboro, Ga.—Roberts Shoes
Tampa, Fla.—Ritz Shoe Store
Texarkana, Ark.—Massey's Family Shoe Store
Torrance, Calif.—Torrance Bootery
Twin Falls, Idaho—Van Engelens, Inc.
Vinton, Iowa—Mahood's Shoe Store
Wauchula, Fla.—J. W. Earnest & Co.
West Frankfort, Ill.—B. & B. Shoe Store
Worthington, Minn.—The Walk Shop

HONEYDEBS SHOES—Pp. 72, 78

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil & Co.
Ambler, Pa.—Reagans Quality
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Benjamin & Mast
Augusta, Ga.—J. B. White
Boulder, Colo.—Pats Booterie
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam-Meldrun-Anderson
Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldts
Cleveland, Ohio—Bailey Dept. Store
Detroit, Mich.—Zolkowess Dept. Store
Dover, Del.—Vogue Shoe
Edina, Minn.—Warren Shoes c/o Marvin Oreck
Forest Hills, L.I., N.Y.—Pedatorium
Gardena, Calif.—Ritchies Shoes
Greenley, Colo.—Randalls Shoes
Hampton, Va.—Oser Bros.
Houston, Texas—Wohl Shoe c/o Foleys
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayes
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. Block
Jackson, Miss.—Kennington
Martinsburg, W. Va.—Jacobs Quality
Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Boston Store
Montgomery, Ala.—Montgomery Fair
McKeesport, Pa.—Richards Shoes
McCook, Neb.—Pats Booterie
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Diane Niagara Shoe
New Castle, Pa.—Leeds Fine Shoes
New Haven, Conn.—Ed. Malley Co.
Newark, N. J.—Bambergers
New York, N. Y.—Fastenbergs
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
Ocala, Fla.—C. A. Nott & Co.
Oxnard, Calif.—Paramount Shoes
Panama City, Fla.—Schneiders
Peoria, Ill.—Block-Kuhl Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa.—Rings
Pompton Lakes, N. Y.—Cancellation Shoe Bar
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's Dept. Store
San Francisco, Calif.—Hales Dept. Store
San Jose, Calif.—L. Hart & Son
Sarasota, Fla.—Nunn-Ducette
Seattle, Wash.—Western Group Div. Allied
Waukesha, Wis.—Biwers Shoes
Waycross, Ga.—Schrechers Bootery
West Point, Ga.—Quality Shoe
White Plains, N. Y.—Para Shoes
Woodbury, N. J.—Binus Brothers

LITTLE MISS ENGLISH SPORTSWEAR—Pp. 73, 75

Asbury Park, N. J.—Steinbach Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman, Joseph, Loeb
Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer
Dayton, Ohio—Eder Johnston
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Elizabeth, N. J.—Levy Bros.
Hempstead, L. I.—Franklin Shop
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Newark, N. J.—Hahne Co.
Paterson, N. J.—Meyer Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimers
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsey, Curr
Schenectady, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Yard's
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

NORTHLANDER JACKETS AND SHORTS—Pp. 72, 79

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Company
Battle Creek, Mich.—L. W. Robinson Co.
Bay City, Mich.—H. G. Wendland & Co.
Beloit, Wis.—E. L. Chester Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham and Straus
Calumet, Mich.—Vertin Bros. & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Armstrong's
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Clinton, Iowa—John C. Van Allen
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Fashion Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—Demery's
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
Dubuque, Iowa—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth, Minn.—Duluth Glass Block
Duluth, Minn.—Maurice's
Duluth, Minn.—Oreck's
Flint, Mich.—Maas Bros.
Flint, Mich.—Smith-Bridgman & Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Wurzburg's
Hartford, Conn.— G. Fox & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. D. Wasson & Co.
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Kalamazoo, Mich.—Gilmore's
Lansing, Mich.—Gilmore's
Lansing, Mich.—J. W. Knapp Co.
Madison, Wis.—Harry S. Manchester
Madison, Wis.—Yost's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Milwaukee, Wis.—Ed. Schuster & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
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St. Louis, Mo.—Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium
St. Paul, Minn.—Field-Schlick
St. Paul, Minn.—Golden Rule
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Waterloo, Iowa—James Black Dry Goods
Wausau, Wis.—Winkelman's

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the heart has reasons

(*Continued from page 41*) managed to obtain her phone number, and after listening to busy signals for what felt like hours, and probably was, even managed to get her to answer. He also managed to get a date, somewhat to everyone's surprise.

Janet had a girl friend with her when she spoke to Tony. When she hung up she found her friend gazing at her quizzically. "That," said the friend, "did not sound like Arthur."

"It wasn't," Janet said. "It was one Bernie Schwartz, who keeps forgetting he's Tony Curtis."

"But you haven't been dating anyone but Arthur for ages."

"I know," Janet said thoughtfully. "That's why I'm going out with Tony. Time for a change."

Her friend surveyed her, shaking her head. "Sometimes I think you're off your rocker, baby," she said. "What's the matter with Arthur? He's a doll, he loves you, his parents love you. . . ."

"We're not in love," Jan replied. "And to tell you the truth, if we were I might not go through with it. I don't want to get involved, I don't want to get married, I don't even want to go steady. I've had it. It's going to be a good long time before I try getting married again. Maybe never.

"Now, Tony," Janet said, "he's perfectly safe. If I ever flip again it'll be some sane, older type."

And so, a year later, they were married.

What a year that was. Tony was totally unlike anyone Janet had ever known. He did things differently. Maybe because he didn't know his way around, maybe because he preferred to find his own ways. "Listen," he would tell Janet, "I really told the producer off today—"

"The producer?"

"That's right."

"How'd you get by the secretary?"

"Gave her the old one-two. Grinned my famous grin, recited a few lines from my latest epic, and there I was."

"You—er—told him off?"

"Well, I mean I didn't get nasty or anything. I more like *explained*, see?"

"Explained what?"

"Well, there's this kid in the picture, she's only about eighteen, and they keep turning the cameras away from her. Well, you know, it would be a real break for her just to get her face in, so I told him—"

"Did I ever tell you you're quite wonderful?"

And there was the time that Janet, nostalgic after a sad movie and a walk in the rain, told Tony about her first young romance, how desperately she did not want to move to another city when her parents left Merced, how she ran away and got married with such joy and fear, and instead of cracking wise, Tony took her hand and said, "I know. I was pretty mixed up when I was a kid." And added after a while, "I wish you could have known this guy who helped me a lot. Worked at a settlement house. Not that you were wild or anything, the way I was—but, you know, he was someone real to talk to."

And Janet found herself suddenly thinking, "I wish I had known *you* then, Tony. I could have talked to you."

But they were so different, two people from two separate worlds. Janet had a college education; Tony had meandered his way through high school. She introduced him to her friends, sophisticated, intellectual young people. Tony, she discovered, knew a surprising amount about music and art, and odd things like astronomy and running model trains. But by the end of the evening she always feared he was bored, sensed that he missed

the hilarity and noise of his own friends.

He brought her into his circle. Almost the first people he met in Hollywood were Jerry Lewis and his wife. As long as she could Janet put off meeting them. "I won't have anything to say to them, Tony."

"You scared?"

"No, of course not. Well—yes."

"They'll love you."

"They'll think I'm a moron. I'm not funny the way they are."

"Then just sit and laugh. Anyway, I think you're pretty funny."

She took it as a compliment and went. Tony was right; they loved her. But then, she reminded herself, still breathless from kidding around, on the way home, a girl couldn't make a spectacle of herself all her life. It wasn't the way she did things.

Then she stopped cold. What did she mean, all her life? She wasn't considering spending all her life with Tony Curtis, was she? Time for a change—again.

So they had a long, serious talk.

"Tony, we've got to be sensible. You know how I feel about you, but where are we going?"

"Well, if you insist, I'll marry you."

"Now, stop that. And stop telling the reporters that. Look what you told someone the other day." She held up a magazine. "Quote: I'm really stuck on her. She's the first girl I've ever been in love with and I've really got it bad. Every time I look at her, I see her with my heart. Unquote. Now, why did you say that?"

"Couldn't help it. It's true."

"Well, start seeing me with your eyes. And don't call me so much."

That evening the phone rang. "Is Miss Leigh theah, please?"

"Tony—"

"Madame, this is Carrry Grant heah."

"Tony, I know it's you."

He broke down. "I was afraid you'd hang up."

She didn't hang up, but she did start going out with other men.

Tony went home and thought it over. But no matter which way he turned, it looked to him as though he wanted Janet. She had a date with someone else that night, so around midnight he sneaked over to her house, propped a note on the doorknob and retired behind a tree. When Janet and her date drove up he saw them walk to the door, watched Janet read the note, burst out laughing, say good night, still giggling, and shut the door behind her. The note had read, "Get rid of that guy and I'll call you in ten minutes."

After that there were notes almost every time she went out with someone else. When she found herself looking forward more to the notes than to the Other Men, she gave up.

What about the family?

Tony took her home to meet his folks. Mom and Pop and brother Bobbie were scared stiff. Tony Curtis was only Bernie, but Janet Leigh was a movie star. Janet didn't know what to expect. What she found was dinner in the kitchen, soup, roast chicken, stuffed cabbage. Every time she glanced at Tony to see if he was eating, she found his mother glancing at his father for the same reason. Their eyes met, and they were friends.

She asked him home to her folks. The doorbell rang and her mother came dashing upstairs. "He's here. And he's so *handsome!*" Downstairs she found Tony making polite conversation with her father and brushing mud from his shoes. "Your lawn's a little soggy."

"We just had it re-planted," Mr. Morrison said.

"Ooops," Tony said. "Sorry, Mr. Leigh!"

Later, he apologized mournfully.

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"Darling, you were wonderful. I wouldn't want you to be any other way." And all of a sudden she knew it was true. He wasn't quite sane, and he wasn't older, and maybe he wasn't what she had had in mind—but he was what she had in heart, and that was more than enough.

Married to a telephone

They were married in Greenwich, Connecticut on June 4, 1951. Judge John Knox performed the ceremony and Janet announced herself for months thereafter as Jeanette Janet Morrison Leigh Schwartz Curtis. Mrs., that is. It was really an elopement, but a few people knew about it. Jerry Lewis came along to be best man, and break up the reception by proposing a toast to "Those wonderful, very charming, very happy young people—Shelley Winters and Scott Brady!" It was a good thing they had their laughs at the beginning, because the rest of the honeymoon they spent separately. The bridegroom went back to his publicity tour and the bride went home to Hollywood.

The separation was hard on them, but they were prepared for it. It wasn't until the groom came home and moved in that they found out just how difficult their marriage was going to be. Everyone heard about their problems. Common property. How Tony dropped his dirty shirts on the living-room floor and Janet picked them up. And the arguments.

Finances. It didn't distress them that Tony earned less than Janet at the beginning. He had no false pride, less false modesty. Someday, when he had been at it as long as his wife, he'd be earning as much, or more. Meantime they each put an equal amount in the family budget. But what they did with the money was a problem. Janet had a business manager. —her father. When Janet saw a sweater she wanted, she phoned Dad and said, "May I?" If he said no, she didn't. Tony was more likely to consult Janet than the business manager, and if she said no his conscience bothered him while he went out and bought it anyway. Most of the time it didn't matter too much, but sometimes it was painful. Like the time he bought Janet a fur coat and she took it back to the store and put the refund in their "family fund." Of course she was right. She didn't need the coat, and they did need the money—but it was a present, and in Tony's world, you didn't take back a present.

Friends. Janet tried hard on that bit. Tony liked a lot of people, a lot of noise. She felt a need for a rather more sedate set of social standards, but maybe she was getting stuffy. To make sure that she didn't freeze that way, Janet handed out keys to the house as though they had been pennies to the poor. Not only the Curtises lived there—everyone did. Tony and Janet would come home from the movies and find a marshmallow roast going on in their fireplace and a community sing around their piano. Tony seemed to thrive on it. He'd grab a marshmallow and join the choir while Janet cleaned ashtrays and wiped fingerprints off the walls. It was true—she did like housekeeping—but every now and then she found herself wondering: whose house?

So, knowing that they were different, they tried to cultivate tastes in common. Tony liked to play with cameras, Janet became a shutterbug. Janet liked cocktail parties; Tony taught himself to balance a highball and look as though he liked it. They were so careful of each other's likes and dislikes that sometimes entire evenings disappeared into a maze of "Well, I'd like to—if *you'd* like to." And finally neither of them knew what the other wanted in the first place.

And the good things

Still, they were happy. They made two movies together and after one love scene the director wiped his brow and remarked, "No one'll believe they're married." They did a fight scene and after spending the morning slapping Tony in rehearsal, Janet dashed to a refrigerator and produced a prune whip (his favorite) prepared in advance just so he'd know she didn't mean it. Every week they went for a long walk and talked things out. They battled violently over eating and sleeping habits and reached a compromise: Tony learned to drink milk instead of orange soda at least part of the time, and Janet in return forced herself to lie in bed late mornings, for badly needed extra sleep. Tony bought a TV set for the bedroom, in case she couldn't make it. "I guess you'll have no more time for me now," he said.

They knew tragedy, but instead of cracking them, it brought them closer together. In 1953 they expected a baby. Tony had to go to Honolulu on location, and Janet, committed to *Prince Valiant*, couldn't go along. Long before Tony got back Janet lost the baby. Three thousand miles away Tony sensed there was something wrong, and although it wasn't his night to phone, he called his wife. When Janet, who had gone through her ordeal without cracking, finally broke down and wept her heart out, her husband was on the phone, telling her it was all right, there'd be another baby, he was coming right home and the hell with the picture. "Don't do that," Janet sniffled. "They'll sue you or something, darling. I'll be all right—now." And she was.

The stubborn heart

It was that sort of love that told them they had to stay together, no matter how hard. But it *was* hard. Instead of getting better, some of their problems got worse. Tony got home and found Janet exhausted from the miscarriage, tense and underweight from nursing her beloved grandmother through her last illness and death, snappy and cross from the strain. He found himself yelling back at her, storming out of the room. But even then they knew they had to stay together.

Strangest piece of new talent so far is a Japanese who helter-skelter swallowed numbered ping-pong balls and brought them up in the proper numerical order.

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

And they went on trying. Janet drank pints of whole cream every day on the theory that with added weight she would regain her equilibrium. Tony became irritable, depressed for hours, and Janet said bravely that that was no problem: when he had a mood she just avoided him until it was over. Worked perfectly, as long as they could bear whole evenings without speaking to each other. But no one believed the marriage would last another six months. The Curtises believed it would—but they couldn't have told you why. Reason was against it.

I'm not Napoleon

And then a friend of Tony's mentioned that he was seeing a psychiatrist. Why didn't Tony try analysis?

Tony went home and thought about it. Why not be analyzed? Well, because he wasn't crazy, was he? A psychiatrist was a head-shrinker and people who thought they were Napoleon went to him, not a perfectly normal guy who just happened to be having a few problems. Why be analyzed?

And all the while, he knew exactly why. Because more than he cared about anything else in the world, he cared about his marriage. Because his stubborn heart still wouldn't give up its sureness that he and Janet were right, that whatever was wrong could be corrected. Maybe, just maybe, the head-shrinker knew how.

And so he went. To his relief and amazement, he didn't have to lie down on a couch and babble for an hour. He sat in a chair and talked about what kind of a day he had had, and what had gotten him riled up, and what he had done about it. And without being told what to think, he found himself discovering that no one had meant to insult him, so there hadn't been any reason to get mad. And no one had meant to foul him up when he asked for something—he had just asked for two things at once. He found that Janet was not skeptical, but pleased and surprised—and more than willing to have a chat with the doctor herself. And he found that he, Tony, was dropping his shirts into the hamper instead of onto the floor.

Now that he was doing it for himself, Janet found that she was able to relax. If Tony left a record sitting on the rug she could be reasonably sure that sometime that evening he'd put it away instead of stepping on it. When she felt the urge to pick it up herself, she whistled or hummed or washed her hair, but she didn't pick it up. Tony looked at his wife, and saw that she was resting instead of washing ashtrays.

In an incredibly short time, both he and Janet began to assert themselves. When Tony gave up electric trains for astronomy, Janet didn't get herself a twin telescope. Tony stopped accompanying her to tea parties and both felt a surge of relief.

Will it happen?

In the middle of this winter they both received new assignments: Janet to Africa and England for *Safari*, Tony to Paris for *Trapeze*. It meant another separation. It meant that Tony would stop seeing the psychiatrist for a considerable length of time. It meant, in a way, a testing period for everything that had been happening.

They were waiting, both of them, for a sort of delayed action, a big change, an emergence of The New Tony Curtis, who was to make their marriage what it ought to be. A combining of all the little improvements into one big one. And while Janet was in Africa—it came.

Tony was able to tell a friend just before his wife got back, "There's been a big change in me. I don't know how Janet will react—but I'm sure she'll like it. Maybe she won't notice it right away. Maybe it doesn't show as much as it feels."

"Well, don't let it change you too much, huh? You're not going to settle down and never budge again?"

"Budge?" Tony shouted. "My wife is coming home tomorrow! I could fly!"

Janet noticed it. She saw the man she had married, not changed so she didn't know him, not a model of perfection, but her energetic, impulsive guy with a wide sentimental streak. Only now sure enough of himself to relax and do things her way from time to time without straining, a man with an arm to protect her and a heart to love her and a temper well under control, able to see his faults and try to correct them, to see hers and love her with them. A man to whom she could offer the biggest, best gift she had. "Tony, we're going to have a baby."

And still the same old Tony, who, when the first shock had passed, could grin at her and say, "What if he turns out like me and won't eat his spinach?"

"Let him turn out like you," Janet said. "And the heck with the spinach."

And that was the miracle their hearts made. END

burt's bouncing brood

(*Continued from page 46*) inherited this impulse. Last summer, Bill, then aged seven, dumfounded the waiter at Chasen's by casually ordering snails with garlic sauce. Thinking he hadn't heard right, the waiter went to boss man Dave Chasen himself, who hurried over to the table.

"What did you want, sonny?" asked the mighty Dave, bending over small Billy.

"Snails with garlic sauce," said Bill. "Or maybe you call them *escargots*."

"I call them both," said Chasen. "But we don't have them."

Bill flashed him his really enchanting smile, sweet as honey. "My mistake," he said, generously. "I thought this was a French restaurant."

From across the table, brother Jimmy piped up. "Well, you must have Eggs Benedict?"

Amused, Chasen allowed as how they did, but these orders were no gag on either of the children's part. Dining out in fine restaurants from Rome to Fiji is an ordinary experience to them. They all do adore both snails and Eggs Benedict and even eat them frequently at home.

They acquired a taste for enchiladas and tortillas in Mexico and fettucini and lasagne in Italy. (The latter Burt makes magnificently.)

Burt is the steak cook at home, broiling filet mignons out of doors on an open charcoal grill, but Norma cooks most of the other foods. The children, all save baby Shigle, are politely asked around five o'clock every afternoon what they'd like to eat. Norma tells them what Mama and Daddy are going to eat and usually they go along with that plan—but if they choose to be different, that's okay, too.

The kitchen cupboards are stocked with cake, muffin and pudding mixes. The switches that turn on the machines are too high for any of the children to reach, even with the most resolute climbing, so they have to ask one of the maids to help them there. But the actual making, baking and eating is up to the individual child and it's not unusual to see four individual desserts being evolved simultaneously. The icebox, where the ice cream lollipops are kept, is within reach of even four-year-old Joanna.

Unless there are guests, the family eats around a big, round table in the kitchen with Alberta or Adele, the maids, standing by to help with extra servings.

The 8-hour day

Burt's social conscience is such that he won't have a maid, a gardener, or anyone else work more than eight hours at a stretch. Alberta has been with them ever since Jimmy was born, Adele ever since Joanna, and they alternate, working eight to four and four to eight. The kids adore them both, knowing they can crawl up in Alberta's ample lap, to be rocked asleep, in the big old-fashioned rocking chair in the kitchen. But it's Adele they mind.

Except for going into the pool (swimming is their preferred sport) which they all started doing at age six months, they can play as they like anywhere any time. The pool was built behind high gates and is kept locked. They simply can't get into it except in the afternoon when either their mother or father is there with them. That's daily. But in the house they have their own playroom, complete with blackboards, radio, television, masses of toys and two exits, one of which goes into the kitchen and the other which opens out onto broad lawns. The five kids are kept busy with their outdoor playhouse, gym equipment, their recurrent batches of kittens and the dogs which they personally chose for a dollar each at the dog pound. The grounds



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are fenced off securely but at such a distance that the children are completely unaware of their protection and now that the boys are getting to the age where they like to have overnight guests there are usually two or three extra boys in their group.

There is only one form of Lancaster discipline—banishment. Since these junior Lancasters have never known loneliness this hurts. Even Grandpa Lancaster, who usually comes visiting every day and often ends by staying for long week ends, won't speak to any "banished" child. Everybody in the family knows the rule: you are not locked in your room but you can only come out again when you are prepared to behave. Almost always this means four kids against one, so temper tantrums just can't thrive in such an atmosphere and banishment usually lasts a hot five minutes.

Conversely, the reward for being supergood is the privilege of climbing into bed with Daddy and Mommy mornings. This often means seven inhabitants in the super king-sized parental bed. The hour is probably 6 a.m. and if there haven't been adult guests the night before, Daddy and Mommy have probably retired at 9 p.m., so they don't mind this dawn awakening.

Burt, wearing only a pajama top, doesn't get to sleep that early at night, although his wife usually does. Burt stretches out, pillows piled behind him, and reads and reads, until midnight or later. He particularly likes biographies of all sorts, collections of short stories, collections of plays. Just as he feels himself getting really drowsy, he piles downstairs to the kitchen, makes himself a huge "Dagwood" sandwich composed of virtually everything he finds in the icebox, drains off a pint of milk, and then goes back to bed, to sleep without turning over until dawn.

Saturday nights, almost without exception, there is a big bridge party at the Lancasters'. There are never less than eight players, sometimes as many as sixteen. Burt plays a sharp, clever game and he is fiercely competitive. He doesn't like people who "talk" bridge, stopping for gossip items between bids, and the Lancaster house rule is that you don't stop to eat dinner either. The food is served on a buffet table, kept hot in chafing dishes. You can eat it when you are dummy, or starve. The bar is at the end of the room. You can make your own drinks, too, when you are dummy. But don't hold up the game, and don't get in violent arguments with your partner—not if you expect to be asked back again.

The only Saturday nights when there is not a bridge party at the Lancasters' are the Saturday nights when they are at somebody else's house playing bridge. It's a real passion with both of them. Norma goes weekly to the Westwood bridge club for coaching, and Burt started also, sitting very quietly at the back of the room, listening with the greatest concentration to the lecture. Nevertheless, in a room of about a hundred people, when the play began, twenty or thirty women swarmed over him. The second time he attended the club, the same thing happened. So he had to abandon the lectures.

Women make him mad

Women do pursue him and nothing makes him more quickly angry. There was one particular glamour girl who insisted upon following him to his home, and coming in, uninvited. Burt fixed her by warmly invited her into the kitchen, and enlisting her help in loading up the washing machine and then making her fold the things as they came out of the dryer.

Then there was another doll who kept phoning him, asking why he didn't come over, anytime. He can be brutally direct, when angered, and he was all of that the night she called him around midnight with her persistent invitation.

"I'm in bed," he said. "My wife is here in bed beside me. I'll put her on to tell you just why I don't care about calling you."

Actually, his tendency to tell the exact truth at all times without thought of the cost, can often rock you. When he was on location making *The Kentuckian* I sent him some books to read. I thought I'd picked them out very carefully, according to his tastes. When he came back home, I asked him if he'd liked them.

"I didn't stop to read them," he said.

The same rigid reaction to truth was what made him say that he didn't think most directors were worth their salary. It wasn't the politic thing to say, but Burt believes it, so he said it. To prove his point he directed *The Kentuckian*. He got mixed notices for that and a considerable enmity around The Screen Director's Guild. Neither bothered him. When Sir Carol Reed began directing *Trapeze* for him in Paris, Burt was impressed with both Reed's intelligence and integrity. Because he was, he did exactly whatever Reed said without any hesitation whatsoever.

Similarly, when the Academy asked him to speak at the Forum they were having regarding *Marty* he flatly refused. "I had nothing to do with *Marty*," he said, "except I suggested Ernie Borgnine for it and our Hecht-Lancaster company made it. Just because it has turned out to be a success gives me no right to go around taking any sort of bows for it."

THE PRIZE: Benny Fields sent his shoes to a shoemaker in his neighborhood, and asked that they be re-soled. "Don't bother me," replied the shoemaker. "I'm busy studying opera."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Ten years have gone by now since I first met Burt, an ex-GI, come to Hollywood for Hal Wallis, and working on his first picture, *The Killers*. He had a chip on his shoulder then, broad as a bridge. Married, facing fatherhood, having only one suit to his name and no dough, he'd signed with Wallis because Hal had offered him the most money of all the producers who were after him, following one flop play on Broadway. Yet even with his first picture yet to be seen he was giving out with what was wrong with Hollywood, producers, pictures, directors, actors and the whole black, blasted world in general.

One thing he was most insistent about was that he would buy his freedom, as soon as he got a couple of pictures under his belt, and become his own producer. Nobody believed him, this upstart nobody. Mark Hellinger, to whom Wallis had loaned him for *The Killers*, said, "He'll be a star, but in a couple of years he'll be impossible as a human being."

Burt did become a star in that first picture, but he also became a wonderful, if complex, human being because he learned so much so fast. Now he is his own producer, with the Hecht-Lancaster Company among the most distinguished of the independent producers. He is wildly pursued by other producers for their top films. He's the father of five children. He's wealthy and famous, and Hal Wallis, whom he originally thought of as an enemy to conquer, has become one of his most respected friends.

Yet he still says exactly what he thinks when he thinks it, he is still passionate in the defense of his beliefs and he is truly temperamental in the best meaning of the word. He's changed a lot of opinions—and he's not ashamed to admit it. He finds life pretty wonderful today. He's a highbrow who loves symphonic music and a lowbrow who adores prize fights. He's a tremendous family man who, nevertheless, may completely forget about coming home to dinner three nights in a row while he works out some problem at the studio or in his Hecht-Lancaster office.

The outstanding quality about him is that ability to learn and to act accordingly. This is the characteristic you always have to allow for appraising Burt in any mood—and he has a thousand moods. If you think HBL (as his wife kiddingly calls him, meaning "handsome Burt Lancaster") is consistent about anything, you couldn't be more wrong.

When he knew Susie

When Burt first came to Hollywood he was very militant about keeping Norma, his children and his private life separate from his career. What trapped him into changing on that was his pride in his third child and first daughter, Susan. He simply couldn't resist talking about her and showing her off. He still can't, even though recently he's come to have a tremendous admiration and love of his two sons, also. But he's an absolute mush over Susie, and well she knows it. Like many another father, babies as babies don't register to him. It's only when they become young personalities that he responds to them.

It was a year ago, in Mexico, when Jimmy, now aged nine and a half, and Billy, just aged eight, began registering with him. When *Vera Cruz* was finished, he decided to drive them home, all alone, by car. They all had a ball, these three Lancaster men with no women to bother them. In fact, the trip was such a success, Burt took Jim and Bill with him, via ocean liner, when he headed for Paris and *Trapeze*. He's very aware, too, that Norma needs occasional holidays from caring for five kids under the age of ten, so in this case, she flew to Paris ten days after he left, bringing the little girls. The kids were weeks puzzling out how it was that Daddy and the boys, leaving home first, arrived in Paris last.

The first time he became quite aware of four-year-old Joanna was one night when he called her "Stubby," and she blazed back at him. He'd tagged her with this nickname, because while she is the real raving, tearing beauty of the family, with her golden hair and big, brown eyes, she is also the shortest and broadest, which he with his figure consciousness, would be bound to notice.

"You stop that," Joanna thundered at him, in imitation of his own tactics when he's annoyed. "I'm not Stubby. That's not my name."

He dropped on his knees beside her, so that their faces could be more nearly on a level. "What is your name then?" he asked.

"I'm Mrs. Mary Angry," the little girl said, sticking her jaw out belligerently, "and don't you ever forget it."

"I beg your pardon," said her father. "I sincerely beg your pardon." He sat back and watched her flounce from the room before he started laughing.

"Ye gods," he said, finally. "There's the one who surely will grow up to be an actress and I just saw my fate in her eyes. I can see her fifteen years from now, looking at me across the room and saying, 'Oh, Dad, stop being such a bore—always gassing on about the days when you were a movie star.'"

Nothing will surprise me less than if all the Lancaster kids become performers but two things HBL will never be—either a bore or retired. He's too much man for either of those roles. END

(Continued from page 58) come in yet!' for the maids in the hotels. I'm not very good at languages, though I love them."

Her speech was pretty formal, but it wasn't phony at all. It came from reading a lot and growing up among adults, who treated her like a grown-up.

A woman who had known her in California came over and there was a flurry of greetings. (They had lived in California during the war years; Lee Strasberg was with 20th Century-Fox then.) "How is your dog, Suze?" the woman asked. "The nice little cocker spaniel." Susie's face fell. "Oh, he died," she said sadly. "First my brother got the measles and then the dog got sick. Johnny recovered, but the cocker spaniel just sort of faded away." Her expression changed and she smiled. "Then we got two *huge* sheep dogs. Named Ranger and Ryder—after Lone Ranger and Red Ryder. But we had to leave them. It's better to have a cat in New York; there's no room for a dog. And we tried having a pair of love birds but the female one pulled all the feathers out of the male's head, and the man from the pet shop said they'd kill each other if we didn't separate them. So I guess we'll go back to cats."

Then someone mentioned theatre, and Susie's face lit up like the Fourth of July. Her eyes—by the way, they're huge hazel eyes, and they just dominate her tiny face completely—sparkled and she was lost to everyone else in the room. They talked about one of the plays on Broadway then—I don't remember which one, but I do remember that what Susie said showed she knew her theatre from 'way back, and more—that she really cared. After that she only talked about one other thing—when someone mentioned a book everyone was reading then—*The Diary Of Anne Frank*. Susie said, "It would make such a beautiful play. Anne would be a great part—" and then she stopped.

I said, "And you could play Anne."

"Well," she said, "someday, maybe."

"Why not now? Anne was only twelve or so, and you're almost fifteen."

"I'm not doing anything till I'm fifteen," Susie said. "My father doesn't believe in child actors."

I felt as if I'd put my foot down on a sore spot. "Oh, well," I said, "at least you can take lessons."

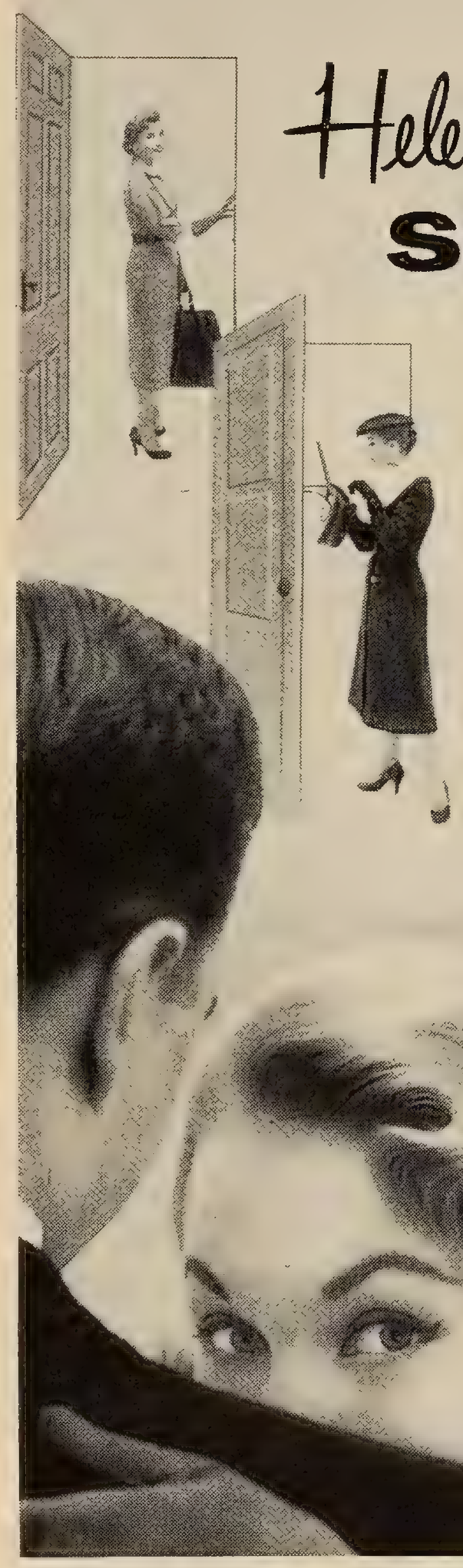
Susie laughed. "No, I can't," she said. "Dad doesn't believe in kids taking acting lessons either. He figures there's no sense starting before you're a finished person. You just have to do it all over again when you're older, if there's anything left by then. And I agree with him. Besides," she added, "he doesn't say No to very much, you know. I think he's entitled to have his say on this."

The thing about Susie was that even then, she didn't talk like a kid. We became pretty friendly, and even double-dated a few times. Susie was a good date—she didn't insist on going dancing, and she certainly didn't want to drink, and you could feed her anything—except creamed spinach—and she'd be perfectly happy. She liked going to parties and she loved going to movies and she adored seeing a show, of course. Most of the boys she dated were kids from her neighborhood, or sons of friends of her family, and there wasn't an actor among them, somewhat to my surprise. Anyway, we always had a good time.

I visited her a couple of times at her apartment. The Strasbergs lived—they still do—in an old apartment building that takes up most of the block and is not very fancy, but very comfortable. They had eight

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rooms and as far as I could tell every room looked like a rare-book store. The walls were lined with books from the floor to the ceiling, paper-backs, foreign language books, every conceivable book on theatre. And wherever you looked there were more, stacked up on tables and chairs and sofas and the floor, so you had to move them aside to sit down. The furniture was old and comfortable and made more for sitting in than looking at. (Now I understand they're looking for a house on the East Side and they're going to have it all done by a decorator. I'm sure it will be very beautiful, but I hope that it isn't changed too much. It was the most wonderful apartment I've ever been in.)

Then I went back to college and spent my summers in other parts of the country. We planned to meet a few times during vacations, but we never did. I heard a lot about Susie, though. She turned fifteen and I imagine thirty seconds later she signed up for her first professional part. She did "The Duchess And the Smugs" on *Omnibus,* and "Romeo And Juliet" on another TV program, and then I heard that awhile back she had had a part in some off-Broadway show, playing a girl of the streets who ran errands for some kind-hearted prostitutes! And then—movies!

Susie revisited

So when we finally did get together for that breakfast-lunch at Schrafft's, it was by way of a reunion. And I wanted to see what Susie was like—after these fantastic two years.

She was a few minutes late getting there. Susie is usually a little late—but just for personal appointments. For work she shows up on the dot. Anyway, after she told me her schedule I couldn't blame her for not getting up on time—even though her alarm rang at one in the afternoon. She had had an interview the afternoon before, and pictures with her costume for the Helen Hayes benefit show she was in, and then dashed to the theatre without any dinner, though that was nothing unusual. "Even when I have time, I don't eat before I go on," she said.

"On account of stage-fright?"

"No, because I can't play Anne on a full stomach. It takes so much energy and moving around. Some plays you can eat before, but not this one."

So she usually had dinner at midnight, after the show. Then, whenever she could, she went to a movie! "It's my only time to go these days. Only it's so hard to get anyone to go to the movies with you at midnight!"

"What do you do about boys?"

"Not much," she said. "I can go out week ends, but I can't go out during the week, I'm too tired."

"Don't you miss it?"

"Everyone wants to know that," Susie said. "No, I don't. Oh, sometimes people invite me to come up to the country or for a college dance—even people I don't know—since the play, but at least I know what I'm missing. I did all that last year."

She was wearing a blue wrap-around coat with a big collar and black leather shoes with a three-inch heel. She hardly wore any make-up and she had her hair tucked into a hood. What I could see of it, though, looked darker than the pale brown I remembered. "When did your hair change?" I asked.

Susie rolled her eyes up and tried to see it. "About two days ago," she said finally. "I put some stuff on it that was supposed to make it stay put, and instead it made it darker. Everyone backstage noticed it right away, but I don't suppose anyone else will. It photographs black, or red, or almost anything but what it is. I'm a chameleon. No, I don't mean chameleon—yes, I do. And I was a blonde baby."

"Anyway," I said, "you're looking good."

She giggled. "Have you seen *Picnic*? Well, wait till you do. I look horrible."

"They must have done quite a make-up job."

"No," she said blithely, "I didn't wear any make-up at all! Just a little to make me darker, for the cameras. I just pinned my hair back and wore blue jeans and shirts—and oh, the bathing suit I got for the swimming scene!" It seemed she bought the ugliest one she could find in all of Kansas, with malice-aforethought. "Well, they wouldn't let me wear a *pretty* one. So I figured if I couldn't have one like Kim Novak's, cut down to here—" her hand pointed in the vicinity of her navel—"I'd get something *really* hideous!"

She loved making the movie, just as she had loved making *Cobweb*. "It's hard work, and sometimes tedious, you do a thing over and over again—but when you've finally done it thirty times they pick out the best one, and that's it. On stage you have to use such a tremendous amount of energy every night for months. I'd love to make more movies."

Her mother went with her to Hollywood and they stayed at the Chateau Montmartre. I asked her if she met anyone of interest there and it turned out that everyone she met interested her. Oscar Levant, who was the funniest man she ever met, especially off-screen. Kim Novak, who was sweet, and John Kerr, who had the two cutest babies she ever saw. And Roz Russell. "She has so much *energy*. I wasn't under minor rulings in Kansas, so they could work me as much as they wanted, and I was so exhausted at the end of the day. But she was still ready to work. I had my birthday there, you know. My seventeenth birthday. I didn't tell anyone. But I was so lonely I sat up in my room and cried terribly. Then a cake came up—huge—from the hotel, and Bill Holden and Roz and Josh Logan and the producer came up. It was so nice."

Miss Monroe to you!

"What about Marilyn Monroe?" I said.

That was the first time I ever saw Susan annoyed. She positively bridled. "*What* about Marilyn Monroe?" she demanded.

"Well," I said weakly, "do you like her?"

"*Miss* Monroe," Susie said, accenting the "Miss"—for dignity, I think—"is very nice. A very fine person. I'll tell you something about her. I first met her in Hollywood when she was making a picture called *There's No Business Like Show Business.* I was on the set of *Désirée,* watching, and they took me over to see Miss Monroe do a number. Afterwards we were introduced. Then we met again in New York, at a party, and the first thing she said to me was, 'You may not remember me, but we met in Hollywood—' and of course I had been planning to say exactly the same thing!"

It turned out that Marilyn had shared her room when she went out to Fire Island with Susan and her family last summer, and Susan thought she was very nice to live with. Also sensitive, and talented. She had only seen her once in the movies, in *How To Marry A Millionaire,* and she thought she was very good. Considering that her other favorites are Olivier and Brando and Leslie Howard and Garbo, Garland, Vivien Leigh and both Hepburns, that's putting her in good company.

I suppose about now is a good time to give you some background on Susie, where she was born, and that sort of thing. I got most of it from her, and the rest from her mother and friends.

She was born in Manhattan on May 22, 1938, and named Susan Elizabeth. The middle name was for Queen Elizabeth—the first. Lee Strasberg was studying Elizabethan drama at the time. Also, he thought she could use the middle name in case she didn't like her first one. That's the way the whole family operates—everyone gets a choice! I remember another funny story about her when she was little. Just before her brother was born—or rather, brought home in a basket, which is how Susie put it—her mother said to her, "Which would you rather have, a boy or a girl?" and Susie said, "What else is there?" And *that's* when she first became conscious of boys—in case a movie magazine ever wants to know!

Crush and crushed

Anyway, she grew up first in New York and then during the war, in California. She loved California, it was so beautiful, and she had her first crush there, on a little boy whose mother ran a florist shop. She doesn't remember if he was cute ("I *hope* he was; I wouldn't like to say anything against my taste!") but she does remember that she was hardly a femme fatale. She gave a birthday party and the boy didn't come. Susie was crushed and barely recovered from the blow until they moved to Stamford, Connecticut, at the end of the war. They stayed there a year, until they could get an apartment in Manhattan, and it was there that Susie began to date.

They moved back to New York and Susie found herself in eighth grade, as usual the tiniest girl in the class, if not in the school. She felt small, but not exactly inferior. Aside from wishing occasionally that she were taller, and more sophisticated, and a different type altogether, she hardly gave it a thought. Afternoons she dashed out of school with the other girls, produced orange lipstick from the five-and-ten (forbidden by the teacher, but not by her Mom and Dad) smeared it on, and spent the afternoon giggling with the girls. Evenings at home the house was filled with movie stars and Broadway actors and the most famous people in the world, and Susie liked them, too.

She had occasional problems to worry about—like whether or not to smoke. The other girls had no problem—their parents all said no, of course you can't smoke, so the kids went out with a wonderful behind-the-barn feeling and coughed themselves sick until they mastered the art. Susie asked if she could smoke, and her folks said, "Of course, dear, go right ahead." She was very disappointed. She went out to try it, coughed, choked, and figured it wasn't worth the bother. And I guess that's what the Strasbergs had in mind.

That's the way they're still bringing up Susie—letting her make up her own mind and relying on her to have good sense. I don't think she's ever let them down. That's why Lee let her decide about going on the stage when she was fifteen, and that's why he doesn't help her with her parts, just talks them over with her.

So what she's got, and what she's done, she's handled all by herself. I think that's pretty great for a seventeen-year-old girl. Everyone is saying she's going to be one of the best actresses in the country. I'll buy that. But even if she never sets foot on a stage again, I'd nominate her for one of the best kids I know, and one of the wisest. Even sitting in Schrafft's, watching her eat a horrible combination of lobster bisque and a hot pastrami sandwich and cole slaw and hot chocolate, I figured her for pretty mature. Walking back to her apartment, we made plans to meet again soon. Only with her schedule and my job, we probably won't get to it for another year. I hope we make it sooner. But even if we don't, it'll be exciting to see what she's like when she's eighteen. Matter of fact, I wouldn't miss it for the world! END

we're old-fashioned

(*Continued from page 54*) It sounds a little frivolous—but the MacMurrays' home has played a large part in their romance. It was the first purchase they made together, the first purchase, in fact, after June agreed to marry Fred. Even the engagement ring took second place.

There was good reason for their hurry. For both June and Fred, love came not only as a joy but as an end to sorrow. Both lived in houses filled with memories of the past. Fred's memories, to be sure, were good ones only—his seventeen-year marriage to Lillian had been more than happy—it had been close to perfect, despite her illness. But every room in the house had been decorated by her, held souvenirs of their relationship. Her room, where for months at a time she had lain ill, had known pain. It was in that room that Fred had finally found release from the suffering he had known after her death, there that he had broken down and cried like a little boy until he could accept his loss. Neither Sue nor Rob, his adopted children, could remember another home—or a time when their mother had not been in it. Good memories, yes—but memories of an old life. Now he was starting a new one, and for this new life, he needed new surroundings. Lillian's home had been New England style, filled with heavy, wonderful antiques. "We'll do everything completely differently," Fred told June. "We'll get a modern house and

Cary Grant went to the set of the George Gobel picture, where Not So Lonesome George was doing a scene with Mitzi Gaynor. Later, Mitzi said to Cary: "Gee, I can't wait to see *To Catch A Thief*. I hear your clothes are terrific." Grant smiled, and politely asked, "But what about Grace Kelly's clothes?" Mitzi replied, "But who's looking at her when you're on the screen?"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

fill it with crazy modern furniture—everything at angles, you know—"

"Nonsense!" June said, smiling. "You're a big man—you'd look ridiculous with all six-foot-three of you jutting out from one of those on-the-floor sofas. And the antiques are much too beautiful to sell. We'll find another house, and we'll hire a new couple so I can start with a home and help of my own, but that's as far as I want to go."

And for Junie, it was going quite a way—all of it out of darkness into light. Since her return from the convent she had been living with her mother and stepfather, good people who loved her and had welcomed her home, but who had troubles of their own. Their marriage was shaky then, and to June, who had known a broken marriage of her own, the sight of people she loved living in misery was heartbreaking. That home had memories, too, of John Duzik, the young doctor she had loved and had watched die.

So the day after Fred proposed, they purchased, in both their names, a Brentwood Colonial mansion. It cost them $139,500, and it was worth every penny.

A month before the wedding, Fred and the kids moved into the house. Under June's direction they arranged the furniture and organized the closets. Having gotten the house in order, the kids left for camp and Fred for Wyoming by way of Ojai, where he and June were married.

"It wasn't until we got back from a month of movie-making and honeymoon-



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ing in Wyoming that we really learned what a marvelous home we'd bought," June recalls with some obvious satisfaction.

"We didn't have to do a thing to it except add a dining table here, a breakfront there—and a pool. All the carpeting and wallpaper that came with the house suited us perfectly, so we left it alone. Our furniture looked right and so did Fred."

The largest and most used room in the house is the playroom. St. George Tucker and Nelson Eddy called it a music room, but June and Fred find that they use it as more of a family recreation room. They just naturally gravitate around the fireplace for a drink before dinner. When ten-year-old Rob comes in from football practice, he heads in this direction and plops down on the couch to talk over the day's events with June and Fred. His and Sue's friends are always welcome here for cokes, for the 16mm movies Fred often runs at home, and, when art-lovers come to admire Fred's framed water-color on the wall.

"It was getting so we weren't using the living room at all," says Fred with a straight face. "That's why June took up piano—to keep the room occupied."

"That's not true," laughs June. "I love the living room. It's so dignified and marvelous for a formal party. But it's true our family doesn't go in it much."

Beyond the living room there's a small, private den for reading and watching television. It's painted ox-blood red, which makes it seem very warm and cozy. Fred reads scripts here, alone with the hi-fi.

And still farther on is what is jokingly known as the "Fibber McGee" room. June and Fred are undecided whether to turn it into a guest bedroom or a changing room for the pool. Meanwhile, it's jammed with odds and ends of furniture, miscellaneous books and old records. Last Christmas Fred put up a sawhorse table in the room so that June could wrap and store packages in private confusion. He also went up to the attic and dug up his own version of a ribbon-holder. It consisted of an orange-crate base and two notched arms. On the arms he had suspended curtain rods for a holding spool of various colored ribbons. Which production caused his undignified bride to perch on tiptoe, kiss his chin and remark, "Now I know I've married the most talented man in Hollywood—Rube Goldberg!"

The MacMurray dining room remained unfinished for months after the rest of the house looked well-lived-in. They waited and waited until they could find the right table. It had to be large enough to fill the room. And Fred specifically wanted one with straight legs so that no matter where a guest sat he wouldn't get his feet tangled in the table base—a problem that Fred, with his long limbs, is always having.

It took them longer than usual to find a table because they were determined to look together and they could only search when Fred wasn't working. Finally they found just the right piece in a one-hundred-year-old Irish antique. It's just what Fred had in mind and it looks very well in company with a French sideboard and an English serving table.

Let's be modern?

Originally, when the subject of the kind of house they'd buy was discussed, June and Fred thought they wanted a one-story, four-bedroom place.

"But it seems that when you get four bedrooms strung out on one level, it takes days to round up the family," explains Fred. "So after looking at a few such ranch-type houses we changed our minds. We went back to the old-fashioned, two-story jobs."

Rob's very boyish bedroom is at one end of the second floor. Sue's comes next. Her interest is horses and ranching, so her room is tailored, but in a pretty pink. Then comes Fred's upstairs study. Luckily, this study was already decorated in forest green and touches of red, so his heavy oak desk and masculine chairs fit beautifully. The dressing room and bath adjoining this room are massive and designed to suit a meticulous man. And Fred is that. He takes pride in keeping his business matters and clothes in fantastically good order.

The master bedroom is blue (June has always had a blue bedroom) with a fireplace, a four poster bed, a couch and a coffee table. Over the fireplace hangs a painting by Corbelli of a dreamy young girl. June had admired the painting one night as she and Fred were strolling through the Biltmore Hotel lobby. It was part of a hotel exhibit by contemporary artists.

"I was immensely attracted to it," recalls June. "We stopped and had a look at it. By the next day I'd forgotten about it. And Fred never mentioned it again. But on Christmas morning I opened a surprise package from him and there was the young girl. I couldn't help it. I cried."

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Not counting the extra dividends like the attic, the basement and Fred's small studio, there are eleven rooms in the house. But it's these dividends that make it such a wonderful home for them. In the basement June can store the preserves, nuts and dried fruit that come from their ranch near San Francisco. Fred's workshop is there. He has a big collection of power tools and leather working equipment, all in continual use.

The attic is June's department. There she stores out-of-season clothes in large cedar-lined closets. She has neatly labeled shelves for extra and little-used sets of dishes. The rest of the spacious attic is a cheerful jumble of luggage, old lamps and porch furniture.

"I love an attic," says June happily. "Fred and I both come from the middle west, where a home isn't a home without a slightly disorganized attic. This one at our house is so big and airy that it's going to be perfect for Sis and Rob when they want to give slumber parties, the way Fred and I did when we were kids."

She beams, talking about the kids. In this close friendly house they have learned to know and love each other with real warmth. In the early days of their romance Fred worried about his children's reaction to a "new mother." He met June only a year after Lillian's death; would the children think him disloyal to her memory, he wondered, or would they realize that it was the happiness he had known with his first wife that gave him the hope of happiness again? He knew that—but they were so young, so lonely for their mother.

"Dad wouldn't be so silly!"

Everyone in Hollywood knew of Fred's deep love for them, and of his concern. When gossips hinted that he and June were about to elope, *had* eloped, had been married abroad, even the columnists sprang to his defense. "Fred would never marry without telling his children first," they insisted. But the rumors went on. And when Fred returned from South America, where he and June had been among a group of American stars at a film festival, he found his kids, whitefaced and anguished, waiting for him in the living room, a newspaper crumpled on the rug. He knew what was in it—headlines, saying that he and June were married. He saw no sense in asking them what was wrong. He said only, "You know that's not true—I wouldn't, without telling you beforehand," and to his immense relief the faces brightened, the eyes cleared, and Sue turned to Rob. "See?" she scolded, "I told you Dad wouldn't be so silly!"

June they liked from the start—it was only the idea that they might not know what was going on that scared them. So June spent much of her time with them, playing word games, going bowling with them, taking them places—but never intruding upon their precious hours with their father. Many evenings she dined with her sister while Fred ate with his children and joined her later. When Sue and Rob, not knowing what to call her, settled hesitantly on just plain "June," she was delighted. And when she and Fred were finally married, making their first phone call to his excited children—as their own blessing to the wedding, the kids greeted her with "Hi—Mom!" It reduced the bride to the happiest tears of her life. Later they went back to "June," which suits them all.

Located in age right between Fred and Sue, June has turned what could have been an awkward relationship into a perfect one. The kids come to her for fun, for advice, for sympathy and learning and tenderness. Discipline she leaves strictly to Fred. ("He's done so beautifully with them so far; why should I change things?") It was more than a desire to keep Fred's beautiful antiques that led her to use so much of Lillian's furniture in her new home—she knew that seeing the familiar objects would give the children the sense of security and safety they needed. The result is that Sue, attending a boarding and ranch school (she wants to manage her father's ranch eventually) looks forward to her vacations with glee, and Rob, an active lad of ten, displays toward June an attitude compounded half of affection and half of jealousy—she weighs more than he does, and stands taller, and he's a boy and she's a girl so he doesn't think that's fair. June never has to urge him to drink his milk—he's determined to outgrow her in short order.

You only to have to be in a room with them for a few minutes to be sure that their happiness is solid and deep-rooted. So deep-rooted that there arises the obvious question: What more could they ask for?

"Nothing certainly," answers Fred. "All we want is more of the same—being together as a family, doing things we all enjoy. Of course, June and I might do a little traveling. We've talked of motoring around Europe this summer. But maybe not. You see we're pretty self-satisfied. We think we have heaven right here behind a picket fence."

And they pretty much do. **END**

(Continued from page 65) naturally and so honestly that you feel like the person you're portraying.

Now as I sang I saw Shirley's hazel eyes cloud slowly, and then the tears that made me happy rolled down her cheeks.

For the most surprising part of the story is that Shirley wasn't supposed to cry at all! Just listen to my song with a dreamy expression.

When I saw her tears I got that wonderful "go!" feeling. I forgot the cameras, the crew, everything.

And for the next few minutes I guess I sang better than I had in my whole life.

When we finished the assistant director said, "I didn't know you two girls knew each other."

Shirley and I answered in chorus, "We don't!"

After the test, Shirley knew from her own experience that I now faced four or five days of almost unbearable suspense waiting to hear 20th's decision.

And just before we parted that day she said, "I wish you all the luck in the world, Barbara, but try to forget this audition if you can. Let me be the one to remember it." It was a wonderful thing for her to say.

Then one morning the phone rang and my agent said, "Hello, Carrie." Then I was so happy I cried. But I don't think I would have made it without Shirley.

A short time later the studio told me that I should prepare for a location trip to Maine for the outdoor scenes.

Frick and Frack

And I learned Shirley and I would share a little cottage 20th had rented.

Shirley left before I did, since she had a concert to give in New York. I arrived in Maine late in the afternoon of the day Shirley was scheduled to fly up.

Somehow I didn't want the best bed, the best chest of drawers, the sunny end of the room. Somehow I wanted everything to be perfect for her when she came.

Well, she got to the cottage late that night. She was exhausted after a very hectic two days. We talked for a few minutes, and all of a sudden she was asleep.

We got up at 5:30 a.m. and it was just as if we had been roommates for years instead of one night. For the first time in my life I didn't worry about forgetting to put the cap back on the toothpaste. Shirley never cares, although she always replaces it.

As the days went by we became closer. We studied our scripts at night and got to bed early. On week ends we just naturally had dates together.

And of course the most deliriously happiest discovery of all—we could wear each other's clothes! Right down to the shoes!

We stayed together so much during those months that the location crew began calling us "Frick and Frack." We never could decide who was who.

But one thing I did decide. Fate had allowed me to become a friend of the nicest girl I'll ever know in my life. I can only try to begin to tell you how much I like and respect her.

I remember once I saw a picture of her in a fashion magazine long before I met her. And I said to myself, "What a lovely, young, uncomplicated face." I felt that it would be a nice thing to know that girl.

She had (and still has) the look of a bride on her wedding day. That's what makes her so attractive. She just radiates.

I've heard people say that Shirley is too shy for Hollywood. It isn't shyness at all. Just good manners. If she hasn't anything to say, unlike some, she keeps silent.

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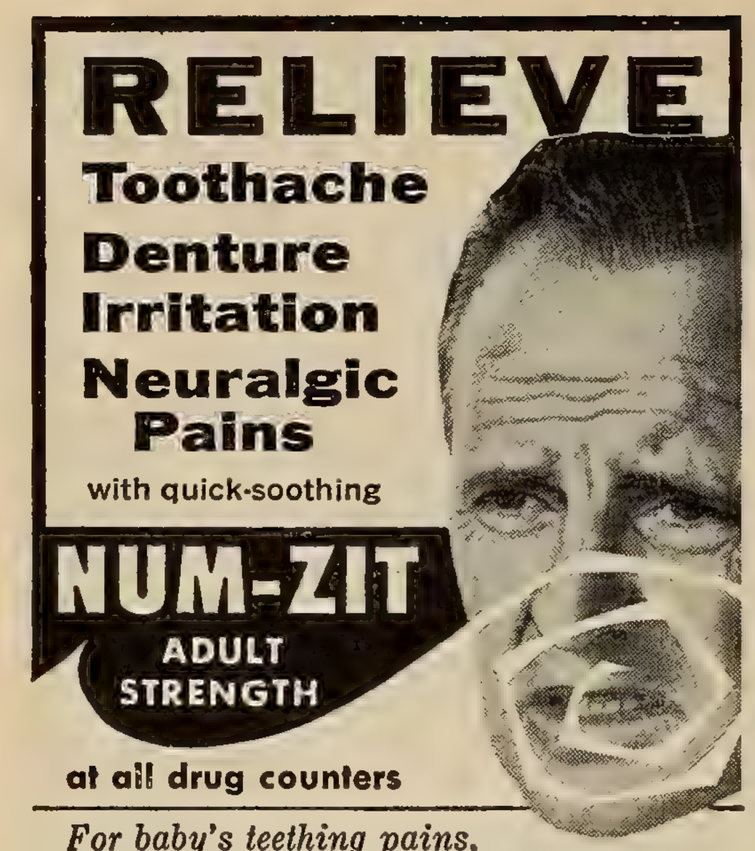
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That's why I know her so well now. Her moods! I always knew in a flash when she was unhappy. Later I'd ask what was bothering her. She'd say, "Oh, Barbie, I was awful today. How can the studio have confidence in me anymore? I'll never be good enough."

Then we'd talk it over and later after we'd seen the rushes of the scenes she thought were bad, she'd cheer up.

A lot of people wanted to know, "How can you two singers, in a fiercely competitive profession, get along so well?"

The answer is easy. We don't compete. And I think we have substituted something else for the natural feeling of rivalry. That is understanding.

On dates we go out with men we both like and they've got to like us. "Like me, like my sister," that's our motto. And we trust each other, too. You can't chum around with a girl like Shirley for very long without learning that she knows what she's doing.

One night Shirl and I were going to a movie. The theatre was a long way off and we decided to drive. But on the way to the car Shirl said, "Give me the keys, Barbie."

I said, "Oh, are you going to drive?" Let's face it, driving is *not* one of my girl friend's stellar accomplishments.

I had been doing all the driving. I'm the type. I have to be at the wheel, except of course when I'm with a fellow.

Shirl looked at me with mock surprise. "Why, of course, Barbie, you know I can drive."

I gave her the keys. After we got into the car, Shirley sat for about two minutes studying the dashboard and the steering wheel. I didn't say anything. Then Shirley said, "I think I understand it now."

Then she said, racing the motor, "Here we go!" We went all right—backwards! By now I was as nervous as a fox with four cubs in a forest fire.

But not Shirley. "Whoops!" she said. "Wrong way." This in a calm voice that was maddening.

We finally got the car going. By "going" I mean bucking and rocking like a wild steer. But Shirley kept that ladylike calm despite the fact that other drivers must have thought our car was being operated by a mambo addict.

Somehow Shirley made it, but when we got out of the car Shirley said, "You know, Barbie, I had the funny feeling all the way over that there was something you wanted to say to me."

I gave her a big, surprised look. "Who? Me? Oh, no, Shirl. Not me, Shirl."

Then I saw the twinkle in her eye and we both started to laugh. We were still giggling about it all the way through the first feature.

Sam and us

I had thought about inviting Shirley to live with me after we finished *Carousel* but I wasn't sure she'd accept. The night before we left Maine I suggested it.

She said she'd love it.

Our apartment isn't anything special. It's in the heart of Hollywood. From the outside it looks like a lot of others.

Inside we have a large bedroom with two beds and two dressers. The kitchen is small, but "cookable."

We have a hi-fi set and records by the stacks. Classical, semi-classical and popular. Shirley loves music. "There must be something good in any human being who will use music to tell the world what is in his heart," says Shirley.

When we're at home we sing, dance, read, throw pillows, (they're aqua and yellow) or just stretch out on the floor (covered with a dark brown carpeting).

We have a big white mask ornament on one wall and everybody calls him "Sam."

The first thing after every party we say to each other, "Who's going to investigate Sam?"

You see Sam has holes where his eyes and mouth are. Sometimes Sam is full of olive pits. Quite often we find behind his stern, sour face, such things as pennies, crumpled straws, little notes addressed to one of us, paper clips, rubber bands, and peanuts. We love Sam.

People who have seen Shirley and me in the rough cuts of *Carousel* always say (after first raving about Shirley's beautiful performance): "You two act like you have been close friends since childhood. Where did you get the I've-known-you-all-my-life feeling? It seems to be more than acting."

It *is* more than acting.

We seem to share the same thoughts.

Take the case of the robes.

For the first few weeks in our apartment, we just lounged about in pajamas.

One day I had the afternoon off and went shopping. Without any reason at all I bought a short satin lounging robe. It was pink, my favorite color, and was cut extra full.

That night when Shirley got home she had a package under her arm.

She said, "Barbie, I don't know why I bought this. I'll never use it. But for some reason I just had to have it."

She opened the box and there was a lounging robe exactly like mine. To make it even more surprising it was pink, and Shirley's favorite color is green. And she had made the purchase at exactly the same time that I had made mine.

Someone to trust

When you have somebody to confide in, someone you are not afraid will think you foolish, you have a blessing. And Shirley is the one person to whom I can pour out my heart. Without her I would be very lonely indeed.

Shirley doesn't want to become a glamour girl. She rarely goes to night clubs, but loves the movies. She dates frequently, but not too often with the same boy except for Johnny Anderson, one of Hollywood's promising assistant producers. But there isn't anything serious between them.

Almost all of our time is spent working or studying. Shirley is charged with a clean kind of ambition which she once explained to me. I've never forgotten it.

"Barbie," she said, "there's only one way to get out of life the things you want the most. Work for them and think about them."

The night of the big Hollywood première of *Oklahoma!* was about the only time I've ever seen Shirley nervous. This was what she had studied and worked for since she was a child. You'd think she would be completely enveloped in the wonder and excitement of it all. But not our Shirley.

The last thing she said to me as we stepped out of the car before the theatre, blazing with lights and the cheering fans, was, "Barbie, please don't leave me for an instant. I'll just die." When we finally got seated inside the theatre Shirley grabbed my hand and said, "Barbie, I don't think I can ever do that again."

But the big day in Shirley's life will be more important than any première. That will be her wedding day. She isn't in love now and I suspect it will be a long time before she does give her heart to the man of her choice.

Shirley had one unhappy experience with love, or what she thought was love, when she was in her teens. Now she is doubly cautious. Her romantic inclinations since, have been nothing more than casual infatuations with a few fellows.

Shirley believes that every woman born must satisfy a basic need, the desire for a husband and children. But Shirley knows that nature does not make provision for careers.

I remember one night we were lying in bed, talking.

Shirley said: "You know, Barbie, if we want to get married and be happy and still have our careers we've got to be careful. I've practically dedicated my life to becoming a singer and once in a while I feel as though I'm being overpowered by it all.

"I love my work but I know I'll never be happy until I marry the man I love and have a family. I've got to become a better singer, a better actress, a good wife, a good mother. Oh, I've got so much to learn. Gosh, Barbie, how will I ever get smart enough to do all those things?"

I think Shirl is smart enough now.

Knowing Shirley Jones and loving her as much as I do has taught me many things. Patience, understanding and the pure joy of sharing.

I'm so happy I made her cry. **END**

miss saint goes west

(*Continued from page 48*) wife clasping the world in her arms.

"It was hard to leave the baby when I was making *That Certain Feeling* at Paramount," Eva said as she played with the chubby child on her lap. "But then I managed to bring him down to the dressing room quite often."

She put Darrell down on the floor and gave him a toy to play with. "Of course, we're both crazy about him," she added. Like a proud mother, she promptly produced a raft of pictures that the proud father had taken. "Our lives center around the baby so much that I sometimes think it would be wise for us to have another.

"However, I try not to make a big thing of motherhood. Out here in Hollywood I've noticed so many of the women run to a pediatrician with their babies every five minutes. I take Darrell when he needs his shots and things like that, but otherwise I grab Dr. Spock's book off the shelf and try to apply a little common sense. It stands to reason that if the mother fusses and gets nervous, the baby will, too."

Darrell, Eva explained, is a name she and Jeff found in a book. "We were looking for something that couldn't be shortened down into a nickname."

Do it yourself

Whereas most stars have full staffs of servants, Eva prefers to take care of her home, her husband and her son all by herself. "Back in our New York apartment I always did the housework and all the cooking," she added. "But when I started making the picture here I had to give this up. I wasn't getting home from the studio until 7 p.m. and that was a little late to start rustling up a dinner, especially when I'm married to a man who's ready to eat the minute he gets home from the studio at 6:30 p.m.

"So we hired a maid, and that was a story in itself. The agency sent this woman up and she really looked the part. She was quite fancy, serving dinner in a tricky uniform with a little starched white cap and apron. The outfit was fine, but the food was terrible. I lost five pounds that week and Jeff simply gave up eating. So we decided to give up the maid. Then I managed to find a woman whose cooking tasted more like mine."

And then it happened. While Eva was talking, the baby crawled across the floor to the low marble coffee table which stood before the fireplace. Suddenly he reached up, grabbed the top of it and pulled himself to his feet. His mother was as proud and excited as if they had just handed her another Oscar.

"That's the first time he ever stood up by himself," she said, regarding Darrell with something akin to awe. "You know, I had a definite feeling when I was dressing him this morning that somehow this was going to be a special day. Now I know I was right."

The interview was forgotten for a moment. Eva might have been alone in the room as she hugged her baby to her and half whispered, "This is a red letter day. young man. Wait until your father hears."

But before the young man could take his full bow for his performance, the door bell rang. Two husky men informed Eva they were there to pick up the furniture.

Eva leaped up, probably to prevent being dumped on the floor.

"We're renting this place furnished," Eva explained as one of the men carried out the big chair in which she had been sitting. "The sun faded all the furniture by the window and the landlord is having it recovered. So I guess I'll be sitting on the floor for a spell."

Speak softly Saint

She plunked herself down next to Darrell. She was about to continue the conversation when she noticed the men had passed up the ottoman that matched one of the chairs. Somewhat timidly, she pointed this out to them.

"I ain't got no order to pick up that ottoman," one of them replied.

"But wouldn't it be easier to take it now rather than come all the way back up here for it later? Because it will have to be matched to the chairs," Eva said.

The fellow turned and looked down at the girl sitting cross-legged on the floor. If anybody had told him he was talking to a $100,000-a-picture star he'd have probably laughed in his face. With her blonde hair tumbling down around her shoulders and no make-up other than a smidgin of lipstick, Eva looked more like the neighborhood baby sitter.

"Lady," the man repeated, his voice heavy with exasperation. "I've only got an order for the chairs. I can't help it if your ottoman doesn't match. And I ain't going to worry about it. All I know is I can't pick any more furniture up."

Eva didn't argue the point. She smiled sweetly and shrugged slightly.

"Now that Jeff has signed to direct pictures at MGM, we're thinking of buying or building a place here," Eva continued, when peace was restored. "But I worked so hard fixing up our apartment in Greenwich Village that I'd sort of like to have a little breather before starting the whole process over again out here."

At the suggestion that they were making enough money to turn the whole problem over to a competent decorator, Eva threw up her hands in horror.

"Never," she cried. "That would take all the joy out of it for us. Jeff and I had such fun planning and shopping for things for the apartment. We used to spend whole Saturdays just looking at furniture and when we'd finally buy a certain piece it would be a big day."

Both Eva and Jeff have simple tastes. Despite the fact that her services per picture now carry a $100,000 price tag, the Haydens aren't planning on living it up in great style. True, the home they've rented in the hills overlooking Hollywood could hardly be called a shack. But compared to most stars' diggings, it's very modest.

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Nor do Eva and Jeff fling dough around in other ways. "We don't go out much because Jeff prefers eating at home," Eva said. "In the several months we've been in Hollywood we've yet to walk into Ciro's or the Mocambo. We're just not interested in that kind of life. We'd rather visit with a few friends."

Unlike most women, Eva has no desire for a mink coat. "I just don't happen to like the feeling of furs on me, though I admire them on other women. So I won't be spending any money that way. I think my feelings date back to the time my father bought me one of those heavy mouton coats. I got caught in the rain in it and it weighed a ton. Also, it smelled something awful from then on, but I had to keep wearing it. I guess that cured me.

How to be shy in Hollywood

"Another thing I don't care for is a large party, and you get invited to so many of them out here," Eva added. "If there are more than ten people I never have a good time. I just go sit in a corner until it's time to go home."

Maybe it is this behavior that has led some Hollywoodites to label Miss Saint either an intellectual snob or a painfully shy creature. Though she is still rather reserved, especially when she's around people she doesn't know well, she's not the shy girl she was when she sought the help of a psychoanalyst. That was before her marriage in 1951.

"I was so timid that groups of more than six frightened me," she once explained. Eva visited the analysist five times a week for two years. She now says it helped her become a better actress.

"My emotional state was affecting my work and something had to be done," she said. "My visits made me a new woman and enabled me to mature as an actress."

Eva has no complaints about her current status. "I've reached that wonderful place in the career of an actress where I can do what I like," she says. "I can play the parts I want and turn down the ones I dislike. I decided on the comedy, *That Certain Feeling*, because I thought it would be a good change of pace for me after *Waterfront*. Of course I'm interested in money for security reasons but I'm determined not to sacrifice my artistic freedom for it. I want to do what I please and go where I please."

But at first it looked as though Hollywood would definitely *not* please Miss Saint. When Eva arrived at Paramount studios last October to make *That Certain Feeling* with the effervescent Bob Hope she didn't exactly do nip-ups over the idea of being interviewed by a small army of Hollywood scribes. This was her first time on a filmland soundstage, *Waterfront* having been filmed entirely in the east.

She wasn't prepared for the noise, the confusion, the horseplay and the packs of set-side visitors that go hand and glove with a Bob Hope production. "When we made *Waterfront* Kazan wouldn't allow any outsiders on the set and everything was very serious," she explained. "So working with Hope was a strange experience. The set was a madhouse. I never saw so many people on the sidelines. I didn't like it. It made me nervous the first few days but then I got used to it. One day I looked up to find the whole Notre Dame football team had dropped in to watch. If that had happened the first day I'd probably have gone running back to New York."

But she wouldn't have. Not without Jeff.

Eva readily admits that her handsome, dark-haired husband has a lot to do with the what and the where. "We'll live wherever Jeff's work takes him. He's the important one in this family. When I came out to make the picture with Hope I didn't plan on staying here because Jeff's TV directing would keep him in New York. But now he's been signed at MGM so we'll dig in and stay for a spell."

It's no secret that Mrs. Hayden thinks Mr. Hayden is the greatest guy in the world. When asked to explain why, she looked at the unique hasp-shaped gold wedding band for several minutes before answering. Finally she spoke.

"I'll tell you what I love about him—he's kind and sensitive and good. He's talented and intelligent. I'm being objective when I say he's really a brilliant director. And Jeff has a wonderful sense of humor."

When it comes to a sense of humor, Eva is well supplied herself. She pointed out her brand new white Ford station wagon in the garage. "I'm taking driving lessons," she said. "Of course I was a typical woman when it came to picking the car out. Jeff and I went down to the auto show and I got behind the wheel of every model. I wasn't checking the mechanical features, understand. I'd ask Jeff, 'How do I look in this one?'" Eva laughed. "The station wagon went best with my pony tail."

No Grace Kelly!

In her film with Hope Eva sports a much fancier hair-do. And she doesn't wear any old sweatshirts. Paramount has given her a real glamour treatment, including a sensational Edith Head wardrobe. Eva was thrilled with the clothes and the coiffure but not with the comments that had her looking like Grace Kelly. "It's not true," she insists. "I wish they wouldn't harp on that."

Edith Head, who's close to both girls, agrees with Eva. "It's ridiculous for people to compare them," she snaps. "Why, Eva couldn't be less like Grace. They're both blondes and they're both girls and there the resemblance stops. They have entirely different personalities. Eva, by the way, has a divine sense of humor."

Eva Marie is a trusting soul. She has the unusual ability to trust completely those with whom she works, from technicians to directors. As a result, they very rarely let her down. They admire her not only for her talent, but her deep respect for her profession and because she is an absolute perfectionist about it.

According to those who know her, she hates to talk about herself and doesn't make friends easily. She doesn't seem to want them. She cares little for movie stardom, though she's a cinch to become one of our biggest stars. She makes her own terms and insists upon them only when she is sure of her grounds. She is definite and firm about decisions affecting her as an actress, but she isn't to be labeled defiant or difficult. She refuses to sacrifice her artistic freedom for a movie career—but she's more than willing to listen and learn from those whose opinions she respects.

She's overcome the timidity that plagued her in high school, but she's still reserved. On screen she'll play any kind of woman; off screen she has no desire to charm people *en masse*. She'll settle for charming just two—her husband and her son. She wants Hollywood to accept her and respond to her as an actress, but she has still some reservations about accepting, and responding to Hollywood. But in all probability the two of them, Hollywood and Eva Marie, will end up getting along fine.

In the words of Edith Head: "I'll make you a prediction. Hollywood may change its opinion of Eva Marie Saint, but Eva Marie isn't going to change from what she is—and that's good!" **END**

william campbell

(Continued from page 55) put his foot down, that was the end of it.

As children do, they realized that love surrounded them, that they formed the core of their parents' world. Unconsciously they absorbed the atmosphere created for them. Because Dad was protective of Mom, so were the boys. If he was head of the house, she was its queen, cherished by all her males. The family relationship became for Bill a standard of reference, a kind of ideal by which to measure other human relationships. Even with his brother he never fought. "Partly," he explains, "because Bob refused to argue. He'd just laugh and stick his nose in a book. But heaven help anyone who picked on either of us. That's when we lined up solid against all comers."

Love didn't preclude discipline. Discipline, indeed, was a necessary part of love, and rules were made to be kept. Until he was twelve, Bill had to be in bed by nine. Feeling his oats, this grew to be a sore point with him. One evening he skipped dinner, announcing that he wasn't hungry and would eat later. What he failed to announce was that big plans were afoot—something to do with filching watermelons off a wagon. The campaign was still a-plotting when Dad's faraway whistle reached his ears. At least, it sounded far away, which was Bill's mistake. "Well," he grumbled, "there's the watchdog again," and glanced up to find the watchdog right behind him, digesting the tribute.

Junior got a head start. Up the stairs he raced and crawled under his bed. Dad fished him out with the broom. "I've got news for you. You're going to bed without dinner." That was all—except for a look in his eyes that desolated Bill. Having hurt his father, having lost face with his gang, having damaged his own self-respect, he cried himself to sleep and woke at one, startled to find Dad sitting on the edge of the bed. The look in his eyes was gone, replaced by a smile. "Feel better, son? So do I. And about that watchdog business, I guess you're right. Just try to understand that it's my job as your pop to help keep you out of trouble till you're old enough to stay out of trouble yourself. Now you come in the kitchen. I fixed a little supper for you."

Let the girls be smart

High school was a ball. Who needed Latin and who gave a hang about grades? An articulate joe with a mind of his own, Bill preferred the exhilaration of verbal skirmish with his teachers to a string of A's. Let girls be smart, guys were supposed to be dumb. All except Bob, a brilliant student who won from the Board of Education its Citizenship Award as the boy most likely to succeed. While Bob read a book a day, Bill covered the social front. Dancing contests were his meat and girls his avocation. No special girl, just girls in the round. They impressed him at an early age. "I must have been two."

Applause impressed him, too. As president of the dramatic club, he wangled himself leads in the school plays, and tasted the first heady sweets of acclaim. Steamed up, he'd elaborate at home on what fun it must be to act for a living. The Campbells didn't believe in pouring cold water. Neither did they believe in encouraging the impossible. "Let him talk," they figured.

In '43, just before he turned seventeen, these matters became academic. He'd persuaded his folks to let him enlist in the Navy and the day of departure for Great Lakes, Illinois, had come. For young Bill, the horrors of war held vague reality. Rather, the air seemed charged with adventure, with the promise of new experience, almost with a sense of holiday—and he couldn't wait to be off. To save emotional wear and tear, Dad was driving him to Newark's Penn Station alone. On the living-room table lay a lonely little package—toothbrush and paste, shaving stuff, writing paper and a five dollar bill, tied together by Mom. Bill made like a restive horse at the starting gate and Mom kept saying, "Relax, you've got an hour yet."

And then goodbye

At last it was time. He picked up the little package and went over to kiss Mom goodbye. But within that brief step, an utter revolution took place in Bill. With a shock of blinding clarity, he realized suddenly how his mother felt, how much of her life would go through that door with him. Suddenly he saw war as his mother saw it, and the finality of this family break. Anguish knifed through him, driving the blood from his head, melting his bones, seeming to shatter his heart into little bits. "I want to stay home," he thought wildly. They clung to each other. As he broke away and rushed down to his father's Chevvy, it was as if the world's solid floor had dropped from under him.

For a while Dad remained his stoical self. But the farther they drove, the more talkative he grew. Not only talkative, but repetitive, the burden of his theme being, "Don't forget to write to your old lady." And, five seconds later: "For my part, I don't need any letters. Women are different. You *should* write to your mother." Nearing the station, he hit another pitch. "Let me drive you to New York." Bill, however, was close to breakdown. His nerves shrank from prolonging the agony. So, for the twenty-minute trip to Manhattan, Dad dumped twenty magazines into his lap. As long as he lives, one image will stay with Bill Campbell—the image of that pillar of strength, his father, all 210 pounds of him, standing on the platform of the Hudson Tube, calling through quivering lips to his first-born: "Write, write, write."

He served for three years and four months, mostly on a mine-sweeper in the Pacific. He emerged an adult.

The sheer joy of reunion marked his first month at home. Yet under the joy lay turmoil over his future. What to do now? How to take care of himself in civilian life?

The seed of decision must have been lying fallow. For one day his feet took him to South Side High and up to Miss Waugh's sanctum to talk things over. Miss Waugh, who'd been his dramatic coach, supplied the crucial shove. "I always thought you'd be good in the theatre."

Our next scene shows us the Campbells in a huddle, with Bill unpacking his heart, and the others listening. In the end, all eyes turned to Dad. "I don't know much about the theatre," he said slowly. "It seems to me an insecure way of life. But if you want to give it a whirl, Bill, I'll back you. On one condition. After you've been at it a while, I'd like to see you act. Even though you are my son, I can be objective. I'll expect the same objectivity from you. If you show promise, okay. If not, you quit. Is that agreeable?"

Under those terms he enrolled at the American Theatre Wing for ex-GIs, and six months later played the role of Larry Renault—the drunk who commits suicide—in a student production of *Dinner At Eight.* Out in the audience sat Dad, who didn't know much about acting but whose uncompromising honesty would tell him whether the fellow up there was a phony. The show over, a jittery Bill watched the



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dressing-room door, aware that no punches would be pulled. But Dad walked in smiling and proffered his hand. "I'll back you all the way."

Two years of productive study. Weary months of job-hunting which led to nothing more productive than heartache. Deal or no deal, Bill hated the fact that he wasn't paying his way. In part, the GI Bill covered expenses, but Dad covered more of them. Except for his family's faith, which never wavered, he couldn't have stuck it out.

One day an agent called. Would he take a small part on tour with *The Man Who Came To Dinner,* paying him ninety-two dollars a week? At almost the same moment, a blow fell. Mom, they discovered, needed a major operation. "I'm staying right here," said Bill.

"You're *going,*" said Mom, and refused to enter the hospital till after he'd left.

Dad's wire reached him in Boston: "Operation successful. Mother resting well. Everything fine." Jubilant on one hand, Bill now began worrying over the financial end. Unwilling to trespass on his father's proud independence, he wrote Mom privately. "I can send you most of my salary now. Dad needn't know."

Her answering letter was tender, reassuring and firm. "Your father's taken care of me for twenty-three years. Believe me, Bill, he's not going to stop now."

Nut with cards

The road tour took him to Los Angeles. After the first night's performance he found two cards on his dressing-room table—one from 20th-Fox, one from Warner Brothers. Being a Broadway-dedicated boy, his impulse was to treat them as a joke. "You're nuts!" screamed his more knowledgeable companions. "You're the only one who got any cards. Hike yourself up there!"

At 20th his interview started with a bang and ended with a bleat. The talent scout who heard him read called the man higher up. The man higher up called five or six other guys. Fizzing on all cylinders, they handed him into a limousine and drove him to the casting director's office. The casting director shook hands as the telephone rang, talked into it for ten minutes, hung up and eyed Bill absently. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Campbell. Come back anytime you're in town."

Then why bother with Warners? "Because you must," urged his colleagues. "Only this time take an agent along." So green was Bill that he didn't even know his agency had a Hollywood office. But agent or none, the trek to Burbank was a gesture, a barren form. Nothing would come of it. To his amazement, a test came of it. And, thirty days later, an option exercised at more money than he knew existed. Hardly had he grasped the news, which reached him in Vancouver, before he was on the phone, calling Newark. Hearing about Hollywood, Mom couldn't believe her ears. Hearing about the dough, neither could Dad.

Like others before him, Bill learned the painful way that Hollywood's a roller coaster, swinging you high, dropping you low. Despite good notices in two pictures, Warners dusted him off. MGM picked him up for a free-lance job in *The People Vs. O'Hara.* Which proved manna from heaven for more reasons than one. It removed from his lips the sour taste of defeat. It kept him in movies, which he'd grown to love. It gave him work in a Spencer Tracy film and fourteen pages of solid dialogue with the star, for whom his respect bordered on reverence.

Bill memorized those lines till he could have said them counter-clockwise, and spent the first week ducking behind flats when Tracy appeared, too shy to risk an encounter with his hero. On the day of their big scene, they were still strangers. Bill played a witness, whose testimony Lawyer Tracy was trying to break. As he seated himself in the chair, his mind went blank. Reaching wildly for the first line, it eluded him. Panic set in.

But when Tracy fed him the cue, wonders of wonders, out popped the right line. His nerves steadied. And, as the scene progressed, a strange thing happened. He began to feel that this man who looked him straight in the eye was helping him by contending with him. Each was determined to make that scene his own, each struggled for it every inch of the way, neither giving nor asking quarter.

The final word was said. Followed by a hush. Followed by a thunder of sound as every member of the crew, every one of the 150 extras rose to his feet and broke into applause. Coming out of his trance, Bill saw that Pat O'Brien and John Hodiak were applauding, too. That, unbelievably, so was Tracy the Great. To have his life, he couldn't have stirred just then. Motionless, he watched the big man walk toward him. "You little so-and-so," said Tracy with deliberation. "Are you under contract here?"

"No sir," gulped Bill.

"Would you like to be?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, by tonight you will be."

And he was.

Which constituted the high point for a while. TV shook the industry, curtailed output, made competition rough and, among plenty of others, affected Bill. At MGM he drew roles that failed to further his career and at length they dropped him. But Bill was no longer scared. He knew the score now. Experience had taught him confidence. He'd gained stature with insiders, as evidenced by Bill Wellman, who tapped him for *The High And The Mighty.* There he made his mark on the public. "How about that Campbell?" people began asking. Kirk Douglas asked the same question of U-I. "I want him for my sidekick in *Man Without A Star.*" Though the studio didn't own him then, they co-starred him, while Columbia gave him top billing in *Cell 2455.* A personal appearance tour, covering both pictures, crystallized his soaring popularity. He's under contract now to Universal, where he's finished *Backlash* with Dick Widmark and *No Power On Earth.* He's signed to do one a year for Wayne-Fellows. Other plans are brewing, which include his family.

Meantime, on her first trip to the coast, Bill had the fun of wining and dining Mom at all the glamour spots she'd read about. But Hollywood's charms couldn't keep her from pining for Dad. She cut her stay short to go back to him.

Love and Susie

Meantime there was also a special girl. Her name was Judith Immoor. She'd come to a housewarming thrown by Bill, John Agar and Danny Arnold when they lived together in the Valley. What struck him right off were her eyes—big and deep and brown—and her unselfconscious friendliness of manner. He spent the evening making excuses to talk to her and learned that she was Susan Morrow's sister. "Once," she smiled, "you were supposed to have a date with Susan. Would you like her phone number?"

"I met you first," said Bill. "I'd rather have yours."

She was only sixteen, which he didn't discover till later. It startled him less than it might have, for she owned a maturity beyond her years. Because of her youth, however, her parents decreed that Bill couldn't date her more than once a week. This seemed to him at first a great arrangement, leaving him plenty of freedom for other activities. But suddenly other activities lost their savor. Come nightfall, Bill would find himself driving toward Judy's, parking across the street, watching the upper floor till her light went on. Then he'd sneak over and, one ear to the ground, toss pebbles up at her window. For many and many an hour did his latter-day Juliet lean on the sill while they whispered sweet nothings.

As the family grew to know Bill, as they recognized that this was love in earnest, they relaxed the rules, stipulating only that Judy must be eighteen before the two married. She turned eighteen in 1952, and wedding plans went forward. It was Judy with her lovely warmth who fixed the date. "Let's make it October 25th. Your mother's birthday."

His folks came out a month ahead of time. Bob, lately discharged from the Army, served as Bill's best man. He could have used a couple of Bobs that day. For not till he stood in the little ante room off the altar of St. Ambrose Church, did the enormity of what he was doing strike home. His eyes glazed, he clutched at his brother's arm. "What would happen," he asked hoarsely, "if I just disappeared?"

Except through a haze dimly, he can't remember the service. He can't remember walking up the church aisle. But out on the sunlit steps, with people greeting them, the numbness began to lift. He looked at his bride, and a strange sensation pierced him, swift and poignant. All at once he realized that this living creature was his, to care for through all the joys and trials of life, as Dad had cared for Mom. He was Judy's protector now, they belonged to each other as his mother and father belonged, and what gift could be sweeter?

Brother, brother and sister-in-law

With Scaramouche, who looks like a poodle though he's really a member of the family, Judy and Bill keep house in a charming apartment while they hunt for a lot on which to build. He's quit dropping his socks on the floor but continues to make a wreck of the bathroom. She's a telephone bug. Her chatter keeps him from hearing the fights on TV. For Christmas he's threatened her with a walkie-talkie phone. These idiosyncracies notwithstanding, they're happy as larks.

Bob has a little place of his own, and thereby hangs another tale. After the wedding, he never went back. Abetted by Bill and Judy, he decided to try his hand at writing. And this time it was brother who backed brother. With success.

For Bob, two lean years ended when he sold a TV show to Loretta Young and finished a movie called *The Alison Brothers.* Ever since *Man Without A Star,* Kirk Douglas had been on the lookout for a second property he could do with Campbell. Bill sent him his brother's script. Next day Kirk called. "I want it—and I want you to play in it with me." Bill, still the extrovert, bubbled over. Bob, still the introvert, was pleased but calm.

Since then he's sold two major scripts to Universal. Which brings the story full circle. For the Campbell brothers, actor and writer, are about to form their own production company, with William Campbell, Sr. as president.

Next March Dad retires from civil service. Shortly thereafter the Campbells will be together again. In the word's truest sense, they've always been together. That's the luck of Bill Campbell, born with something better than a silver spoon in his mouth—born to two people who gave him a heritage of strength through the simple and often unsung qualities of goodness, loyalty and selfless love. **END**

good, bad—or indifferent?

(*Continued from page 45*) of her life more accurately—two girls on only one Joan.

When Joan arrived in Hollywood from England a year ago last November, appropriately in a swirl of fog, she brought, along with her five bags and a citation as Britain's outstanding juvenile delinquent—on screen. Off, in the opinion of at least one London critic, "Joan couldn't start a fire in a powder factory." Others observed that in person she looked like a girl who had snitched too much of her mama's make-up and needed a good scrubbing.

Yet, because she stripped down to a Cleopatra type girdle and bra (and she has what *that* took) and played the murderous Nefertite in *Land Of The Pharaohs* with devastating skill, Joan had almost everyone in Hollywood convinced before she arrived that she was dangerous. When she followed up in Hollywood doing the same with an Elizabethan vamp in *The Virgin Queen* the deal was cinched: Collins was a real sultry killer.

Miss Nesbit objects

As a result, even Evelyn Nesbit reacted violently when Joan was first picked to play her. Seventy now, and somewhat sentimental about her past, Miss Nesbit was inclined to remember herself as a spiritual type, caught in a web of tragedy. Although paid $50,000 to release her saga for filming she still felt she had a right to comment on who played Evelyn. And she certainly didn't like the idea of letting it go to the little British sexpot she'd been hearing about.

So there were remarks—to producers, directors and publicity men around Fox, with the result that a meeting was arranged. What happened? Miss Nesbit capitulated pronto. She couldn't believe her eyes. "Why, she's a darling, sweet young lady!" she exclaimed.

Now, Joan Collins is no Elsie Dinsmore, any more than was Evelyn Nesbit. She is unconventional, independent and inclined to call a spade a spade. She is also more than somewhat bohemian, which is only natural, since she's been in show business from the age of fourteen, as her parents and grandparents were before her. But she certainly does not go about "exuding sinful allure."

Joan has dwelled modestly in two different small and inexpensive furnished apartments, with emergency billetings at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She's bought a Ford convertible which stalled on a hill the other day, where she was rescued by college boys who had no idea who she was, and didn't even ask for her telephone number. She's also acquired a mink coat which caused quite a splash back home.

But as for spicy headlines—the pickin's have been very slim. While hopefully waiting for Joan Collins to warm up, gossip columnists have been forced down to such pallid items as the facts; she likes to play volley ball and poker with the Gene Kellys, trots Cloris Leachman's two kiddies occasionally around the block, likes hot dogs and malts and hates to cook breakfast. Outside of getting chased by an unidentified masher in a drug store when she first arrived, and once pumping $40 in quarters from a Las Vegas slot machine, the most scandalous public display Joan has figured in occurred at the première of *Guys And Dolls.*

The zipper broke on her tight, white satin gown as she was dressing to go and a girl friend sewed her in with a strip of chiffon. Joan found *Guys And Dolls* very funny and each time she laughed a stitch broke loose. On leaving, when she bent over to get in the car, the whole repair job gave way, revealing the real Collins—or at least her bare back. Later at Mocambo she had to sit steaming in her fur coat, afraid to shuck it and dance. But that could have happened to your Sister Sue.

She dates them all

To that rare première (crowds make her nervous) Joan was escorted by Arthur Loew, Jr., who has pursued them all from Debbie Reynolds to Eartha Kitt. She dates him rather steadily, as she did Sid Chaplin before him, for a whole year, in fact, after she met him in Rome. Sid gave her a topaz ring and invited Joan to his dad's place in Vevey, Switzerland, last Christmas, where she romped in the snow with Charlie, Ona and all the little Chaplins. Today, it's Arthur who takes her regularly to dine, often with his mother.

These long-term steady Hollywood attachments, one properly following the other, are the only escorts Joan has acquired. She has refused even the usual young star publicity dates with unattached stags, a fact which London's *Daily Sketch* recently found sensational enough to headline in half-inch streamers—"JOAN COLLINS SNUBS HOLLYWOOD LOVE STUNTS!" There have been plenty of others who tried, of course—and you can't blame them for that.

"I guess," one finally wailed bitterly, "she's one of those European sophisticates and thinks I'm too young!"

"Tell him he's half right," Joan said when she heard about that. "I'm no sophisticate. But I *don't* like young men."

She proved that when she was nineteen years old by marrying a man twelve years her senior. It was a failure.

Joan separated from Maxwell Reed on her twenty-first birthday in London, before she went to Rome, before she met Sid Chaplin, before she came to Hollywood. Last summer—after Joan clicked in her first American films—Max Reed came to Hollywood. At that time Mr. Reed spoke mostly about how much he still loved Joan and how he hoped for a reconciliation. Joan had no comment on his comments, saw him once, talked to him on the phone another time or two. Since then it's all been between lawyers. If you ask her about any possible reconciliation today she snorts, "Absolutely *not*—and there never will be!"

At this writing Max Reed is still in Hollywood. Joan has instructions from her lawyer not to discuss her marriage. She doesn't. But what she has said about her matrimonial plans betrays confusion. Before Max arrived in Hollywood Joan announced that her forthcoming trip back to England would be for the purpose of settling matters once and for all and getting a divorce, delayed she explained, by Britain's three-year cool-off law. But back home, with the three years up, she did nothing of the sort.

"I intend to seek a California divorce," Joan told reporters, "as soon as it can be arranged. I intend to sue on grounds of mental cruelty—a sort of formality in

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California. The trouble is," she pondered, "I'm not sure if a California divorce is recognized in this country. I don't really want to take out American citizenship." The best guess is that some important money matters need ironing out before Joan and her husband can come to terms. But no California plea has been filed.

When Joan told the London press she didn't plan to become an American citizen, she meant what she said. She's a Briton. Her heart belongs to England, but her career's over here. Joan stuck in Hollywood only six weeks on her first try, then flew back home. She made her second trip to England before her first year was out, taking along a complete Davy Crockett outfit for her nine-year-old brother, Billy, and some American-made pretties for her eighteen-year-old sister, Jackie. But her mother immediately accused, "You've picked up a frightful American accent, my dear!"

Now, for some Englishmen the Revolutionary War has never really ended. When Joan alighted in London she sometimes found herself "our Joan," just escaped from a horde of vulgar barbarians who have been trying to brainwash her out of her reason and of the Queen's rights.

However, in New York on the way over, Joan had certainly said the right things that American reporters wanted to hear—even though the rush of interviews and good-will stunts was so rough that she got to most of the Broadway plays, which she really wanted to see, at the second act. She also zoomed to the top of the Empire State and other prides of the city and turned on a new stretch of lights up in the Bronx which, to her surprise, went on before she could touch the switch. She told everyone she adored America.

Joan's real feelings about the U.S.A. versus England are probably mixed, like so many other things in her life. Right now she's going through the red tape of quizzes, exams, birth certificates, et al, to secure her U. S. resident alien papers, which should make life a little easier here. Not long ago, still a non-resident alien and coming back across the border from Mexico, she courted a jam. She got out of it by explaining her accent as "Boston" to the custom official. But she worried for days afterwards if she'd wind up in jail.

All these mixups may explain why Joan says, "I never believe anything I read about myself. If I did I wouldn't know who I was." But anyone could be confused.

On one hand Joan has an inbred British reticence which makes it agonizing for her to talk about herself to strangers. "Why are you so blasé on an interview?" asked one of the first reporters who quizzed her.

"I'm not blasé," she replied honestly. "But I don't *know* you." This side of her she even carries to the extreme of being personally unable to reply to most fan letters. "How can I write to people when I haven't met them?" she puzzles.

Golf anyone?

But on the other hand, paradoxically, Joan often blurts out some beautiful bloopers by saying what comes into her mind. Not long ago she was photographed for a golf layout when a Los Angeles sports writer happened to be on the course. "Do you enjoy golf, Miss Collins?"

"Oh, no," answered Joan blandly even as she posed with the clubs. "I think it's a frightfully dull game!" He had a field day with that.

Last Christmas, she was browsing for gifts in a certain Beverly Hills shop. "Isn't this where Liberace got that dreadful sheared beaver coat?" Joan asked.

"S-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!" he shut her up. At the next counter was the smiling pianist in person. Joan wound up buying a white beaver coat for herself, and is crazy about it!

Wherever she is, Joan likes nice things. She spends much of her four-figure-a-week salary on jewelry and custom-made clothes from both Hollywood and Paris' best couturiers. When she steps out to dine at LaRue or Chasen's with Arthur Loew she's an expensively dressed, carefully groomed screen star. That too, however, is strictly professional. Left to herself around home, she seldom bothers with anything besides crazy pants and a blouse. She puts on her own make-up and does her own hair sometimes to the consternation of Fox glamour experts. They've bawled her out more than once for snipping her locks disastrously, trying out this and that effect. After one recent experiment she was even told, "You don't look a bit glamorous!" That wasn't true at all, but it goes to show how different Joan can be when she's on exhibition and when she's not. Despite her mother's dismay at her accent when she arrived in London she did begrudge one tribute to Hollywood's influence on her daughter. "At least," she allowed, "you look neater!"

This Bohemian casualness off camera is a hangover from a number of rebellious streaks which have been evidenced in Joan Collins ever since she got booted out of boarding school at twelve for smoking cigarettes.

However, none of the contradictions in Joan Collins' life, large or small, seems likely to upset her greatly. Nature equipped her with a head that's not only pretty but also pretty cool. The only thing she confesses that "makes me pop my wig" is sitting around idle, another odd and frustrating situation she has run into, considering the fact that she's been a hit since *Land Of The Pharaohs,* but has made only two pictures in almost two years since. Ranked Number Two in the recent COMPO Audience Awards for new stars and among MODERN SCREEN's 1955 Top Ten, Joan hasn't worked since August, when *Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* wound up. But that's being corrected right now in *The Opposite Sex* at MGM, a musical remake of *The Women.* Joan plays Joan Crawford's old part of Crystal—which which figures to release at least one other career frustration she frets about.

"I'm sick of being a passionate page out of the dear, dead past," states Joan. "I'm a modern girl and thank goodness I'm playing one for a change."

This up-to-date break could banish one of the minor unrealities of Joan Collins' life. But plenty of major ones remain. Some she can obviously work out and some seem destined to haunt her for keeps. Right now Joan just gives a philosophical shrug about those.

"Whatever happens will happen," she believes. "Long range plans? I haven't any. I didn't plan to come to Hollywood, but here I am. I've never planned anything in my life—and look at all that's happened to me. I'll go on living from day to day—that's what makes it interesting. I'm an actress. When they kick me out of here I'll go somewhere else and make pictures—Italy or back home—or I'll go on the stage. Wherever I go I'll do what I feel like doing. And," she adds a little wistfully, "I'll try to enjoy myself."

It doesn't look as if anyone in Hollywood is even faintly considering applying the boot to Joan Collins at this point. She has a seven-year contract at Fox, where Big Boss Skouras' high estimate of her goes right on down the line.

And as for enjoying herself—well—Joan seems to find ways and means in her own inimitable fashion to eke out more than a measure of contentment from her life, private and professional. At least the party of the first part isn't complaining. **END**

rock and the house mouse

(*Continued from page 50*) managed it. When they asked if they could put her on camera she nearly flipped. 'Oh, no! I'll die!' And to me, 'Don't let them do that to me. Do we have to?' She gets very nervous in the public eye, doesn't like to toot her own horn. It's been like that ever since our first date, at the Mocambo. When photographers wanted to take pictures you'd have thought her hair would stand on end, but I noticed that when the flashbulbs started popping, the little woman hammed it up pretty well. It's her sense of humor that gets her through it.

ME: Do you realize that you've just told me more about Phyllis than in all the interviews put together before you were married? All I ever could find out was that she sang in a choir back in Minnesota and that she had confused eyelashes.

ROCK: (*laughing*) Well, it's different now.

ME: Could I interview Phyllis some time, about you? (*A logical suggestion for a reporter.*)

ROCK: (*shaking his head as if he were trying to remove it*) Nope. She's going to stay at home and be a house mouse.

ME: House-mouse, old fashioned wife, stay home with the kiddies. Or is this a dodge?

ROCK: Dodge?

ME: Like your getting married without telling a soul—and after all those times you said you wouldn't do it till you were thirty—and then eloping!

ROCK: Well, that was the only way to get the kind of wedding I wanted. Though I think Phyllis would have liked to have a big wedding, with the dime in her shoe and the whole bit. And I think she would have if she had married any other guy. But she had the bad luck to pick me, and she understood an elopement was the only way.

ME: Were you nervous? The minister told me you were like the proverbial cucumber.

ROCK: That's because he didn't know me. I was falling apart, and Phyllis—I was sure she was going to faint. (*He looks protective*) She's very sensitive.

ME: Did you ever take care of that traffic ticket you got for speeding on the way up to Santa Barbara?

ROCK: (*stiffening*) Twenty-seven bucks that cost me!

ME: What were you doing—dropping your rockets on the populace?

(*A studio waiter enters, bearing a hamburger. Pause, while Rock spoons sour cream onto it, I retch, he eats. Exit waiter.*)

ROCK: (*between mouthfuls*) My driver's license had expired. (*He speaks with the righteous air of one to whom this does not happen often.*)

ME: How about your wedding gift to Phyllis? Did you get the car?

ROCK: (*beaming*) Black, with red leather upholstery. A Ford—she doesn't like to drive big cars—and it was all wrapped up in red ribbon. I opened the garage door and there it was, and Phyllis hollered her head off. (*The last vestiges of the meal disappear*) I gave her a poodle puppy for her birthday. She named him Demi, for demitasse. I blindfolded her and brought him in and when she saw him she laughed and cried and almost scared the pup to death. It's a great life at home now. I keep rushing around trying to shove a newspaper under the dog at the right time. There was the mink stole I gave her, too, but the surprise of it was spoiled because somebody printed it in their column before I could get it home.

ME: (*stroking my old black coat*) How does Phyllis react to mink?

ROCK: (*his eyes reach the size of saucers and he stiffens as though he's been stabbed*) She likes it.

ME: How was she about flying, to Florida and then Jamaica, I mean?

ROCK: Fine. She used to be a stewardess, you know.

ME: (*sneering*) How would *I* know? You never told me anything. I wouldn't know if she'd been a pearl diver.

ROCK: (*he enjoys this*) Well, she likes to fly. But she had to explain it to me, of course. Wing load and torque and stress and the whole bit. Phyllis is very positive. She makes statements about anything and everything, and that's that! (*He bangs the table with his fist*) But I'm no slouch myself. Both of us are authorities on everything, whether or not we know what we're talking about. Neither one of us can say "I don't know."

ME: (*shutting my eyes and leaning back*) Tell me about Jamaica. Speak to me of the tropics.

ROCK: Sunshine, all week. Coffee and fresh pineapple for breakfast, brought to the bungalow by a waiter. More sun, lunch, more sun, dinner—

ME: (*mesmerized*) More sun . . .

ROCK: At night?

ME: (*waking up, hopefully*) Did anything unusual happen?

ROCK: (*giving his all*) I was bitten by ants.

ME: (*still hoping*) What about Phyllis and water? I understand she's only just learning to swim.

ROCK: With flippers she's great. With flippers she goes like a shot—right next to the edge. I tried to get her to go skin diving with me. There are the most wonderful reefs down there, beautifully clear water with no danger of sharks, only brightly colored small fish. But she wouldn't go with me. She sat and watched. You might call her a beached bride.

ME: More, more.

ROCK: Well, we met some people. George Axelrod and his wife. He wrote *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* We hit it off just fine, had dinner together a few times, almost froze ourselves to death going to a party they gave in New York when we got back.

ME: No heat?

ROCK: No clothes. We only had summer stuff with us from the honeymoon and it was freezing in New York. Finally we got to a store and bought coats so we could get around a little. Saw some plays, but we couldn't stay long enough for either of us. Phyllis never even got to look up some friends she wanted to see. But we were glad to get back here, too.

ME: Does Phyllis like your house?

ROCK: Well, she does—but not well enough to live in. We haven't any bureaus yet, and Phyllis would give her eye teeth for some drawer space. Two closets are filled with my shirts, and we've had to jam our clothes, everything, into closets.

ME: If Phyllis is going to be a house mouse, tell me how she's stacking up after one month.

ROCK: (*the iron curtain descends; he wants his privacy. Slowly*) She's the right kind of housekeeper. She doesn't snatch ashtrays out from under your nose before you've finished a cigarette. And she's a good cook. I keep telling her that and she always hedges and says, "Well, what I do I do well enough, I suppose, but I don't know how to cook very many things." But don't pay any attention to that, she's only being positive again. She's a damned good cook and hostess.

ME: (*remembering his wonderful stone fireplace*) Do you have a fire going all the time?

ROCK: (*nodding happily*) And music, too.

ME: (*knowing Phyllis is a short-hair*

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who likes her records soft and popular) And the music gets turned down?

ROCK: (*laughing mournfully*) It does. Particularly when friends are there.

ME: And what about sour cream?

ROCK: (*the gourmet*) She used to make a face at it, but she's learning how good it can be with lots of things. I suppose you could say Phyllis is getting a new outlook on food. (*He pauses*)

ME: Don't stop. Tell Aunt Jane your troubles.

ROCK: Haven't got any.

ME: Oh, now, tell Auntie. Is she always late, say?

ROCK: Well, uh, no. Matter of fact, she gets dressed too fast and has to sit around waiting for me.

ME: Well, maybe she leaves her bobby pins all over the bathroom?

ROCK: Not exactly. The only trouble is I get the bathroom all steamed up taking showers and then when Phyllis wants to put her make-up on she can't go in till the steam has gone—because of her hair-do.

ME: I see. Perhaps she's always trying to drag you to night clubs when you're worn out and want to relax with your pipe and slippers?

ROCK: Phyllis? She fades early in the evening and gets up like a robin at the crack of dawn. Me, I'm all for giving life a belt way into the small hours, and sleeping until noon. Another thing (*he warms to his subject*), this girl throws my denims away just when they're broken in. She likes everything new and shiny, and I like things old and interesting. I wonder how she's going to react to Europe when I take her there next summer?

ME: You know something? I think this marriage will last. You don't seem too desperately unhappy.

ROCK: You know something? When we went to the Audience Awards shindig, it was as though I was in another world. People would congratulate me on the marriage and I'd say, "The same to you," without thinking. And then when Grace Kelly came back to the table next to ours after presenting an award to someone else, I thought it was time I came down to earth and joined the crowd, so I leaned over and congratulated her. And when Phyllis began to laugh I thought she'd lost her mind; then she cleared it up for me. "What are you congratulating Grace Kelly for? She didn't win an award—she *gave* one!" I said, *slightly* embarrassed, "I'll be all right. Just give me time."

ME: Speaking of time, I suppose you and Phyllis will want children?

ROCK: (*spreading his arms wide*) Dozens of 'em!

ME: And what happens to that two-bedroom house, even assuming you'll have drawer space by that time?

ROCK: (*sadly*) We'll have to sell it. (*brightly*) But I'd rather have the kids than the house.

ME: (*remembering the time*) You have to be getting back to the set about now, don't you?

ROCK: (*rising to his fantastic height and nodding*) But have you got a story? I always worry about you.

ME: (*grimly*) I worry about you, too, but today is a red letter day. You talked, son, you really talked. I got six whole pages of notes, when I needed only twelve. If you're not careful, you'll be getting the reputation of a blabbermouth.

ROCK: (*pleased at doing a goodness*) Aw—(*He exits, leaving me, the sailfish, the Irish setter. As he leaves the sun goes down, the stage darkens, and the curtains descend.*) END

eddie and debbie

(*Continued from page 43*) One friend who's known Eddie for years, explains it.

"Yes, Eddie's changed. But I think 'developed' is a better word. I don't know if I can put it right, but it's like the old slogan, something new has been added.

"Before he met Debbie, Eddie appeared to be two-dimensional in character. He was a young bachelor, good looking, a smart dresser. That was his first dimension. It appealed to your eye.

"Then he acquired personal success. Millions of women were attracted to him. They all wanted to spring the trap on him. He was, frankly, fair game. Nature planned it that way.

"And there was a sort of boyish, untampered-with naivete about him that appealed to everyone. He was personable, well-mannered and something of a dreamer. I've heard people say he was irresponsible. That wasn't ever true. But it was an impression you got if you didn't know him. The truth was he just didn't *have* any responsibilities. He couldn't help reflecting a devil-may-care attitude. He thought he had everything he'd ever want. This was his second dimension. It appealed to your fancy.

"Then he met Debbie.

"When that happened Eddie's third dimension began to develop. He was about to find his maturity and the prospect of change scared him a little.

"People who knew Debbie knew that when she finally found the right man she'd let everyone know, and she did. Debbie had very carefully avoided giving her heart to a man. And because she is an intelligent girl she knew deep down inside that once she was in love with a man it would be complete, absolute. There'll never be anything half-way about Debbie. Well, she took one look at this Fisher boy and pulled out all the stops.

"They say this is the very thing that frightened Eddie. The certainty with which Debbie loved him. Basically Eddie is a very modest guy. He never could figure out why people made such a fuss over him, especially girls."

For a long time Eddie felt, even admitted to friends, that he didn't think he was deserving of Debbie's affection.

"Suppose," Eddie said once, "suppose I do something to make her unhappy. Can you imagine what would go on inside of me if I ever made her cry? Look at her face. It's too pretty to be touched by worry. Maybe I should fall out of love with her. I've a feeling she deserves more than I can ever give her. I don't know."

It was that not knowing that made the real trouble in their courtship. Debbie did know. She would have cut the world in half with her bare hands to make it with Eddie. She knew that despite the most formidable of adversities she and Eddie could find happiness together.

But Eddie? He wasn't sure. And it's a tribute to his modesty that he wasn't.

There was another thing, too. Eddie liked the taste of freedom. He thought marriage might end the happiness he and Debbie experienced as a boy and a girl.

THE REPLACEMENT: When Henry Morgan was notified by the producers that Martin Gabel would replace him in the new play, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* he sighed: "I don't know if Success Will Spoil Rock Hunter—but I guess Henry Morgan would."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Even if he did decide to ask Debbie to marry him, the decision itself was loaded with new problems. Debbie's career on the coast, his career in the east. And their differences in religion? Subordinated then, to be sure, but would they rise to assert themselves later?

Most of Eddie's friends at that time were men. Some of them older and, they thought, wiser. The principal overtone of their advice was that Eddie's career would nose dive if he married Debbie.

And to Eddie it seemed there was justification for such counsel. He was, he had to admit, the only really successful young singer in the country.

"This," his friends assured him, "is because you're not a man-with-a-wife."

But there was something growing inside Eddie Fisher. Call it the natural development of personality. Call it the spark of determination fanned to a bright flame by a beautiful, vivacious young girl who loved him and needed him.

Call it the realization that he was wanted ardently.

To Eddie there was something good and wonderful in a girl who was ready to entrust her life and happiness to him.

This is the knowledge that gave Eddie Fisher faith. And Eddie found that if he could find faith in Debbie, he could find it in himself, in his fans, in his career, in the future.

That's when Eddie became three dimensional. He had now rounded himself out to be a man.

Strangely enough it was not Debbie who first discovered Eddie's new strength.

It was Debbie's mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds.

"Debbie was in Korea," said Mrs. Reynolds. "She had gone on the trip to entertain the troops and to give Eddie time to think. The June wedding was off. Everyone knew that. I was sorry for my daughter and Eddie, but I never did think the situation was as hopeless as most people did. The public, and I can't blame them, thought it was over between Mary Frances and Eddie.

"Then one afternoon Eddie walked in the door to our home in Burbank. I had to fight to keep the tears back. Eddie didn't say anything. He just came over and put his arms around me.

"Then he stood back and looked at me and said, 'Let me see you smile, Mom, a nice big one. Don't you know I'm going to be your son-in-law?'

"I guess I only smiled faintly. He saw there was doubt in my mind.

"Then he took me by the shoulders and looked me straight in the eye.

" 'Mrs. Reynolds,' he said, 'don't you pay any attention to what anyone says. Debbie and I are going to get married. I can't say when, but I know that I love her more than anything in the world. Trust me—'

"From that moment on," says Mrs. Reynolds, "I knew Eddie would be my son-in-law. And now I'm proud of them both."

One close girl friend of Debbie's recalls, with a chuckle, the change in Eddie's behavior with Debbie.

"In the old days when Deb would visit Eddie at the TV studio she'd greet him in front of the cast and the crew with a big kiss, smack on the lips. Once when she did it one of the crew laughed.

"Eddie turned baby pink and with a half-smile stepped back from Debbie and went on with the rehearsal.

"Later I asked Debbie if she didn't think she was being too demonstrative.

"She replied, with a twinkle in her eye, 'Ah-ha! I just can't help it. And any-

how, you wait and see. Some one of these days he's going to kiss back and then I'll never let go!'

"Now? Well, you just never would believe that Eddie was ever the bashful suitor. He still doesn't act out his love for Debbie in public, but he never misses a chance to put his arm around her, either."

During their courtship, Debbie was often accused of "trying to get into Eddie's act." There was particular emphasis on her "upstaging" of Eddie during his performance at the London Palladium early last year.

"Shortly after that," explains a more understanding acquaintance of Eddie's, "you would often find Ed away in some corner thinking so hard you could hear the wheels click. We thought he had become moody because of the confusion created by the mixed-up publicity on his romance with Debbie. Later we discovered it wasn't that at all.

"He was worried about only one aspect of the marriage. He didn't think he was good enough for Debbie. He just loved her so much he was afraid to risk causing her unhappiness. He was afraid the newspapers would make a three-ring circus of the marriage. And remember, Ed hadn't given marriage a thought until he met Debbie. Knowing Eddie is knowing the true meaning of humility.

"He admits that he just can't believe in his success.

"This young man had a rough and tough childhood. He grew up on the poverty-paved streets of South Philadelphia and learned to face the hard facts of life before he was ten. He didn't dare dream of anything better than that.

"When he was first acclaimed as a new singer at Grossinger's he thought it was a fluke. He expected to be back among the brown bricks and push carts within the week.

"Now just when he began to feel that he had a chance to last as a professional singer he met Debbie. Well, you know Debbie. Let her get within ten feet of any young man and her personality just overpowers him. Debbie can't help it. She radiates like a piece of pure uranium.

"We kidded Ed once about getting a Geiger counter so he could tell when she was near him. He laughed, patted his chest and said 'I don't need one. My heart clicks faster and louder!' "

Eddie was just embarrassed

And this is the same guy who looked embarrassed when Debbie kissed him in public. He wasn't embarrassed. He was just bashful.

Since then Eddie has made up his mind. He's going to make Debbie happy. He'll work as hard at that as he does at his TV show. But no matter what you think you know about Eddie, keep this in mind. Debbie saw Eddie, the man, before any of us did. That's because she loves him."

When Eddie appeared with Debbie on the Ford Television Spectacular recently some observers felt that Eddie needed his wife to carry him for the ninety minutes.

The surprise came when Eddie startled the critics with a sensational solo performance. (And afterwards announced his fifteen-year, million-a-year contract with NBC.) His future seems more than assured.

Debbie's appearance was brief. Yet they went so well together that forty-eight hours later RKO studios, victorious in some wild competitive bidding for the couple's services, committed millions to the Fishers' first picture together: *Every Mother Should Be Married.*

With this announcement Debbie's long-wished-for dream has come true. She and Eddie will work together in a movie.

"Now it should be clear why Debbie wanted to appear with Eddie every chance she got even before they were married," explains one of Deb's close friends. Debbie knows Hollywood. Eddie knows television.

On the day of the TV show you could feel that they were meshing their professional gears to help each other.

Debbie, for instance, is accustomed to working with one camera. In television, performers work with as many as five at once. Debbie had a little trouble at first. A red light on each camera indicated which one to face. She found it difficult to anticipate which red light would go on next.

She watched Eddie for a while. He's a whiz at it, of course. He didn't miss a shot.

Debbie walked up to him and said, with a big sigh, "Eddie, my husband, you are a genius." Eddie laughed and explained that the trick was to turn to the camera that wasn't rolling.

Debbie had a few tricks

In the dance sequences however, Debbie came into her own. Dancing is new to Eddie, but Debbie bounced around like a young lamb in green pastures and showed Eddie some of her tricks of the trade.

It was married teamwork of the happiest kind.

Debbie had been working all week at MGM on *The Catered Affair.* Eddie had been working his once-a-week show and the spectacular besides. They were both tired. But they were both happy. And they're both troupers.

Here in Hollywood Eddie is finding new and influential friends who feel that he can look forward to a long career similar to that of Sinatra and Crosby.

A few weeks ago Debbie and Eddie took a fast two days off as guests of movie-maker Mike Todd at the exclusive Racquet Club in Palm Springs.

Although it was now months since their marriage they acted like a couple of kids on a honeymoon. They dined and danced together, shopped for Christmas gifts and wound up buying a piggy bank with long eyelashes.

"And you know what piggy banks are for," they told Todd.

Ask Debbie and Eddie what their next big project is and they'll give you a big smile, with just enough blush to indicate they mean it, and tell you, "There's plenty of room in our house, and our hearts, for babies. Lots of 'em."

Eddie wants a boy. He dreams and plans for a son like most young husbands. Debbie? "Ah-ha! I just want a baby that's mine—I mean, ours." **END**

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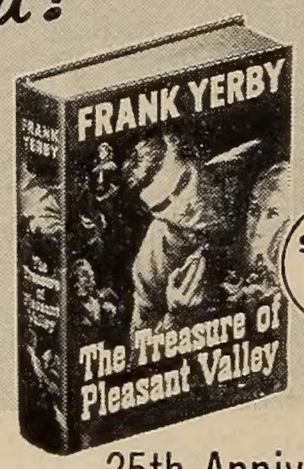
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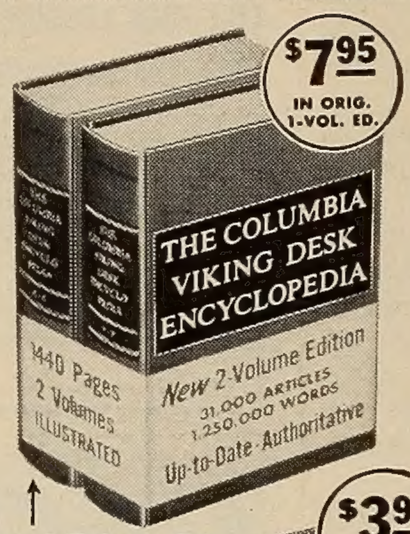
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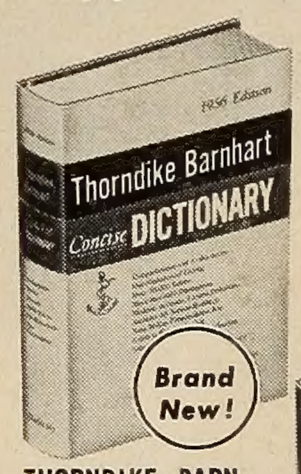
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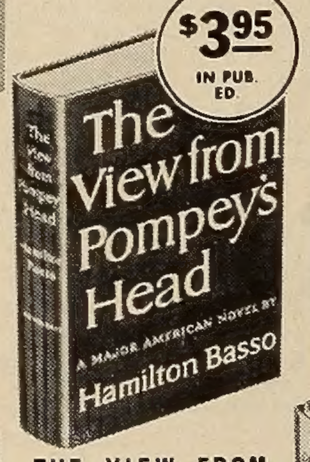


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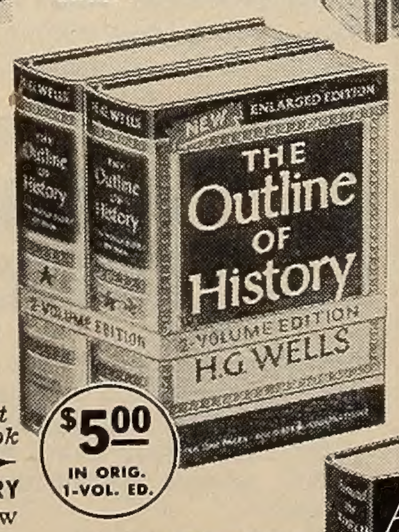
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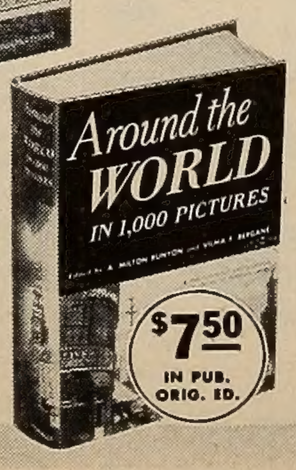


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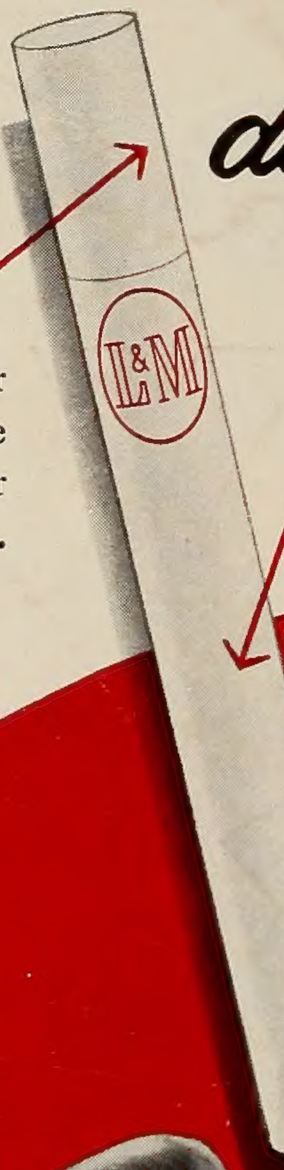
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